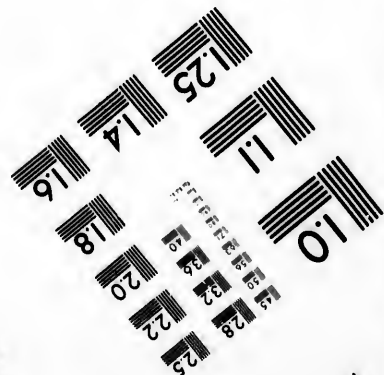
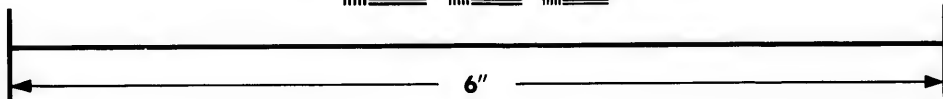
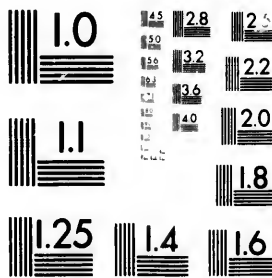


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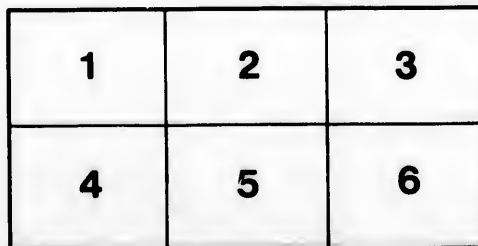
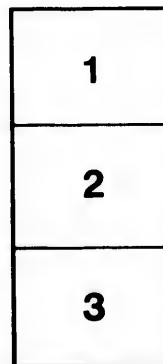
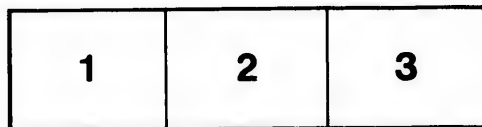
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# SKETCHES

OF A

## TOUR FROM CANADA TO PARIS,

BY WAY OF THE BRITISH ISLES, DURING THE SUMMER  
OF 1867.

By ANDREW LEARMONT SPEDON,

AUTHOR OF THE WOODLAND WARBLER,—TALES OF THE CANADIAN  
FOREST,—RAMBLES AMONG THE BLUE NOSES,—CANADIAN  
SUMMER EVENING TALES, &C.

---

Go where we will—whatever scene we view  
Th' insatiate eye discovers something new ;  
Scenes, people, language, customs, fashions, rise  
Tho' old, yet new, and strange to foreign eyes ;  
Whilst ART unfolds its dark mysterious pages  
Of man's own history thro' a thousand ages,  
Even midst the ruins of distinguished towers  
Times' dial stands, and marks the ancient hours,  
The scenes we view—the very dust we tread  
Enshrine the silent histories of the dead.

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PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, 1868.

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SKETCHES OF A TOUR FROM CANADA  
TO PARIS, &c.

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CHAPTER I.

I WAS born in the good old classic city of Edinburgh, Scotland ; but when a child, emigrated with my parents to America. We sailed from Leith, in the brig *Wellington*, bound for Quebec. Rough seas and contrary winds rendered our voyage long and disagreeable ; but worse than all, the vessel became wrecked upon the ledges of Cape Rosier on the northern coast of Gaspé, 400 miles eastward of Quebec, and thereby 150 passengers were thrown upon a barren strand, homeless and destitute—the ship a total wreck, ourselves narrowly escaping death. In this miserable condition, amidst dangers and privations, and subsisting chiefly upon fish, one month passed before all of the passengers were removed ; my parents with their two children, the youngest an infant, were among the last number. Arriving at Quebec, we immediately proceeded to Montreal ; three months then having



elapsed from the day of our departure from Scotland. We had intended to settle in Western Canada ; but being deprived of the means of proceeding thither, and my father procuring immediate employment, we remained in the city of Montreal. Four years afterwards, my father purchased a farm in the vicinity of Beechridge, County of Chateauguay, C. E., and with his wife and family removed thither.

In this and the adjoining neighborhood I have resided ever since. Notwithstanding my first unfavorable voyage and the unfortunate events attending it, I have cherished from my early boyhood a desire to revisit my native land. Hoping to find a more favorable opportunity of doing so, I postponed from one season to another until the summer of 1867, when I had the pleasurable gratification of accomplishing my purpose, and also in paying a visit to the GREAT EXHIBITION of Paris. Having recently returned home, I purpose giving in the following pages a brief sketch of the principal towns I visited on my tour, and of the country through which I passed, with a few of their historical associations, the chief characteristics of the people, incidents of travel, &c. But owing to the small compass to which I design limiting this work much will have to be left out that otherwise might have been interesting to many of my readers.

In the latter part of July last, I left home, and at Quebec embarked on the *S.S. Moravian*, destined for Liverpool. The weather being mild, rendered the sail along the river and gulf of St. Lawrence, exceedingly pleasant. While passing through the straits of Belle-

Isle, there being no fog at the time, we had an excellent view of the barren and rugged coasts of Newfoundland and Labrador, on either side. At length, we bade farewell to the receding hills, and entered upon the high-seas. The feelings of a person at such a moment, particularly for the first time, are in general of a somewhat peculiar nature. Behind him he sees, perhaps for the last time, the shadowy glimpses of the distant and disappearing land. Before him in immeasurable expanse arises a world of undulating waters peopled by a strange variety of innumerable creatures: he feels, as it were, isolated from the earth—his life, perchance, measured by only a few inches of oak or iron—subject to the waves and winds, and no *solid* chance of *running* from danger. Once more he stretches forth his dim vision over the vast expanse, and conjures up the dreary shadows of his soul, which awaken kindred feelings within his heart; he finds himself but a stranger among many; he draws more closely to his ship-companions, and strives to glean from those most congenial to himself, a substitute for home-happiness to refill the vacuum of his heart, and relieve the tedium of the passing hours. Immediately after leaving the straits the air became intensely cold, produced by the number of ice-bergs floating around. During the two days that we saw them, I counted no less than sixty, only one-third of them is above water. Some of them were exceedingly large, and seemed like the hoary monsters of the antedeluvian age. While gazing upon one of them that covered an exten-

sive area, the following *ice-olated* ideas dripped out of my poetic but almost frozen fancy:—

Hail arctic stranger from thy kindred North ;  
 Land of deep snows and icy pyramid ;  
 Like Noah's dove thou strangely wanderest forth  
 Above a solid world by waters hid.

And yet no spot of earth hast thou discover'd,  
 But further ventur'est from thy native home,  
 Like some lost isle that from its base is sever'd,  
 Or huge sea-monster mid the realms of foam.

Thou hast a history—for all things have—  
 A life—perchance a thousand years are thine ;  
 And now thou wanderest forth towards thy grave,  
 Where hotter suns on milder waters shine.

Perhaps on thee the Lapland maids have courted,  
 Or some old Greenlander has train'd his deer,  
 Or Iceland hunters in their furs have sported,  
 Or Esquimaux have thrown the fatal spear.

And yet perchance thou know'st some sadder tales :  
 Of Franklin's fate thou may'st th' inscription bear ;  
 Perchance thou heard'st his death-distracted wails,  
 Amid the storm that mocked his dying prayer.

Perhaps his blood bestain'd thy marble dome,  
 When gushing from the wounds by savage foes ;  
 He may have found in thee an arctic tomb,  
 But southern suns may yet his fate disclose.

Like some wing'd insect to the taper's breath  
 Thou flyest southward to the realms of light,  
 Emblem that life is but continued death,  
 A wasting downward to the grave's deep night.

My ship companions consisted chiefly of British  
 Canadians. Several of them were wealthy farmers

going to purchase cattle for the improvement of their stock :—others, simply on a visit to their native country ; some for the renovation of their health ; and a few to see the Paris exhibition ; also two or three English families homeward bound after a few months sojourn in Canada, perfectly disgusted with the country and its people. In reference to the latter, I may add that instead of months it generally requires years to test the merits of our country and become acquainted with its excellent institutions and developments. There were also a few elderly virgins who had emigrated from Scotland a few years before, for the benefit of a change, and to show their good graces to the Canadian youths ; but were also returning disaffected with the country—its bachelors in particular. On the whole, my companions of the voyage were a very orderly, sociable, and intelligent class. Shortly after entering upon the ocean, the sea being somewhat rough,—the signs of a sudden convulsion in human nature became visible, and ere long a number of volcanoes began to belch forth lava, exhibiting a really terrific aspect ; but after all, it was only an eruption common to such places, and designated by nautical philosophers as “ *Sea Sickness.*” Fortunately I was not affected by its spasms, but I really pitied many of those who were ; while, in looking upon others I could scarcely refrain from indulging in a smile ; still it is not a pleasing sight to the beholder to witness everywhere around him the groaning outbursts of poor suffering humanity : he feels a qualmish effervescence arise within himself, and turns hastily away with disgusted feelings, to pre-

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serve an equilibrium within his stomach by inhaling a salutary puff of air from the passing gale. One of our number was a sea captain who had recently lost his ship on a voyage to Quebec; and was then returning homewards. He was a Northern Irishman, a widower, of about 50 years of age, and possessed of an agreeable appearance and manner. During the season of sea-sickness he was attentively kind to the ladies,—but more especially to one whom he had incidentally recognized as a familiar acquaintance of his younger years; and on whom he had bestowed a considerable share of his first love. Some 18 years ago, and shortly after getting married to another, she had emigrated with her husband to Canada, and never afterwards had seen the captain until they met together on board the Moravian. Her husband had recently died, leaving her a sufficient competency for life. She was at this time returning to pay a visit to her native isle. The captain paid his addresses to her faithfully; and their familiar intercourse elicited remarks from their fellow passengers,—but neither of them appeared to show any uneasiness whatever. During each favorable opportunity they were to be seen, arm in arm together pacing the deck, or sitting closely by each other, whispering their loving joys. This occurrence produced a magical effect upon the captain's appearance. Every morning he devoted two hours to the duties of the toilette, so that he might thereby produce a good impression upon the affections of the widow. All went on swimmingly beautiful until the morning of the day we entered Loch Foyle on the

Northern Coast of Ireland. It appears that they had previously agreed to arise at an early hour so as to have sufficient time to adjust their articles and arrange affairs for their projected marriage. At early dawn I heard the captain astir as usual, but earlier. Having performed his morning oblations he sprucely walked forth, like a man of dignity, to meet his graceful paramour. Having waited a short time at the place appointed, and she not having appeared, he walked down into the ladies' apartment and quietly entered the room in which she slept. She and her companions, each in separate berths, were still soundly asleep. He stepped forward softly to awaken her, but either through the excitement of his feelings or his ignorance of the topography of the room, he committed a serious blunder by seizing hold of another lady's foot, and shaking it. The woman imagining that some rat was tugging and gnawing at her extremities, instantly started up, and seeing the figure of a man before her, she wildly vented a terrific screech which was followed by a series of appalling screams. Her companions were also suddenly aroused, and simultaneously, joined in chorus, awakening every sleeper in the other apartments. The captain, on discovering his error, leaped out of the room, and in his hurry, bumped his head against the upper part of the door,—escaping himself, but leaving his castor behind him as a memorial of the event. At the breakfast-table, one of the under stewards exhibited the hat on the end of a stick, announcing his desire to discover the owner—which brought forth a series of cheers and wit, without

any person attempting to lay claim to the head-piece. The captain had concealed himself; but, a few hours afterwards was seen with his fair lady making a hurried exit from the steamer into a smaller one that lay ready to convey them and others up Loch Foyle, to the city of Londonderry. Little incidents were daily occurring which served as food for gossip, and rendered the time on board less monotonous. One, however, of a more serious nature is deserving of special notice. About 4 in the morning, of the first Monday, after our leaving Quebec, a number of us were awakened by a tremendous knocking against the door of the steward's room, and several voices demanding him to arise and give them more liquor. He ordered them to go off, whereupon they retired, belching against him a tirade of abuse. Desirous of ascertaining who they were, a few of us followed them up stairs, and on reaching the upper deck, beheld five of the cabinites in glorious intoxication, chasing and hauling each other around the deck. One of them was dragging another in wheel-barrow fashion—the legs serving as handles. The rest were endeavoring to appropriate each other, in turn, to a similar purpose,—and this was the novel method of sobering off. A number of the crew and passengers were looking on, laughing and cheering lustily. Suddenly the performance was brought to a close by the appearance of the captain, who reprimanded them severely, and ordered them down stairs immediately. The floor of the smoking-room, wherein they had carried on their lunatic revelry all night, was covered with broken bottles and tumblers; its win-



dows, seats, table and lamp were shattered,—the whole presenting a spectacle of the farcical and closing scene of the Bacchanalian drama. This disgraceful affair was soon quashed. Money will do much to cover the follies of the sons of rich men; nor were they alone guilty. The steward who had sold them the five bottles of ardent spirits, especially on Sabbath night, was even more sinful than they. The only radical preventive of such evil is to give no liquor, whatever, to any passenger, unless prescribed by the doctor on board, and that, too, irrespective of grade, wealth, or distinction.

As we approximated the Irish coast the air became warmer, and sea-birds were hovering around in large numbers. On the morning of the 10th day of our voyage, the mountains appeared in view, and before noon the steamer was plying along the silvery waters of Loch Foyle, which separates the counties of Derry and Donegal. When within 25 miles of Londonderry, those passengers wishing to land in Ireland, were passed into a ferry-boat, waiting there for the purpose. The *Moravian* then wheeled about and proceeded on her journey to Liverpool. I was one of the number who disembarked, on account of it being the shorter route to Scotland, by crossing thither from Londonderry or Belfast. On gazing upon the green hills that receded gently from the shores of the Loch, I was wonderfully impressed with a curiosity of feelings. There was a richness of verdure, and a softness in the expression of the soil, even upon the rocks, that out-rivaled anything I had previously seen. The landscape presented a variety of small fields of grain, &c.,



of different shades, hedged in ; the whole resembling a coverlet of fantastic patchwork. Adjacent to the roads, at short distances were to be seen comfortable-looking farm-houses, each sheltered by a clump of trees. As we neared Londonderry, the scenery assumed a more pleasant and variegated aspect, occasioned by the greater number of trees interspersed over the surface. At length the ancient city appeared in view, its spires and high buildings standing forth in bold relief ; we soon neared its wharves. Our baggage was inspected by the Custom-house officers ; then with joyous gratitude for my safe journey over the deep, I stepped upon shore, and for the first time had the honor of placing my foot upon the soil of *old Ireland*.

On the wharf were a number of men and boys, ready to convey baggage, &c. Their vehicles were simply hand-carts. How unlike the convenient system of our Canadian conveyance. Numbers of destitute-looking women and children were supplicating alms, or selling eatables, &c., and on every occasion expressing their gratefulness for favors received, with the hearty ejaculation of "*God bless yer sowl, and may ye never want,*" &c. The city, particularly the part within the walls, presents a very ancient appearance. It is, however, pleasantly situated upon an eminence arising from a bend of the beautiful Loch Foyle. On the summit, is the old cathedral, with its burying-ground. Within its walls are preserved many of the relics and memorials of the seige of 1688-9. The walls that enclose the ancient part of the city are of considerable height, and in some places sufficiently wide for two carriages

to pass. On their western extremity stands 'WALKER'S' monument,—plain, but graceful—and bearing an inscription appropriated to him. Several cannon were lying upon the ramparts, among which was the celebrated 'ROARING MAG.' Memorable as the siege of 1688-9, has rendered the name of Londonderry, it does not constitute her only claim to distinction. Many circumstances of a much earlier date distinguish her among the interesting spots of that lovely and interesting country. The extreme beauty of the situation, added to its peculiar value as a sea-port, seems to have recommended it from the earliest times as a desirable post. The name by which it was first designed was Derry-Calgah, which signifies "*The oak-wood of the fierce warrior.*" In former days the slopes that extend down to the Loch were covered with oaks, and upon the summit of the hill stood the castle of Calgah, bidding defiance to the rival clans around, and to the hostile invaders who might approach him from the neighboring coasts. In the 6th century the celebrated Columbkille a native of Donegal, selected this tempting site, and erected a monastery thereon, as a house of prayer and devotional retirement for men of piety, who were zealous in the study and propagation of Divine truth. Thus, in the course of years did the warlike castle of Calgah give place to the temple of the Christian patriot which formed the nucleus of the "*oak-girt-city.*" In 1566 the garrison of the city passed into the hands of the English. Up to that period the native race had held possession, defeating all who had hitherto attempt-

ed to dislodge them. In 1600, the work of regular fortification was commenced, enclosing the town with walls, and placing it upon the defensive. In 1649 it stood the seige of 4 months; and during three fourths of a year withstood the terrible seige of 1688-9. The garrison of the town amounted to 7,343, and the inhabitants to above 30,000, all of whom were confined to a very limited space. During the first three and a half months of the siege no less than 9000 corpses were interred. The receptacles of the dead being filled, there was a want of earth to cover the putrefying bodies, and the shells aimed at the living frequently fell among the dead, producing sights and exhumations, the most hideous and revolting. The scenes and sufferings of the people are described as horrible, and the reality, so overpowering, as scarcely to leave room for the wildest fancy to present an exaggerated picture of the scene.

On the following day I proceeded by rail to Belfast, a distance of nearly 80 miles. The parts of country through which I passed appeared beautiful and in many places delightfully romantic, affording a number of excellent landscapes, worthy of the painter's pencil or the poet's pen. The land in general is of an undulating character, arising in places to high eminences, again descending into fertile vales, intersected by silvery streams; and everywhere exhibiting the freshness of verdure, rarely to be seen in other countries. The air, which had been comparatively warm during the morning and the previous day, became raw and foggy, and before I had reached the city of Belfast, the clouds were

descending in a drizzling shower. This city is conveniently situated to the river Lagan; and is much larger, and has a more modern appearance than Londonderry. During the last few years it has made rapid progress in prosperity and improvements; nor has its population hesitated to keep pace therewith, it being at present 160,000, having an increase of 40,000 in 6 years. It is a city of commerce and manufacture; and in the export of cattle carries on an extensive trade. During the week previous to my arrival, 4,358 horned cattle were exported, 2788 for Scotland, and the remainder for England. It has an excellent harbor and spacious docks. Nearly 12,000 vessels enter yearly. The exports of 1866 were 11,900,000 tons; and in the articles of linens and yarns, which may be said to constitute its special industry, it was enormous, there being of the former, 102,000,000 yds. exported, and of the latter, the amount was of a corresponding ratio.

The afternoon that I landed in Belfast being disagreeably wet, and feeling somewhat unwilling to protract a stay, I embarked on steamer that evening for Glasgow, and therefore had not the opportunity of making a tour throughout the city. What little I saw of Belfast, or even of Ireland, I had formed a somewhat favorable opinion, particularly of the appearance of the country; but taking circumstances into consideration I must give the preference to Canada, for where the privileges are equal and universal the greater must be the prosperity of the people. I may here remark that the horses I saw in Ireland appeared in

general to be similar to our Canadian ponies, but taller, they were lively in appearance, and trotted nimbly. The Irish jaunting car was quite a novelty to me, it is side-seated, without either railing or cover, and contains two passengers on either side, placed back to back, while the driver sits in front, his back to their sides. Another person can also be accommodated with a seat at the rear, and placed so that his face is looking behind him. Had such vehicles to pass over some of the jagged roads of our country at the same ratio of speed, in less than five minutes not a vestige of the riders would be seen on board. They may be agreeable to ride upon, but they looked suspiciously dangerous; however, they had a light and airy appearance, and presented a striking contrast with the other class of Irish carts to be seen rolling heavily along. With the anticipation of again visiting Ireland, on my return voyage, I bade farewell to it for the time being. The steamer contained a mixed cargo of freight and cattle,—also crowded with passengers, so densely, that there was scarcely a place to sit comfortably in. There were a number of good Irish singers on board; and these were the boys and girls who knew how to sing with pathetic glee, throwing, as it were, their whole soul into the chorus; and had there been sufficient room, no doubt there would have been also a good Irish jig. Nearly all of them had a noggin of the real potheen with them, so as to prevent sea-sickness, and preserve their *spirits* in excellent humour. Nothing of an indecent or jarring nature occurred, and the whole scene passed off

pleasantly, with a good sprinkling of mother-wit, for which the Irish are distinguished. Next morning, at dawn, I had the pleasure of seeing, in the distance, the western coast of my native isle, and ere long the steamer was forcing its way towards the Clyde, among some of the lofty isles of the Western Hebrides. The morning was indeed mild and lovely, and the sun arose in majestic splendor, causing the fog that mantled the summit of the isles to disappear, and showing forth, in romantic loveliness, the twin Cumbracs, and their sister islands. Numbers of fishermen, in their little boats, were gliding over the smooth surface of the Forth, and the sea-birds were sporting, on joyous wing, over the tidal waters. In the distance, on the isle of Bute, Rothsay appeared, and showed itself as a beautifully-situated and lovely place. This town has become of late years a very fashionable resort; and during summer, numerous pleasure-boats are daily plying between it and Glasgow, a distance of over 40 miles. At length, we arrived at the quay of Greenock. The wharf was crowded by men and women and children, all staring as eagerly as if they were trying to make the most use of their eye-sight. Several of the women came on board to sell milk, pies, cakes, &c. A sturdy little fellow was yelling aloud, in the broad Scottish dialect, "*Aipples for sale — whaul by aipples; twa for a hapney,*" &c.; whilst another dirty, tattered urchin was selling newspapers, and, with a coarse, husky voice, shouting out—" *Glasgah Her-rald*"—" *Edin-burrah Scots-mun*;" thus giving good emphasis



the whole, but prolonging the last syllable, ending with a sort of tip-up of his voice. Freight and passengers for this place were sent ashore. Being desirous of getting a better view of the town, I disembarked also; and, for the first time since my childhood, set my foot upon the sacred soil of my Scottish isle.

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## CHAPTER II.

UNTIL within the last few years Greenock was the chief port of commerce on the Clyde for ocean steamers; but since the river has been deepened up to Glasgow, this town has lost much of its trade. Ship-building has, however, taken its place, and is carried on very extensively, giving employment to several thousand people. Arising from the many furnaces in and adjacent to the town, the air and every thing around have a smoky appearance. Owing to its proximity to the Western Highlands many of the inhabitants are Highland Scotch. It has a number of fine buildings, but as a whole, has few attractions of either a natural or architectural beauty. A short distance west of Greenock is the village of Gourick, also a seaport. At this place, in the 15th century, one of the Saints of Scotland kept a shop, in which he conducted a profitable business among the sailors by selling charms written in parchment, which were supposed by them to have the effect of either raising the wind or allaying a storm.

Proceeding up the Clyde towards Glasgow, the day being exceedingly fine, I had an excellent view of the scenery. The mixture of woods and cultivated fields over the undulating surface dotted with stately mansions and industrious villages,—and the succession of such beautiful and majestic views, containing such a variety of character—such a combination of sweetness and romantic loveliness, with the lark outlines of the Argyle mountains in the distance—constituted a scene of real beauty, of unrivalled grandeur, and excited a lively interest in the mind of the beholder. It was surprising to see the vast number of vessels, of every class and size, impelled by either oar, wind, or steam, that were constantly plying along the river. The pleasure boats were the most attractive. They were driven by steam, and their peculiar construction enabled them to move rapidly. Numbers of them, crowded with passengers, were darting to and fro along the river, as it were, with the rapidity of the dove and the gracefulness of the swan. One of the many objects of attraction along the Clyde is Dunbarton castle. It is situated on an isolated rock, 560 feet in height and measuring about a mile in circumference. The rock appears to have been projected out of the earth by some strange convulsion of nature. On its summit and within the walls of the castle is a never-falling spring of water—a rather singular characteristic. This castle is noted as being the fortress in which Sir Wm. Wallace was confined for a time after he was betrayed. The highest pinnacle of the rock is called “Wallace’s seat.” A large two-handed



sword, said to have belonged to him, has been long preserved within the castle. Further up the river is the village of Kilpatrick, noted as having been the birth-place of St. Patrick—the patriarchial saint of Ireland; and the spot by the river shore is still shown where he and his sister—both children—were kidnapped and taken as slaves to Ireland by the pirate O'Neil. As I drew nearer the city of Glasgow, I observed that the signs of an industrious people increased. From numerous ship-yards on both sides of the river, issued forth the deafening and incessant din of thousands of hammers of the workmen employed upon the many vessels, chiefly of iron, in every stage of construction. The tall chimneys of a hundred furnaces, belching forth fire and smoke, gave some idea of the extent to which manufacturing is carried on. I may here remark that Glasgow is the greatest place for ship-building in the world. During the last year no less than 130 vessels, principally iron steamers, have been launched from its wharves. Up to the Broomielaw Bridge, over an extent of several miles in length, vessels from every part of the world, closely huddled together two and three deep, lined the wharves on both sides of the river. Such a vast assemblage of ships with their forest of masts, the busy scenes of lading and unlading, the stupendous workshops of manufacture and the massive storehouses along the wharves, together with the varied and unceasing din of thousands of workmen and machinery, present as a whole, an impressive and almost bewildering effect upon the astonished mind of the stranger as

he sails up the Clyde within the limits of the GREAT INDUSTRIAL CITY.

Having arrived at Glasgow, I procured lodgings, and remained a few days to get a general view of the city. Glasgow received its name from the dense grove which at one time occupied its site, and called by the ancient Britons "*glascoed*" (darkwoods). The city, now comprising several minor towns, occupies a highly convenient situation, and is intersected by the Clyde, similar to that of London by the Thames. It may be called the *Great Emporium of the Commerce and Manufactures of Scotland*. Although it does not possess the elegance and aristocratic elements of Edinburgh—still it is worthy of being called a great city—particularly great in wealth, industry and population: it now comprises over half a million of people. It contains a number of fine streets and splendid buildings, especially in the more modern parts, and its many spires give it an attractive aspect in the distance. Its ancient Cathedral—or the "High-Kirk," as it is called—which was founded by King David I of Scotland, in 1123, appears to have been the nucleus of the city. It is a stupendous and venerable-looking edifice of Gothic architecture—more gloomy than elegant in aspect—and though situated in a populous city, it assumes the appearance of sequestered solitude. Besides the Cathedral, Glasgow has a number of ancient buildings, with which historical associations are connected: such as the college, founded in 1450, also the Hunterian Museum, which contains a large collection of rare coins, medals, manuscripts, paintings,

and other relics of antiquity. Glasgow has several squares, in some of which are erected statues and monuments in memorial of great men. But the most extensive space of public ground is that known by the name of "Glasgow Green." It is a sort of common, used as a washing and bleaching park, also a promenade ground, and is therefore very useful to many of the citizens. At the western extremity is a space devoted to public meetings, circuses, and Punch and Judy performances. It is the resort also of drunken loungers and dirty dissipated women and children; while numbers of portable toy and candy tents, &c., are to be seen scattered over it, the whole presenting a disagreeable picture of degraded humanity. On passing through the Park, I was perfectly astonished at seeing over a hundred women therein washing and bleaching clothes, while the younger ones of their families, including infants, were sitting or sprawling upon the grass, the elder ones romping with each other in noisy festivity—a *great sight indeed in the midst of a great city*. Were such a scene to present itself upon any of the public promenades of our Canadian cities, the inhabitants would become perfectly paralyzed with astonishment, and consider it as an indecent intrusion upon society. Glasgow, like other towns and cities of the "Old Country," presents many sights, that to the eye of a stranger from this side of the Atlantic, appear remarkably strange and in some cases ludicrous. Indeed, I was utterly astonished—yes, shocked to see so many married women and children, and also young women parading about

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the streets barefooted, and without even a covering upon their heads ; in many cases their clothes soiled and tattered, and themselves looking the very picture of squalid poverty and wretchedness. Such specimens of humanity, I suppose, belong to the "*lower orders* ;" and I have reason to believe that much of this miserably degraded state of society, exhibited in indecent rags, may be attributed to drunkenness. I think that if the "*city fathers*" of Glasgow had any respect to the decencies of city life, and the feelings of foreigners, and also desirous of exalting the condition of the lower orders, they would assuredly use the means of prohibiting such an intrusion upon good society. Be it known that the eyes of a stranger who frequents a place, are always staring—and as a few blots mar the beauties of a picture so will these little irregularities of life have a tendency to blemish the good effects that might otherwise be produced. Why not furnish employment to every vagrant, if needed, and when found lounging upon the street, to have them arrested at once, and give them a week's hard labour in the school of correction. Such means if properly applied would soon effect a visible improvement, at least, banish from public view, such disgraceful sights, with their demoralizing effects. Among the number of curious characteristics I saw in Glasgow, was a novel method of advertising, by men carrying before them, immense placards suspended from their necks, and pacing to and fro with measured step, opposite the shop containing the articles announced for sale, &c. The programmes of theatres are frequently exhibited in a similar man-

ner, in the city of London. But I saw even a more wonderful sight than those. It was that of a young dandy swaggering down one of the principal streets, having upon his *unmentionable part*, a grocer's poster containing the words "*Fresh Oysters, For Sale Here.*" Either some wag had played him a game, or, he himself, had unknowingly carried it away from some grocer's seat on which he had incautiously sat down where the poster was lying with its paste-side upwards. Had he been only possessed of the eyes of a Janus or influenced to look back like Mrs. Lot, he might have seen a number of persons chuckling at the sight of the ludicrous appendage. Another striking characteristic of Glasgow, is the prodigious size of the horses; in stature they resemble elephants; and the ponderous carts with their massive wheels that roll heavily behind them, appear as if both wood and iron were in abundance, and designed by their maker to outlive several generations. Those animals draw immense loads, and move as if every muscle in their body were composed of iron. Their drivers, attired in corduroy jacket and trousers, with heavy, tacked shoes, move steadily by their side, in the same ratio of slow, but cautious speed. Owing to the streets being laid with stone, and walled on either side by massive buildings of the same material,—the numerous heavily laden vehicles with their iron axles produce such a clanking and deafening noise, as to render a walk along the thoroughfares of Glasgow more disagreeable than pleasant. Owing to the immense quantity of coal consumed in and around the city, everything connected with the

place is contaminated with smoke. The very sunbeams are impregnated with carbon, and even the very citizens themselves assume a dingy appearance. But it is not by the hue of the superficial exterior that we must judge of Glasgow. Look to the massive buildings of stone-work that line the streets, and the countless vessels that girt its wharves; enter its capacious store-houses, its splendid shops, and its manufactories; its ship-yards, its banking houses, and number the tall chimneys of its volcanic-works, and you will form some idea of the immense commerce, the persevering industry and the stupendous wealth, which form the substantial basis of that Great Emporium.

Having visited several places of minor importance in the vicinity of Glasgow, I departed, and soon found myself within the ancient town of Stirling. This town is situated in a very lovely part of country, near to the river Forth; and being upon an eminence, commands an extensive view of the surrounding scenery. The older part of the town has a gloomy appearance: the streets are irregular and narrow; indications of an encircling wall of fortification are still visible. The most conspicuous edifice connected with the place is the castle. It has been distinguished through many generations as a fortress of great strength and peculiar importance. It is supposed to have been erected by the Piets, but since that period it has experienced many changes and vicissitudes of a warlike character. It was the birth-place, and the residence of James II and his descendants until the accession of James VI to the throne of England. The palace connected with the fort-



ress, and built by the latter Monarch, is a splendid edifice ; its architecture is an anomaly of the Grecian and Gothic ; the exterior of its walls is polished, and contains a variety of figures, grotesquely formed, but many of them are now sadly mutilated. From the Abbey Craig, on which stands the recently erected monument to Sir Wm. Wallace, a beautiful prospect may be seen : the Campsie, and the Ochil Hills in the distance ; the Vale of Menteith nestling among the ranges of mountains, and also the river Forth glistening in its serpentine course. Having reluctantly taken farewell of the place, I proceeded on my journey, and after a ride of several miles through an interesting part of country I entered the town of Falkirk, situated in the county of Stirling. This town is smaller but more regularly built than that of Stirling. It lies on the side of an eminence and is surrounded by a fine prospect of both level and hilly country. It is remarkable for its associations of the past, many battles having been fought in its vicinity. Near the town is the site of a battle fought between the Scots and English in 1298, and also another between the Highlanders and the King's forces in 1746. At greater distances from the town many places are designated as having been the scenes of important contests, among which was the memorable battle of Bannockburn, fought on the 24th of July, 1314, between the Scots and English, and in which the latter lost 30,000 men, and 700 knights. Not far from Falkirk are the celebrated Carron Iron Works, one of the largest in the world. Their interior as represented to me, appears to be really marvellous,

but it being late in the afternoon when I arrived at Falkirk, and leaving on the following morning, I had not the opportunity of seeing anything beyond their exterior in the distance. Perhaps had I gone to see them I might have been served up with a blank denial of admission similar to that presented to the poet Burns when he visited them. I may here remark that few countries in Scotland are more worthy of notice than that of Stirling. It has been from time immemorial the battle ground of many conflicting nations, and the scene of many memorable events. Being at one time the boundary of four kingdoms it was frequently made the battle field of contending armies. It was there that the British Romans terminated their bloody struggle with the Aborigines of the country; there too, were fought many of the battles so poetically described by Ossian, and there also, on many occasions have the rival armies of the Scots and English contested for the laurels of victory. Over the ground that had often reverberated by the tread of armed men the hand of peace has planted the seeds of industry, and rich harvests are smiling upon the soil that had often been enriched with the blood of men. Instead of the battle cry and the clash of arms are now heard the din of machinery and the voice of an industrious and happy people.

My next stopping place on my way to Edinburgh was the town of Linlithgow, distant about 30 miles eastward of Glasgow. It is situated in a hollow on the side of a lake encircled by hills. It is a small old fashioned town, and contains many vestiges of anti-



quity. Many of the buildings look dim with years ; but the present age has done much to improve the place in the shape of comfortable and elegant edifices. The inhabitants appear to be a primitive but industrious people, and feel proud of the historical associations connected with the place. Upon a ridge projecting into the lake and adjacent to the town, stands the ruins of Linlithgow Palace. This distinguished edifice, still bearing the marks of architectural greatness, has frequently suffered from the ravages of war, during which time the Scots and English were alternately its masters. It is celebrated as having been one of the seats of Scottish royalty, and within its walls the illustrious Mary, Queen of Scots, first drew the breath of life. During the time of its more active career it underwent many improvements as well as mutilations, until the year 1746, when it was set on fire by the royal troops whilst in pursuit of Prince Charles Stuart, and it has ever since continued in its roofless and dilapidated state. I spent two hours within the walls of this palace, viewing the vestiges of its separate apartments and reflecting upon many of its eventful associations. How sad indeed is the change it has undergone ! Where are now its gilded halls, decorated with gorgeous tapestry, its royal personages, the gay courtiers, the belted knights, and all the princely guests who once revelled in the luxury of lordly banquets made glorious with rich wines, gushing from crystal fountains and sparkling in golden goblets ? Where are now the smiling faces, the joyous laughter responsive to the jest and song, together

with all the innumerable incidents connected with this ancient seat of royalty? All are forever gone, and buried in the sepulchre of the mysterious Past, and a death-like silence hangs around those solitary ruins, which now stand as the melancholy monuments of departed glory.

Indeed there is nothing in the works of art that appear to me so solemnly impressive as the ruins of some ancient and distinguished edifice. There is indeed a solemn grandeur in Gothic ruins, and every part, though silent as its former occupants, is pregnant with the history of its eventful eras: centuries are condensed within its dilapidated walls, around whose sides the tenacious ivy clings, like a child around the bosom of its dying parent, unwilling that it should die, and striving to impart a vitality to the ghastly form, in order to rescue it from inevitable fate.

Another object of curiosity connected with Linlithgow is the Cathedral. This noble edifice was erected by David I; it is of gothic architecture, and exhibits such elaborate and elegant workmanship. Bearing upon it the mark of 700 years it now presents an antiquated and venerable appearance. Having a curiosity to visit grave-yards, not as a resurrectionist with pick and shovel, but in the antiquated style of "OLD MORALITY," I therefore entered the old burying-ground adjacent to the Church. It is a venerable-looking place, being crowded with a variety of monumental piles, many of which belong to the dead of former generations, and look grim with age, some containing

inscriptions that would baffle the antiquarian eye-glass of a Capt. Grose to decipher them. In a corner of this hallowed ground is a grave that the finger of reproach has long pointed at, and within it lie the ashes of one whose history demands but a passing notice. Many years ago a boy by the name of Crawford entered a garden adjacent to the town, to steal fruit, but was arrested by the proprietor, who by way of punishment tied the hands of the boy behind his back, and conveyed him to his parents, residents of the town. This act was never forgotten by the boy, a deadly revenge became seated within his bosom, and he only awaited an opportunity to return the punishment. Shortly after this event he went to Glasgow to learn a trade. One evening, a few years afterwards, when returning on a visit to his parents, and whilst passing the garden he observed the proprietor working there by himself. An opportunity being thus afforded him of punishing the object of his revenge, he sprang over the wall, and ere the man was aware of the design, a knife was plunged into his heart, and he fell a bleeding victim beneath the hand of his murderer. Crawford immediately hastened from the place, unseen and unsuspected of the foul deed. Another person was arrested on suspicion, tried by circumstantial evidence, and narrowly escaped the death penalty. The disappearance of Crawford from Glasgow was somewhat mysterious, but from certain reasons it was supposed that he had been foully dealt with. Ten years passed away and the murder at Linlithgow had almost ceased to be talked of. The occurrence, was, however

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suddenly revived by the appearance of Crawford, who had come to place himself under the power of the magistrates. He stated that he had committed the crime; and having thus gratified his revenge, had fled immediately from the place to elude the hand of justice, and embarked at Leith as a sailor on a ship bound for the West Indies. Five years he had traversed the ocean, and visited many foreign parts; but like Noah's dove, found no substantial basis, for his restless conscience. He then enlisted in the French army, served in several campaigns, fought in many battles, had lived in every state of debauchery, but neither the fumes of brandy nor the scenes and actions of a soldier's life had power to annihilate or diminish the gnawings of an insatiable conscience. He felt that he had committed an irretrievable error, and could only expiate the crime by giving his own life in return for the life he had taken; therefore had he come to pay the penalty thereof. He was immediately taken under custody and condemned, and shortly afterwards beheaded by an instrument he had brought from France for the purpose. In accordance with his own desire, but against the wishes of several, his body was deposited within the limits of the burying ground, and a simple stone bearing the likeness of the guillotine, was erected to mark the desecrated spot, where lie the ruins of a murderer—

Detested both by man and God,  
 Throughout eternity and time,  
 His dust is hidden by the sod  
 That cannot hide his crime.

Having spent a very agreeable day in and around Linlithgow, I departed that evening by railway for Edinburgh, 16 miles distant. But before entering the capital I will briefly make a few additional observations of my tour between Glasgow and that city. The prospect of country intervening these two places, as a whole, may be said to be truly beautiful. The surface is undulating and diversified with groves, finely cultivated fields enclosed by either stone walls or hawthorn hedges, while here and there a stately mansion might be seen peeping out through a clump of trees. The roads, though exceedingly good, are apparently but thinly travelled, and that chiefly by the carriages of the gentry. In many respects, art and nature appear to have lavishly bestowed their beauties around; so far so good; but were it not for the antiquities connected with the town and villages, they would possess few other attractions. Rows of thatched hovels are an offensive sight to the eye, and even those houses covered with slate or tile, were, in general, very irregularly built; presenting but a dirty uncomfortable appearance, and can bear but a distant comparison with the neat cleanly-looking houses to be seen throughout Canada. The air, in general, was disagreeably raw and cold, and from the density of the atmosphere the sunlight, notwithstanding the beautiful outlines of nature, presented everything with a bleak and gloomy appearance, not only then, but during the rest of the time I remained in Scotland. The hay season being scarcely over, I had an opportunity at several places of seeing persons engaged at hay-making. The im-

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plements in general were heavy and uncouth. The scythes were fastened to a sort of triangular snath, and in size resembled Wallace's two-handed sword, The hay forks were rudely fashioned, and unwieldy. The common Scotch cart, and waggons of massive strength, but without racks, were used in the drawing in of the hay. Everything, indeed, was comparatively clumsy and inconvenient, and appeared to be a century, at the least, behind those of the new world. I also noticed at different places groups of persons engaged in hoeing turnips. These consisted chiefly of women, and in several cases, the steward, with cane in hand, like a negro driver, was standing behind them superintending the work. How lamentable a sight, indeed, in a civilized country as Scotland; truly the age of slavery has not altogether disappeared from among a christian people. Had the soul of a Lincoln but beheld the sight, he would have shuddered at the stain that yet mars the sanctified *freedom* of the Scotch Isle. Poor deluded creatures that you are! Why will ye wear out the energies of your lives in daily servitude upon the field for a paltry pittance? and worse than all, to be goaded forward by the merciless tyrant behind you, who frowns disdainfully upon your condition, and perchance, considers you scarcely superior to the brutes. Many other characteristics might be noticed, but by way of concluding this chapter, I will only add a few particulars connected with the railways. The track on this route, and in general throughout the British Isles and France, consist of two lines. They are very substantially built, and the



trains run smoothly upon them, the average speed being between 40 and 50 miles per hour; the cheapest fare is one penny sterling per mile. The stations are in general of a superior order; such excellent railways and station-houses would seem to indicate that the cars are proportionably grand—they are the very reverse—each car is scarcely one-half the length of those in Canada. They are separately divided into several apartments, each having two doors, by which passengers can enter from either side. Each apartment contains two seats, which run parallel across the car, and capable of accommodating from 10 to 12 persons. Within these horrible and closely confined dungeons, passengers must sit *vis-a-vis* during the distance they design to go. They are literally locked in and crowded together like a herd of cattle, destitute of comfort and convenience, minus water-can or closet, and having no space to either stretch their legs or stir round upon. There are four classes of such prisons, and the higher differ only from the lower by exterior polish and cushioned seats. The fourth or inferior class, is termed the *Parliamentary Train*, a very political cognomen indeed, and suggestive of something aristocratic and fashionable, but in reality they are dirty uncomfortable pens, and fit only for cattle or convicted criminals to ride in. But I forbear to delineate further at present, as the steam whistle of the metallic horse announces our proximity to Edinburgh. The dusky outlines of the castle hill towering above us, are passed, and in the course of a few seconds I find myself land-

ed within the city of my birth—THE GREAT METROPOLIS OF SCOTLAND.

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### CHAPTER III.

It being dark when I arrived in Edinburgh, I proceeded immediately to a hotel convenient to the railway station. Tea being ready, I became seated at the table with a number of other travellers. I observed that the same system of table-serving and dieting prevailed there as in Glasgow, &c. Generally in our Canadian hotels, the meals, which consist of a variety, are served forth at regular hours. Those wishing to partake, become seated as one family, and familiarly participate in the general meal, each partaking of what he chooses, and yet all paying equally. Not so in Britain. If at tea, for instance, a tray containing a set of dishes, including teapot, with bread and butter, are placed before each person, for which one shilling sterling, at the least, is demanded. Every additional article called for has a separate price; and should a person procure a variety similar to what is got for twenty-five cents in a Canadian hotel, he will find that his meal will be valued at nearly four times that amount. Such a system as this must give a great deal of additional labour to cooks and waiters. Where one teapot might be sufficient, perhaps, a dozen or two are in use—the whole of which shows a waste of economy in both the culinary *art* and *article*. There is no common dish to participate in,—no friendly inter-



course in assisting each other at meals; each one, in a sense, is perfectly isolated from another, and unless previously acquainted, shows a reservedness, and feels as independently as he possibly can. Nor are these the only objections to this system. When a bill is presented to a person on leaving, he will find that fees for waiters, baggage-tenders, shoe blacks, &c., are attached thereto: all of which he is compelled to pay. It reminds me of the grog-bill given by an innkeeper to an Irishman. The leading article, "a pint of whiskey," was followed by a long list of dittos. "By my troth," exclaimed Pat, after having surveyed the whole, "I'll not deny but I got the pint of whiskey, sir, and I'll be aafter paying ye for it; but by my holy sowl, the nare a pint of ditto I ever got from ye, yer honor; and faith an' I shan't pay ye a cint for them."

The hotels in general have not the same convenience and accommodation as those in Canada. Sometimes a person has to go through a "close," or climb up a flight of stairs before he arrives at one, and even then it is frequently difficult to get the right entrance, their being, perhaps, other doors leading into apartments occupied by different families. They are generally without bar-rooms. Liquor is measured out by the mug when sold, and on no occasion are a decanter and glass set down before a person, with the liberal accompaniment, as in Canada, "*Help yourself, friend.*"

Having taken a gas-light view of a few streets adjoining the hotel, I retired to bed. I arose next morning at five, and on looking out, the first object

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that attracted my notice, was the monument erected to Sir Walter Scott. I immediately started forth on a morning walk, intending to return for breakfast at eight. I passed through the intervening gardens to Princess Street, and got a view of the monument. From its pedestal four pillars arise, forming the same number of arches, and joining into a column, that rises to a considerable height. In the middle of the area formed by the arches, is a life-like statue of the "great author" in a sitting posture, and also that of his favourite dog lying at his feet. I was delighted with the appearance of the graceful tracery of the column and its elegant architecture; but had its altitude been a little higher, or its basis somewhat narrower and more neatly formed, it would have given a relief to the under part, which, as it is, assumes the appearance of a chapel, bearing upon it the expression of a shade to the massive and clumsy. I then directed my steps to the summit of the Calton Hill, on which stands a monument to the memory of Admiral Nelson. From this point, I had a view of a considerable part of the city; but, wishing to procure a better, I crossed over to the eastern part of the "old town," and clambered up to the top of Arthur-Seat. From this summit I obtained a splendid view of the Great Metropolis, the Firth of Forth, and the surrounding country, all of which were beautifully romantic and magnificent. The appearance of the city is, indeed, singularly picturesque,—a strange variety of hills, castles, tall buildings, and lofty spires characterised by an antique and venerable magnificence,

pleasing ; to the eye, yet, solemnly impressive to the feelings, and as a combination of the sternly beautiful of both art and nature, the city of Edinburgh has scarcely a similar parallel. Having gratified my sight-seeing curiosity for the time being, I descended, and whilst passing through the old town, it being then after the stated hour of breakfast at the hotel, I entered one of those Dieting Establishments, designed for the working-classes and others. These excellent institutions are now in almost every town and city in the British Isles. It would be a benefit to many if the "city fathers" of our Canadian towns would adopt this economical system of public-dieting, and regulate the working of such establishments by special laws. They are in general well conducted in Britain and contribute considerably towards the city revenue. Good meals are in readiness at all hours of the day, and can be obtained cheaply at regulated prices. Having taken breakfast, for which I paid 12½ cents, I returned to the hotel. Finding the charge per day to be exceedingly steep I demanded my bill ; it was as follows : 2s. 6d for supper, ditto for bed, 1s 6d for room-waiter, ditto for baggage-tender and 1s. for baggage room, amounting in all to 9 shillings sterling, equal to \$2.25. From the above charge my readers would naturally suppose that I was no less a personage than the Lord Mayor of London, or some other pursified functionary of fashionable life. Be it known however that the only article by the name of baggage was a small valise, the rest being left in charge at the station-house. In accordance with the rules of the hotel it was taken from me on entering, and

placed in the baggage-room; for this little act of mercenary kindness I had to pay the 1s. 6d alluded to. The room-waiter also performed his part by showing me a sleeping-apartment, and for this nominal attendance I had to fork over the ditto referred to etc., etc. This then is a specimen of exorbitant imposition, which smacks strongly of dishonesty. Had I remained for a week or so, waiters' fees would have been proportionally much less. But I would like to know why travellers are compelled to pay waiting servants in hotels. It is a disgrace to any city whose laws of justice would allow or sanction such a system of "*Inn-taking*," and it is an insult upon the liberality of those who are made dupes of it. In Canada inn-keepers pay their own "*helps*" and leave travellers to their freedom to *help those who help them*. Having settled my bill I departed, and soon procured an apparently respectable place, at one half the price of the other, I was determined to be more cautious in future, and not be compelled to pay extra fees; therefore, in this case as in all others afterwards, I made a previous agreement in accordance therewith. I then directed my course towards that part of the city in which my parents had formerly resided, and ere long discovered the very house in which I first drew the breath of life. For some time I stood gazing upon the devoted spot with a sad bewilderment of thought, my fancy, like a pendulum, oscillating between two points of my existence, causing my feelings, like the fingers of a time-piece, to course over the circle of intervening years, and giving a deep and silent expression to the varied

changes of my eventful life. True, I had no recollected association of the place, still, I had gleaned sufficient from my parents to make it memorable to me. Within its walls I had received the nucleus of my life, and was issued upon the world ; in a word, *it was my place of birth* ; and even that of itself was sufficient to endear it to my soul, and render it to me *the most hallowed spot on earth.*

My parents belonged, originally, to the south of Scotland ; but shortly after their marriage removed to Edinburgh. My father became partner with a gentleman by the name of Peter Jamieson, and with him carried on the building business until the time of our emigration to America. During their ten years' residence in Edinburgh, my parents lost by death the four eldest of their family, myself being the only surviving child.

\* \* \* \* \*

I spent the remainder of the day in travelling about, to get a general view of the city, and in the evening, returned to my new lodgings. Before retiring to bed I sat down in my room to indulge in a quiet smoke. Being thus seated, I was suddenly started from my reverie of thought by a rap on the door. The waiter entered, and stated that a gentleman, who had just arrived, was desirous of staying over night, he having failed to procure lodgings elsewhere, owing to the influx of visitors in the city. "I have come," said he, "to see if you are willing that I should make a couch for him upon the sofa within your room, as all our beds are occupied." "Well," said I, "if he is a gentleman, and under such circumstances, I have no objections."—

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Having finished smoking, I placed my pipe, a favour-  
ite one, upon the table, and retired to bed, but continued  
to keep "*wide awake.*" The gentleman at length  
entered, accompanied by another person and the waiter,  
but the latter withdrew immediately. The former ap-  
peared to be under the influence of liquor, and his  
companion, like a fawning courtier, was coaxingly per-  
suading him to retire to bed, and offering to assist him  
in undressing, while the other was repeatedly thank-  
ing him for his kindness, but rejecting his proffered  
services. From under a corner of the coverlet I peer-  
ed out, at the same time feigning myself to be asleep.  
The gentleman had a respectable exterior, and his face  
the indications of an honest soul; but the actions and  
appearance of the other, were expressive of the cun-  
ning rogue. Placing his arm around the neck of the  
former, he whispered to him as in secrecy, whilst with  
the other hand he appeared to exhibit signs of *a fellow*  
*feeling within his bosom.* Suspicious of him I was at  
that instant about to uncover my head, and order him  
from the room, but being in no way connected with  
their proceedings, and thinking that quietness might be  
a better policy, I refrained from so doing. Immediately  
after he had given the gentleman the friendly hug, he  
hastily withdrew, intimating that he would call again  
in the morning. On his going out, I observed on the  
opposite wall the shadow of his arm, apparently in the  
act of snatching my pipe from the table. I instantly  
sprang up—my pipe was, indeed, gone. I opened the  
room-door, and heard his footsteps beating a hasty re-  
treat down the stairway. I immediately rang the bell,



the waiter instantly appeared, and I ordered him to give chase to the thief, which he did. The gentleman at this instant discovered that his watch was also gone. Having hastily adjusted my clothes, I followed in pursuit, and at the outlet of a *close* on the adjoining street met the waiter and a watchman dragging the villain along between them. On accusing him of the theft he confessed, and returned me my pipe. I accused him, also, of having stolen the watch belonging to the gentleman. This he also delivered up, and begged hard to be set at liberty. Not wishing to stand as a witness against him at the police court, after the manner he had confessed and restored the articles, I advised the others to liberate him this time, but to remember him in future. The waiter and policeman agreed to this, on condition that he would pay them a sovereign each. He immediately gave them all he had which amounted to about 20 shillings, and was set at liberty, but not before being searched and getting a severe rebuke from the policeman. Accompanied by the waiter and watchman, I returned to my room, and found the gentleman waiting anxiously my return.—He felt overjoyed when his watch was restored to him, and liberally remunerated the detective and waiter. He stated that he had arrived that evening from Dundee; had applied for lodgings at several hotels but all were filled. The last innkeeper he had called upon, had directed him to this one, and on leaving, a person stepped forward, and very friendly offered to conduct him to the place, demanding nothing for his services but a “*dram*” by way of friendship. The

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each took a glass, and departed. He was certain the fellow had drugged his liquor, as he felt its peculiar influence immediately after he had taken it. The villain not having fully accomplished his design ere they had reached the hotel, appeared, however, determined upon doing so; for he had dogged his footsteps into the sleeping apartment, and under the guise of a friendly companion, so far effected his purpose, as described. The watchman then gave the gentleman a kindly word of precautionary admonition, characterizing his case by narrating an incident that had occurred a few nights before. He stated that shortly after the arrival of the night train, two men passed him while on his beat, the one apparently a stranger in the city. He overheard the other say: "We'll cross the gardens to the other side, as it is much shorter than by way of the bridge." He suspected foul-play, and softly followed them. Ere they had descended into the hollow he saw one prostrate the other with a blow, and, also another person hurriedly approach them.— He also hastened forward, and beheld the two busily ravishing the pockets of their victim; but before they were aware of his presence, he had seized them firmly with iron grasp and prostrated both to the ground. He then shouted loudly for aid. They struggled eagerly to extricate themselves, and had he not received timely assistance, they would have succeeded. They were recognized as two of the city "black-legs." Their victim who, by this time, had recovered from the stunning blow, stated that he was an American; that on arriving by the train, a person stepped forward to him



and offered to conduct him to a respectable hotel.— Such were the circumstances, and such were the consequences. His money was, however, recovered: it amounted to some \$1600. The villains were tried, and condemned to penal servitude. The American remunerated the watchman with a purse containing 20 sovereigns, and expressed his gratitude and happiness on finding a “Good Samaritan” so readily when he *fell* among thieves, and concluded by expressing his determination to keep a good “*look-out*” in future whenever he *got into* a strange city, as a *stranger should always beware of strangers*.

On the following day I visited Holyrood, &c. The original part of this magnificent palace was founded by James the 4th, but not completed until the time of Charles II. It is built in the form of a quadrangle, with a front 215 feet long and flanked with double towers. In the centre of the front is the grand entrance, over which are sculptured the “Royal Arms” of Scotland. On my visit to this palace, I was conducted by the keeper through the different apartments, a few of which I will briefly notice. The first I entered was the picture gallery—150 feet long by 24. It is hung round with portraits of a hundred reputed Kings of Scotland,—from the misty times of Fergus I down to the end of the Stuart dynasty. Several of these paintings were slashed by the sabres of Hawley’s dragoons after their defeat at Falkirk, but were subsequently repaired. This apartment is historically interesting from it having been used by Prince Charles as a ball-room during his stay at Holyrood. Often

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ood, &c. The e was founded until the time f a quadrangle, ed with double the grand en- “Royal Arms” lace, I was con- ent apartments. e first I entered g by 24. It is undred reputed nes of Fergus I sty. Several o pres of Hawley’s k, but were sub- t is historically y Prince Charles olyrood. Often

as its floor reverberated to the tread of this unfor-  
 tunate Prince, and how often within its walls have the  
 gay courtiers and the guests of royalty, in rich cos-  
 tumes, mingled joyously in the revelry of the music  
 and the dance. I then entered Lord Darnley’s apart-  
 ments, which also contain a number of paintings &c.,  
 among which I noticed two beautifully executed pieces  
 of ancient tapestry embellished with historical repre-  
 sentations. Leaving those rooms, I ascended a stair-  
 way, and soon found myself in the interesting apart-  
 ments of Mary, Queen of Scots. The ceiling of  
 the audience chamber is divided into panelled com-  
 partments, adorned with the initials and armorial bear-  
 ings of royal personages, and the walls are hung round  
 with ancient tapestry, the colors of which are almost  
 obliterated by the hand of time. In this apartment is  
 an ancient bed, said to have been occupied by Charles  
 I. when resident in Holyrood. It has evidently been  
 at one time a magnificent piece of furniture, and its  
 curtains, now mouldering and moth-eaten, are of em-  
 broidered velvet. On this bed, Prince Charles the un-  
 fortunate descendent of its former occupant, reposed  
 on September 1745, and after the battle of Culloden,  
 his conqueror, the duke of Cumberland, placed his  
 head upon the same pillow. This room contains also  
 a number of old paintings, some richly embroidered  
 chairs and other articles of furniture, of ancient date;  
 but it derives its chief interest from its fair but un-  
 fortunate occupant, Mary, of whose distressing alter-  
 cations with John Knox, it was frequently the scene.

I next entered Queen Mary's bed room, the ceiling of which is also decorated with the emblems and initials of Scottish Sovereigns, and its walls adorned with tapestry. In this room stands the bed of Queen Mary. Its decayed hangings are of crimson damask with green silk fringes and tassels. Adjoining, was the Queen's dressing apartment, also her supping room, noted as having been the scene of the assault on the unfortunate Rizzio. The vivid imagination can easily realize the particulars of that tragical and terrible event. The Queen forcibly restrained by Darnley. The overthrown table and scattered viands—the fierce and scowling conspirators pressing forward, and the dagger left sticking in the body of Rizzio, who crouches behind Mary for protection,—the bloody assassins then dragging their victim through the other royal apartments, stabbing him as he went until he fell dead at their feet. The historical and romantic associations connected with these rooms render them, undoubtedly, the most interesting apartments in Scotland, and their melancholy and faded aspect are in admirable keeping with their tale of sorrow and of crime. As a whole, the palace of Holyrood is a magnificent structure, and with it are connected many other interesting events. To these royal apartments James the 5th conducted his youthful bride—Madeline, daughter of Francis I, of France—in all the pomp of royalty, amid the acclamations of an enthusiastic multitude; but within 40 days, the cold hand of death was laid upon her, and the youthful and beautiful Queen was carried out, and buried in the

adjoining abbey. Holyrood was occasionally the residence of Mary of Guise, second queen of James the 5th, and mother of Mary, Queen of Scots. It also became the ordinary residence of Mary after her return to Scotland in 1561, and thence occurred those events which inseparably connect Holyrood with her eventful life, and invest its venerable apartments with a thrilling interest. But I forbear to scrutinize the character of Queen Mary, to weigh her virtues and her errors nicely in the balance. The *genius-loci* forbids such an inquisition. Within those walls Mary Stuart is looked upon only as that lovely, suffering, intensely interesting woman, whose loveliness of person, the graces of her manner, and tragical death have drawn eloquence from the pens of so many illustrious historians, and whose beautiful countenance has peered through the day-dreams of many of Europe's mightiest poets. In connection with this Palace are the ruins of the ancient abbey of Holyrood, erected in the 12th century by David I. It is said to have been a splendid edifice and richly decorated in the interior. It contained a number of chapels with altars, dedicated to different saints, among which was one to St. Crispin, the reputed representative of the shoemakers. Within this abbey, Mary, in an evil hour, plighted her honour to the foolish and dissipated Darnley. There too, many of the sovereigns of Scotland have been crowned, and also married. It contains a number of tombstones, monuments, &c., the inscriptions of which are nearly all obliterated. Many are the historical associations connected with this once noble and distinguished edifice;

but the reckless hand of time, together with the ravages of war, have mouldered down its magnificent and elaborate workmanship into a mass of shapeless ruins.

During my stay in Edinburgh, I unexpectedly discovered a few old acquaintances of my parents, among whom was a family by the name of SPEDEN, relatives of my own, and with them had the pleasure of occasionally spending a few happy hours. Accompanied by a friend, I visited a number of other distinguished edifices, &c. I will now briefly notice a few of them, and other characteristics connected with the city. The nucleus of nearly every town of any antiquity can be traced to the situation of some castle, sea-port, or religious edifice. Edinburgh evidently owes its origin to the castle and the Firth of Forth. It is pleasantly situated on a number of rising grounds, in the midst of a fertile and comparatively level country, and presents a picturesque and romantic appearance. It consists of the *Old* and the *New* town, which are divided by a deep hollow, now the basis of the railway that intersects the city; access between them is rendered available by two or three very substantial bridges. The old town, better known by the name of "AULD-REEKIE" presents in many parts an irregular, old-fashioned appearance, whereas the new town exhibits a beauty of modern architecture and systematical arrangement scarcely to be equaled in Britain, and as a whole, may be termed a magnificent and fashionable town. The buildings of both towns are composed of stone, and the streets are laid with the same material, which gives sternness and solidity to the aspect, emblematical





and while one or more hang down, the others are bundled around their haunches, which give them a singularly bulky and sturdy appearance. The upper part of the body is encased in a sort of short gown, or rather a piece of coarse cloth, with two or more napkins of different hues, enclosing the bosom, while perhaps a rude cap with a number of ruffles, cover the head. These, with the extreme shortness of their petticoats, and their coarse limbs covered with long stockings and brogues, together with their large creels suspended on their backs, give to them a most antique and grotesque appearance. It is quite an amusing sight to see a number of them returning in the evening to their respective homes at the sea coast. They walk with a considerable air of importance, and appear as if they had belonged to some other country beyond the limits of civilization. A visit to the fish-market will repay a stranger. It is there that their characteristics are fully developed, and where the odour of their tongues, as well as that of their fish, smacks strongly of Billingsgate and Fisher-row. It would occupy too much space to narrate all the interesting and amusing characteristics I saw in Edinburgh. I will, however, notice a few of the chief places I had the pleasure of visiting. In the western part of the city, adjacent to the Castle Hill, still exists the noted den of the notorious murderers Burke and Hare, who, about the years 1828-9, carried on for some time the business of decoying unwary stragglers into their house, killing them, and then selling their bodies to Dr. Knox of the medical college. By a narrow "close" or lane

I entered the den—now inhabited—and was permitted to take a view of the different apartments. In the ceiling convenient to the room in which the victims were despatched, is still to be seen the trap-door through which the bodies were passed; the whole of which has a gloomy and murderous aspect, made even more so by the horrors excited by the imagination. These bloody villains were at length arrested, but not until they had taken the lives of upwards of twenty persons. Burke suffered the extreme penalty of the law; but Hare, by having turned King's evidence, was liberated. He at length succeeded in finding his way into the wild forests of Canada, and settled in the district of New London, and having dragged out a few years of a miserable blood-stained existence, he ended his career by committing suicide.

I also saw the house wherein the late Hugh Miller, the celebrated geologist, resided, and that part of the building was pointed out to me where he, in an inadvertent moment, and in the feverish madness of an overheated imagination, blew out his own brains, the material tenement of a superior soul, possessed of a most profound and exalted intellect. I also visited the Parliament Buildings; though ancient, they contain a number of fine halls, some of which are ornamented with the busts and statues of great men. In a lower apartment is kept the celebrated "Advocates' library." It was founded in 1680, and contains several thousand volumes, besides manuscripts, coins, and other curiosities, many of them of a very ancient date. The college is a modern edifice. It is divided



into lecture rooms, library apartments, museum, &c. As a medical university and school of literature and science, it is distinguished as one of the highest seats of learning in Europe. Besides this I visited a number of other public edifices, such as the High School, St. Giles' Church, Herriot's Hospital, the Royal Infirmary, and the Royal Industrial Museum, &c. This latter building is a modern structure: the foundation stone was laid by the late Prince Albert, during which occasion he contracted a cold, said to have been the original cause of his untimely fate. This museum, though new, contains innumerable specimens of the three Kingdoms of Nature and also many curiosities of the Works of Art. Among the thousands of objects therein were two that attracted my curiosity the most,—the one was a coffined mummy supposed to be 3000 years old. The coffin was embellished with numerous hieroglyphics, representing a variety of maxims, &c. The other, was the skeleton of a whale, upwards of 100 feet in length, the distance between the outer extremities of the jaws being over 30 feet. It was suspended on high, betwixt the galleries, and presented an appearance that was truly marvellous and interesting. Another of the wonders of Edinburgh is the castle. It is situated on the summit of a rock several hundred feet in height. Its original existed before the year 452, at which time it was taken from the Picts by the Saxon invaders. Since that period it has been retaken a number of times. It has also undergone many changes and improvements, and possesses a historical interest

that few such places in Europe can boast of. It was the temporary residence of Queen Mary and the birth place of her son James the 6th. In 1707 it became the repository of the Royal Regalia of Scotland.

The Scottish Coronation crown  
Of many a sovereign head,  
Out-lived those ages of renown,  
And all its royal dead.

On the ramparts were several old cannon, among which, I noticed the celebrated, "Mons Meg,"—bearing the date of 1486,—taken at the seige of Norham Castle, in 1497. It is about 14 feet in length, and of sufficient bore to allow a person to enter therein. From the summit of the castle an extensive view can be obtained of the city, and surrounding country,—and while the eye is roving over the variegated prospect of both art and nature, the fancy is, perhaps, calling up a thousand historical associations of the past, and the person awakens from his reverie to realize that he is standing over and in the midst of a great city.

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#### CHAPTER IV.

HAVING visited several places in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, I purposed making a tour to the Southern District of Scotland—that part of country to which my parents originally belonged. In accordance therewith I got in readiness and walked down to the railway station. I entered one of the car-apart-

ments and took a seat. An elderly gentleman followed, accompanied by a young man, apparently his son. The former seated himself on the opposite bench, the other by the side of me; others came in and filled up the remaining place. At a given signal the train departed, and I soon found myself beyond the precincts of the city, traversing a fertile and finely undulating country. Silently I sat by the side of the little window, directing my attention to the variegated landscapes, beautified by culture in every part, and studded with stately mansions of the rural gentry—peeping out from amid the grandeur of foliaged avenues and groves; while occasionally might be seen some ancient looking village of stone buildings covered with thatch or tiles. Nor was my eye blind to the many groups of women working in the fields, hoeing turnips, or taking up potatoes for market. I was really amused at the old-fashioned system of potato digging with the grape. The grape is similar to the manure-fork, with flattened prongs. With this implement the diggers delve the rows, advancing by going backward, and at the same time pitching out and separating the potatoes from the clay. The potatoes were being gathered into sacks and weighed for the market, upon a sort of portable balance, termed “backs and boards.” The Scotch sack contains over four of our bushels. It is like many other things peculiar to the country—a burden of Scottish tyranny—and a vestige of the “Strong Man’s World.” How much more convenient and easily to be handled are our Canadian bags. If we do not possess the physical

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length of our ancestors, we are assuredly superior  
ingenuity. When having gone a considerable dis-  
nce I observed that the country became more rugged  
nd of a more barren appearance. Observing also  
at the railway had several times crossed a winding  
vulet, and wishing to ascertain its name, I took the  
erty of asking the gentleman referred to, who sat  
posite to me. He informed me that it was the  
Gala Water." On seeing that I was a stranger to  
e place, and apparently desirous of gleaning in-  
rmation, he extended a few remarks respecting the  
ream and the adjacent country, with familiar frank-  
ess and courtesy. Finding him to be acquainted  
ith the route and the country in general, I inquired  
he knew anything about the village of Bowden;—  
which he informed me that it was his birth-place,  
ad that he was then going thither to visit some of his  
lations. I may here remark that Bowden was also  
e birth-place of my father; however, I literally  
ew nothing of the place or its inhabitants but what  
had heard many years ago. "Is there any person or  
mily by the name of *Spedon* resides there," I in-  
rrogated. "Not any now," said he, "formerly there  
ere several families of that name, some have emi-  
ated, others have become extinct." "Well," said  
"I suppose you were acquainted with them in gen-  
al." "O, yes," said he, "I was acquainted with  
em all, but there was one I was more familiarly  
nnected with on account of his being a partner  
th me in the building business, in Edinburgh; but  
and his family emigrated many years ago to

America." Looking forcibly into the countenance of the gentleman, I said, "please excuse me, sir, for asking if your name is Mr. Jamieson?" "My name, sir, is Peter Jamieson," said he, frankly. "Well, sir," said I, "I am happy to meet with you Mr. Jamieson, and I feel happy to inform you that your partner referred to was *my father*."

Bewildered with such an unexpected discovery, he stared upon me for an instant, but on recovering his equanimity of feelings, he stretched forth his hand and grasped mine with a friendly and familiar grip, and we shook hands so heartily as to startle and astonish the others around us. We then entered into a lively conversation which was continued until we arrived at the station of Galashiels; at which place I parted with him and his son, promising assuredly to pay them a visit if I returned to Edinburgh, which place he was still a resident of.

The town of Galashiels is situated upon the Gala water, about a mile above its junction with the Tweed. Comparatively it has a somewhat modern aspect, and in general presents a lively and clean-like appearance. Its inhabitants are apparently a sociable and industrious class. The Gala affords them excellent facilities for the manufacture of cloth, &c., which is carried on very extensively. From Galashiels I proceeded by rail to Selkirk, distant only a few miles. This town is situated upon an eminence overhanging the River Ettrick. It is embodied with many characteristics of antiquity, and owing to its location, and proximity to a fine loch and beautiful plantation, it assumes

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somewhat romantic appearance. From time immemorial it has been noted for its great number of shoemakers. St. Crispin appears to have dropped his leathern girdle upon the spot, and consecrated it *first* to become subservient to the *last*, which has imbued its inhabitants with a relish for *soles*. At the battle of Flodden they were all distinguished for their valour, and though many of them were ignorant of the *tactics* of war, and better acquainted with *feet* than *re-arms*, they, however, *threaded* their way among the ranks of their antagonists, and like true heroes every *sole* of them stuck firmly to the *last*. At a short distance from the town and a little above where the Yarrow enters the Ettrick is the place where the battle of Philiphaugh was fought, and where the bloody Montrose was defeated. A spot is still pointed out, where one of the retreating troopers of the defeated party was singularly destroyed. As he rode up to the river bank and was about to cross, a woman earnestly entreated him to convey her on horseback to the other side. Having placed her behind him he plunged his horse into the water. At this instant she drew his dagger from its scabbard and pierced him to the heart, and having pitched his body into the river, she galloped off with the horse as a trophy of her valour. Such instances as this were common, even among women, during the bloody wars of Scotland. In this part of the country the scenery is exceedingly picturesque, particularly along the vales of the Ettrick and Yarrow; which have been richly celebrated with song, and are still worthy of the poet's inspiration. Having perambulated



for sometime in the neighbourhood of Selkirk I returned to Boldside, and crossed to the opposite side of the Tweed, about a mile above Abbotsford, the seat of the celebrated Sir Walter Scott. Pursuing my course along the highway, through a spacious avenue of trees with a back-ground of woody-hills, on the one side while on the other coursed the silvery waters of the Tweed, the stately mansion of Abbotsford soon appeared in view. At that moment I felt as if I were approximating some classic temple of the Muses, and treading upon hallowed ground. Every object appeared to fling an enchantment around the spot, and conjure up the varied associations connected with the great Magician himself. At length I entered the gateway and soon found myself in the very presence of the distinguished edifice. It stands upon the side of an eminence and overlooks a delightful vale along the Tweed. It is surrounded by a beautiful plantation, and a fine garden richly decorated with flowers. The building is spacious, but of a singular style and proportions; its various fantastic gables, irregular projecting windows, chimnies, balconies and turrets, conforming to no rules of architecture, yet producing a pleasing effect. Many of the details and decorations have been gathered from celebrated places throughout the country, as for instance, there is a gateway from Linlithgow palace; a chimney piece from Melrose Abbey; carved oak from Holyrood, etc. Stones with carved inscriptions and armorial bearings collected from all parts of Scotland, have been placed at random around this distinguished mansion. I may here remark



that my father was one of the masons employed at the building of Abbotsford, and this fact of itself excited within my mind an affecting interest in addition to its other associations. Many of the characteristics of Sir Walter and Abbotsford have been narrated to me by my parents, and in this respect also the building and its surroundings, appeared familiarly to me. Having surveyed the exterior and the grounds, I entered with several other visitors and were shown through the different apartments appropriated to those who from curiosity, or out of respect to the great author are induced to make a transient visit to the place. The Library is the largest of all the apartments; its ceiling is of richly carved oak. The books are placed in oak cases beautifully carved, and number about 20,000 volumes, many of which are rare and valuable. This room also contains a vast variety of curious and costly articles, paintings, etc., among which are busts of Sir Walter, Shakespeare, etc. Life-like portraits of Queens Mary and Elizabeth, also that of Sir Walter's eldest son, an officer in the British army, but who died one his way home from India; a silver urn gift of Lord Byron; also two elbow chairs beautifully carved, a present from the Pope; an Egyptian lamp 3000 year's old; also a variety of rich presents from the crowned heads of Europe. Adjoining the library is the Study, the room from which have issued those imperishable writings that still continue to delight mankind through the surpassing genius displayed in them, and which have reared up for their illustrious author a name in the annals of literature, to perish only with the language

in which they were produced. This room contains the writing table, arm-chair etc., as Sir Walter left them. There were also pictures, shields, cabinets, claymores etc.

The Hall and Armory contain a vast variety of curious and ancient articles, relics, &c., among which are several suits of steel armour, and specimens of old military weapons; Rob Roy's gun; sword of Montrose; pistols of Bonaparte, found in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo; sword of the notorious and bloody Claverhouse; thumbscrews used by him to torture the Covenanters with; Queen Mary's cross; lock and key of the ancient prison of Selkirk; keys of the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh; hunting flask of James VI.; iron mask worn by the martyr Wishart at the stake; ancient war-horns; Roman spears and camp kettle, &c., &c. Around the walls are shields presenting armorial bearings of Sir Walter's ancestors, and the various families with whom he claimed kindred. Round the cornice is a double line of escutcheons which contain the heraldic distinctions of Border families celebrated for their warlike achievements. But the most interestingly affective of all, are the clothes worn by Sir Walter previous to his decease. They are locked within a glass case, and consist of a white hat, blue coat, striped vest and drab trousers, &c., together with his walking stick and forest gear. How natural and life like the whole appeared, and yet how solitary and death like they seemed. They carried the mind back to the period when the mighty minstrel occupied that very place, and poured forth those

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imitable productions, so universally esteemed. The  
jewel indeed had disappeared: the casket only re-  
mained! and like Elijah's mantle it appeared as if  
still retaining some of the inspiration of their former  
possessor, sufficient, at least, to affect the heart with  
sympathetic sorrow, and incite a tearful sigh from the  
beholder. Having spent a very agreeable time in and  
round Abbotsford I sauntered along the highway to  
Melrose, enjoying the loveliness of the surrounding  
scenery. This antique little town is delightfully situ-  
ated upon the south side of the Tweed, and secluded  
among hills, the most remarkable of which are the  
Gildons. In the centre of the town stands the cross,  
100 years old, twenty feet high, and having upon its  
pex the carving of a unicorn supporting the arms of  
Scotland. Several of the houses appear to be built and  
decorated with stones taken from the ancient abbey,  
which is undoubtedly the most attractive and interest-  
ing feature of the place. Melrose Abbey was founded  
by king David I, in 1136, dedicated to the Virgin  
Mary and devoted to a body of Cistercian monks. It  
is said to be the finest specimen of Gothic architecture  
and sculpture in Scotland. In general aspect it is  
elegant, and in details superbly grand, even to a  
proportion; and from the beauty of its architecture, the  
harmony of its parts, and the extent of its ruins, it  
may be considered as one of the greatest objects of  
interest to those who visit this portion of delightful  
and interesting country. The surviving portion of the  
abbey is 253 ft. by 137. The arching of the principal

remaining door-way is composed of various members of the most delicate work. Above the entrance are several niches for statues, in some of which mutilated figures are still to be seen. Over this door-way is a magnificent oriel window, 24 ft. in height by 16 ft. in width, and terminating in a pointed arch, divided by four bars, the tracery of which remains perfect, and rises in graceful interlacing curves to a wheel of seven compartments. The mouldings of the arch consist of numerous members enriched with filletings of foliage which rises from two carved busts, and terminates with a grotesque head immediately above the graceful canopy of a niche which formerly contained a figure of our *Saviour*, and is surrounded by a number of other admirably carved figures, &c. The other windows also comprise a variety of the finest workmanship, some of which are remarkable for the beauty of their proportions and their delicate tracery. Nature has been accurately studied through all, and the flowers and foliage, etc., are represented with the utmost nicety and elegance. In fact the whole building which is composed of superior stone and excellent preservation, is so elaborately and delicately ornamented that at every step some new beauty arises, and eventually the eye becomes bewildered amidst the magnificence of architecture. Within the building are a number of chapels, appropriated to distinct processions and services; and in some of which, the high water basins, and kneeling stones, are still remaining. Beneath where the high altar stood, are deposited the remains of Alexander II, and there also the heart of

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king Robert Bruce. Many other illustrious person-  
ages are also buried within the Abbey. The body of  
the celebrated magician, Michael Scott, is said to be  
deposited there also. In several of the chapels are  
stones with half obliterated inscriptions which designate  
that the bodies of human beings, who figured in past  
ages, lie interred beneath. A number of other sin-  
gular inscriptions, mottoes, figures, &c., line some parts  
of the walls.

Leaving Melrose I proceeded to the Eildon Hills,  
adjacent thereto, and mounted the highest peak. Their  
peculiarity of form is said by the believers of witch-  
craft to have been the work of the famous wizard of  
Melrose,—Michael Scott, who flourished in the 13th  
century, and performed many supernatural prodigies  
in connection with his Satanic Majesty. On the sum-  
mit of one of these three hills are the remains of a  
Roman camp, evironed by two fosses and breast works.  
From this point I had an excellent view of the beauti-  
ful variegated scenery around, rendered exquisitely  
delightful by the graceful windings of the lovely Tweed,  
whose banks are decorated at every turn with a land-  
scape ever varying in picturesque beauty. Nor is  
the view only beautiful in itself, it is historically inter-  
esting. Over that surface of country are the sites of  
thousand battle-fields, and other remarkable scenes  
and places, many of which are celebrated in Border  
story. Situated as it is in proximity to England, its  
fields have been often crimsoned by the bloody strug-  
gles of the Scots and English, and its inhabitants ne-  
cessarily exhibited in former times the martial charac-

teristics of chivalry. But those times have long since disappeared, and the present generations are as much distinguished for their peaceful and industrious habits as their ancestors were for their warlike character and achievements. This delightful region has indeed been long the subject and the birth-place of song, and there is scarcely a spot within its precincts but may be designated as classic ground. In the words of a celebrated author, it is the Arcadia of Scotland and the land of Learmont and Thomson, of Leydon and Scott. Having plucked up a few plants of the blooming heather, which grows in abundance upon those hills, I descended by the opposite side, and soon entered the ancient village of Bowden situated at the Southern base of the Eildons. This village is the birth-place of my father and others of my ancestors, and on that account it seemed to possess a peculiar interest and attraction. My great-grandfather belonged originally to the "Carse of-Gowrie" in Perthshire; but during the Rebellion of Prince Charles Stuart, many of those who were unfavourable to it, found it necessary to leave their homes and seek safety in other parts. One of that party was Robert Spaulding my ancestor, who, with his family removed to Bowden in Roxburghshire. The broad accent of the Southerners soon converted the name into Spadden, and eventually it became modernized into that of Spieden, Spedon, &c. Not one bearing the name is now a resident of Bowden, the name only to be found on some of the tombstones in the burying-ground of that village. However, I was fortunate in finding out two or three of my relatives, n



sidents of Bowden ; and during my short stay in the place, spent my time very pleasantly with them. The burial place belonging to the Duke of Roxburghe and other noted families, is within and under the old Church of Bowden. Through the grating of the cellar-window I got a glimpse of the vault, in which rows of coffins lay piled above each other, which reminded me of those of Alloway Kirk, as described by BURNS,

“ Coffins stood round like open presses,” &c.

Bowden, though once a Roman villa and a place of some importance, possesses few attractions at present. It is however beautifully situated on rising ground, and commands a view of the Cheviot Hills, and other places endowed with beauty and historical interest. I spent a Sabbath in this village, and was well satisfied with the religious observance of the people. During my few Sabbaths in Scotland, I was somewhat unfortunate in not hearing any of the great preachers of the day. However, I was agreeably impressed with the apparent sanctity of the people in general, and the respect shown by them towards the “ Lord’s Day.” The Sabbath should be considered and observed by all Christians as the HOLY DAY of the CREATOR, and not a *holiday* for the *creature*—Alas ! too frequently is the reverse among Christians of the present age. From Bowden, I proceeded to Dryburgh Abbey, distant three miles. This monastery is situated upon a lovely and secluded spot on the north bank of the Tweed, around which the river winds beautifully with majestic sweep. The ruins are em-



bosomed by a fine plantation, among which is a yew tree 700 years old—the lonely survivor of an ancient grove planted by the Monks of Dryburgh. This Abbey was built by Hugh DeMoreville, during the reign of David I. It has frequently suffered from the devastating hand of war, and all that now remains of it are the western gable of the nave, the ends of the transept, part of the choir, and parts of the domestic buildings, among which are the dungeons appropriated as a prison for refractory monks, heretics, &c. St. Mary's aisle is the finest part of the ruins. Its arched roof springs from a variety of clustered columns of beautiful and elaborate workmanship. The area of this aisle is occupied as the burial place of three celebrated families—the Haigs, Erskines, and Haliburtons; from the latter, Sir Walter Scott is descended; and his remains, also those of his wife, son, and son-in-law—Lockhart—are deposited therein. They are encased in beautiful stone coffins, enclosed by a fine iron railing. What remains of the Abbey is now covered with wild ivy and other creeping plants, and even amidst the dilapidated ruins the vestiges of its former greatness are still visible. At a short distance from the valley is a small temple dedicated to the Muses, which is surmounted by a bust of Thomson, author of "*The Seasons*." Further up the bank is a colossal statue of the Scottish patriot, "SIR WILLIAM WALLACE." The next place I visited was the village of Earlston, in Berwickshire, eight miles from Bowden. This ancient place is situated near the banks of the Leader—a stream that empties itself into the

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weed, two miles below Melrose. Towering above  
 the village on the south side are the White and Black  
 Hills. On the summit of the latter are the remains  
 of a vitrified Roman fort. The former is characterized  
 by the Cowden-knows, so richly celebrated, in song,  
 for the "*bonnie broom*" which formerly grew thereon,  
 a plant peculiar to the country, and exceedingly beau-  
 tiful when in blossom. Adjacent to this hill is the  
 mansion of Cowden-knows, formerly a seat of the an-  
 cient family of Home; this house has a somewhat  
 antique appearance. In connexion with it and at the  
 bottom of an old tower is a dungeon, in which one of  
 the feudal barons used to confine and torture his pri-  
 soners, and afterwards hang them upon a tree conve-  
 nient thereto. In the summer of 1866, this tree was  
 blasted by lightning; it has a hard, knotty appear-  
 ance, an emblematical *fac simile* of that villainous and  
 murderous expression characteristic of its ancient pos-  
 sessor. Earlston consists chiefly in one street nearly  
 a mile in length, having a triangular market-place and  
 of a somewhat ancient appearance. It was there,  
 until lately, that the celebrated gingham were manu-  
 factured by the Misses Whales. Manufacturing of  
 cloth, &c., is however extensively carried on by Chas.  
 Wilson, Esq., a gentleman who has done much towards  
 the improvement of the place. But the most attrac-  
 tive and interesting feature in connexion with Earls-  
 ton is the ruins of LEARMONT'S TOWER, formerly the  
 residence of THOMAS LEARMONT, better known by the  
 name of "*The Rhymmer*," who flourished in the 13th  
 century,—cotemporary with Sir Wm. Wallace, of whom

he was a congenial companion. He was married to a daughter of the Knight of Thirlstane, and brother-in-law to Sir Richard Maitland and the Earl of Mar. He was a man of superior talents, and the *Father of Scottish Poetry*; but his works, with the exception of "*Sir Tristiem*" and "*Prophetic Rhymes*," are no longer extant. He is also distinguished as a prophet or "*Mountain Seer*," and many of his rhymes and prophecies have been handed down to posterity, and become as "*household words*" among the people of Scotland. A celebrated author in speaking of him, says: "*Earlston rests its claim to notice upon the circumstance of its having been the birth-place and residence of THOMAS LEARMONT, one of the most remarkable of the Scottish worthies, a man distinguished by the splendour of his character and talents, and whose name, after a lapse of nearly six centuries, carries with it at this day as much of exciting interest as it did at the time when he was a living reality, and impressed the signet of his wonderful mind upon the living age.*" The same writer also says of him:— "*Earlston was the Delphi of Thomas Learmont, commonly called the Rhymmer, whose romantic history might be the theme of a volume, and whose oracular sayings are as yet fondly cherished by the people of Scotland, as ever the Rhymes of Ennius were by those of Rome.*"

Scotland still feels proud to boast of such a man, and as a single individual I feel happy in the reality of knowing that *I am one of the last of his lineal descendants.*

From history and tradition I have collected a number of his wonderful prophecies, many of which have been truly verified. The following prediction in reference to his own descendants has also come to pass :

“ Altho' the Learmonts o' Ercildoune  
 Wad rise to mak a noted toun  
 Ere eighteen times the course had run  
 That father would gie his land to son  
 That no a single inch o' earth  
 Wad fa' to a Learmont's son by birth.”

Not a Learmont now claims an inch of ground in Earlston,—none but those whose birth-right claims an undisputed inheritance in the “ *auld kirk-yard.*” My mother was the *last Learmont born in Earlston*, and her father was the last of that race, who possessed property in the village. A brother older than her died when a child; her parents also died when she was young, and during a portion of her after life she resided with an uncle—the father of the late Alex. Paterson, the celebrated teacher of Lauder Parish School, in which place he taught during an uninterrupted course of 50 years.

Adjacent to Earlston and convenient to the Leader stands the ruins of the “ *Rhymer's Tower.*” All that remains of it now is a part of two walls to the height of about 30 feet. It is said to have been a splendid mansion, having an arched roof, and during the palmy days of the Rhymer, many of the nobility and knights of chivalry resorted thither, among whom was Sir Wm. Wallace, a friend and companion of Thomas Learmont. Many of the stones that once composed

it now figure in other adjacent buildings. To prevent a further intrusion upon the classic edifice, Mr. Charles Wilson of Earlston, himself a descendant of the Rhymer, has purchased the estate, and plastered the walls of the old "Tower," so as to prevent further decay. It is fortunate, however, that a portion of it still remains as a memorial of the Rhymer. The following prediction of his, in reference to it, has also been fully verified :

*" That thorn and nettle would grow aroun'  
The crumblin' Tower o' Ercildoune ;  
An' rabbit and hare whan a' was gane  
Wad kittle their young on its auld-hearth's stane."*

He also predicted the Union of Scotland and England. One day when the elder Bruce was visiting the Rhymer, with his son Robert, then a little boy, afterwards the great Patriot and Restorer of Scotland's rights, Learmont, possessed as it were with immediate inspiration, looked upon the countenance of the boy, placed his hand upon his head, and gave expression to the following :

*" Thro' thee shall Scotland yet be fumed,  
An' by thine arm her rights reclaim'd.  
By thee the Lion's paw shall bleed,  
An' red shall rin the Burn O Breid \*  
An' tyrants fall aneath thy frown  
Ere Scotland wears the English Crown."*

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\* Bannockburn.

In reference to the downfall of England's glory he also predicted as follows:—

*England shall rise with peacock pride an' hues,  
To wealth, to dignity an high renown;  
But feather after feather she will lose  
Until she lose at length her "triple crown."*

Again he says:—

*"Aneath the English throne, a hornest's nest will grow  
That will thro' foreign power, become her deadly foe,  
Then Fingan's chiefs will rise, to crop the Lion's mane  
And England's tyrant power, will then begin to wane."*

Several years ago the following very singular prediction of the Rhymer was sent to me. Prophetically it contains some of the characteristics of the present age:

*"Ere nineteen hundred years have run  
Since God assumed the form of man  
Old things will pass away from view,  
And earth itself appear as new:  
The yokit cloud to snortin steed  
Shall o'er the earth the battle lead:  
The sun will turn mechanical  
To paint the glass and print the wall:  
Seas will be girt as with a tether,  
An' lands with metal, bridg'd thegither:  
Above, an' under earth, mankind  
Will fly on wings of smoke an' wind:  
The world will change, but still go roun'  
And thus saith Thomas of Ercildoune."*

Learmont's prophecies were chiefly written by himself in Monkish Latin; and afterwards received their translation into English or the Scottish dialect by



others. Some expressions may be construed ; but on the whole, they bear the marks of being genuine and have given ample testimony to succeeding generations that their great author was really endowed with the spirit of inspiration. Near to the Rhymer Tower, and sheltered by a clump of trees, is the tomb of a once very powerful and eccentric person by the name of Blaikie—a carpenter by trade. A large stone placed upon pedestals covers his grave. Around its sides the implements of his trade are sculptured in strong relief, but the inscription has become obliterated. This stone was prepared by himself many years previous to his death ; and he used generally to keep a coffin in readiness, not scrupling however to sell it if required, and immediately replacing it.

But notwithstanding all his care  
Providing in the Past,  
Without that needful article  
Poor Blaikie died at last.

A large stone, now lying at the side of the Rhymer's Tower, is said to be the one he used at the end of his long saw instead of another person to assist him. It is over 200 lbs. weight, which shows what prodigious strength he must have been possessed of. I also visited the Kirk and burial-ground of Earlston. One of the corner stones of the Church bears the following lines :

Auld Rhymer's race  
Lies in this place,



It formerly occupied a similar position in the "Auld Kirk," which was taken down during the last century, and the present one erected in its stead. This stone simply designates the burial place of the LEARMONTS; and many of my ancestors and kindred relatives lie interred there. The Rhymer, however, was not favoured with a burial therein. Superstitious tradition informs us that he was conveyed to Elfland by the Queen of the Fairies, and like Elijah the prophet, never tasted of death, perchance—such is the manner of disposing of those gifted with the spirit of Prophecy. But I have just reasons for believing that his remains lie interred in Inverness-shire, where he died while on a tour through the North of Scotland. He appeared to be as well known, and as highly celebrated in the Highlands as in his own neighborhood. I have met with many old Highlanders in Canada who could tell any number of stories about him, and had treasured up many of his rhymes and prophecies. I may here state that the motto attached to the "*Learmont's coat-of-arms*" is "BE-READY-AND-SURE."

In company with Mr. Charles Wilson I paid a visit to the Earlston antiquary, Mr. Thomas Gray. He is apparently a man of superior abilities and education, with a very eccentric disposition to treasure up relics of Scottish Antiquity. His rooms contain a variety of rare and curious articles, scarcely inferior to that of Abbotsford. Among them I noticed an almanac 800 years old, written on parchment. Several documents with the Rhymer's name attached as a signature, also a sword which belonged to him. A crystal wine-

cup of the celebrated Ralph Erskine. A China cup that formerly belonged to Queen Mary. These are only specimens of the thousands of articles he has collected from every part of Scotland. I was indeed delighted with the sight, and spent a few hours very pleasantly with the antiquary himself. With feelings of a peculiar interest, I bade adieu to Earlston, and returned to the Tweed, thence proceeded on my way towards Kelso, at which place Queen Victoria was expected to visit on the following Wednesday.

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## CHAPTER V.

PROCEEDING along the valley of the Tweed towards Kelso, scenes of a picturesque and beautifully variegated character panoramically appeared, consisting of hill and dale interspersed with trees, and intersected with streams, with here and there a stately mansion peeping out from amidst the bosom of luxuriant foliage; or, perhaps, the ruins of some ancient edifice that once figured in the feudal times. In the distance the famous Cheviots reared their magnificent summits, intervened by other ranges of hills interlacing each other in terraced grandeur, and forming the background of a delightful country. Sheep were quietly browsing upon the hills, and on either side of the classic Tweed, herds of cattle were grazing peacefully upon the green herbage, undisturbed by the trooper's horn and unconscious of those times when steel-clad foragers might have driven them off to feast some feudal baron

or the warriors of the English camp. Peaceful are now the verdant banks of the Tweed and its delightful tributaries; and the surrounding landscape bears evidences of a superior and industrious people. Along the valleys of those streams, that had often vibrated to the tread of armed warriors and the steeds of war, the iron horse now courses onward with electric speed, thundering amidst those hills that have a thousand times echoed to the troopers' horn, and the din of contending armies. On the summit of Peniel hill, south of the Tweed, stands a high monument erected in commemoration of Waterloo. Adjacent thereto was fought the famous battle of Penielheugh, between the Earl of Angus and Lord Avers, in which the English suffered severely—a compensation for the depredations they had committed along the Scottish Border. On the opposite side of the Tweed, the ruins of Lindean Tower, and also those of other venerable edifices are to be seen. Further on, the Tower of Smailholm stands prominently in view. It was formerly enclosed with walls, and clusters of wild rocks, scattered around, even render to it a somewhat stern and impregnable appearance. This Tower furnished the subject for Scott's ballad, entitled the "Eve of St. John." Scott spent a portion of his boyhood in this neighbourhood, and he has admirably described many of the scenes and associations connected therewith. On an eminence in the distance may be seen another castle, formerly the seat of the ancient and distinguished family of Humes. In proximity to Kelso are the remains of Roxburgh castle, erected by the Saxons, but eventually it became a royal

seat. Many important events have transpired within its walls and around it, the most memorable of which was the death of James II, in 1460, by the bursting of a cannon, while he laid seige to the place. Owing to its position and strength, this castle was the pivot on which turned many of the warlike expeditions of the Borders. For centuries it continued to be the object of the hottest contention between the Scots and English, until it became utterly demolished, and now scarcely a vestige remains of that distinguished edifice, within whose walls monarchs have held their courts, surrounded by champions of Scottish chivalry ; instead of the noisy and voluptuous mirth of feasting and revelry, and the direful clangor of arms, that had often alternately resounded, are heard now the gentle bleating of the lamb, and the swelling note of the winged chorister, mingling, perchance, with the rustle of foliage or the rippled murmurs of the wave, while the peaceful labours of husbandry have been substituted for the military achievements of a warlike people. Adjacent to this castle, and at the outskirts of Kelso, stands the magnificent *Castle of Fleurs*, residence of the Duke of Roxburghe. It is situated on a lovely eminence, and in the midst of a beautiful amphitheatre of ancient groves. From the green terraces in front of the castle expands the verdant lawn, dotted with ornamental trees, and laved at its southern extremity by the waters of the Tweed. Instead of the gloomy frowning aspect so commonly observed in the residences of hereditary nobles, Fleur Castle, seen from a distance, has the appearance of a marble palace, recently conjured up

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by the wand of some great magician. Such was the mansion which Queen Victoria was expected to visit that week while on her tour to Balmoral, by way of the Scottish Border.

Kelso occupies a beautiful situation, surrounded by a delightful amphitheatre of wood-clad hills, and presents a clean, substantial, city-like appearance. But the most attractive object connected with the town is the venerable Abbey, erected in the 12th century, by David I; and though much dilapidated, appears to have been a fine specimen of the Saxon style of architecture. Of the general effect of the whole ruin, either considered as an architectural pile, or reviewed as an object in the landscape, no description can convey an adequate effect. It produces upon the spectator an idea of massive grandeur and simplicity, and possesses in common with all objects that are at once vast, simple and symmetrical, the charm of eliciting admiration the oftener and longer it is contemplated. In consequence of its proximity to the English Border, Kelso suffered severely during the wars between the two countries, and the Abbey is mentioned in connection with the convulsions in which both were involved. The sacred edifice was twice burnt and otherwise suffered much, until in 1545 it was reduced to its present ruinous condition by the English under the Earl of Hertford. But the most attractive and generally interesting feature in connection with Kelso during my stay there, was the presence of Queen Victoria, on a visit to Melrose Castle. The morning of the 21st of August, 1867,

dawned upon the Scottish Border, and with it commenced the din and bustle preparatory to her arrival. The town was tastefully decorated with arches, and a variety of flags, embossed mottoes, devices, &c. At length crowds of people began to stream in, dressed in their holiday attire, with smiling faces, expressive of joyous hearts; while vehicles of all sorts, sizes, and varieties were mingling with the multitudes of foot passengers—all of which added an exciting interest to the anticipation of the royal visit. The sky that had assumed a gloomy aspect for several days exhibited the signs of an immediate rain; but fortunately for the immense numbers of people who had gathered in from the surrounding country, the clouds began to disperse, and before 11 a.m., the day assumed a more favourable appearance. No less than 50,000 persons were assembled there, filling up every avenue of the town and lining both sides of the road leading from the station; all eager to get a sight of the Queen. Several companies of volunteers and others, accompanied by their respective bands, occupied the most prominent places, all ready to give a hearty and cordial welcome to her Majesty, the first of the crowned heads of Britain, since Queen Mary, who visited the Scottish border. At the railway station were a number of the nobility, appointed to receive Her Majesty, among whom were the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh and the Duke of Buccleugh. Shortly after 11 o'clock, a cannon fired from Roxburgh castle, announced the approach of the royal train, which, after a few minutes, arrived at the station. Her Majesty



and suite alighted, and after a few preliminaries of etiquette were gone through with, the party entered their respective carriages and were driven up through the town, amid the deafening shouts of the populous assemblage, and the waving of handkerchiefs, &c. I had stationed myself at the corner of the station garden, and therefore had an excellent view of the Queen. She was plainly attired in black silk, trimmed with crape. Her countenance, though somewhat coarse, had a smiling and amiable expression, without either affectation or conceited dignity. Although assuming the title of an authoress, her features were not expressive of intellectual capacity; but, as a whole, she had more of the appearance of a country matron than that of a Queen, with whom our ideas are too apt to be associated with something of a highly-tinted magnificence and pompous aspect. Her Majesty undoubtedly received a hearty welcome, but her presence produced no fanatical excitement or phrenzied disorder. A loud huzza, accompanied by a flourish of hats, &c., indicated the Scottish feeling, and, in fact, I observed many who were so overcome by their staring curiosity that they neglected to do either. Every eye was expanded to its utmost limit, and every face expressive of enchanted feelings. But the Scotch in general are not an excitable people. There is a sternness and solidity of principle within them that nothing but offended patriotism, or an encroachment upon their religion, can melt their spirits into fiery animated feelings of a valorous and unconquerable nature. Had that numerous assemblage been com-



posed of Canadians, I doubt much if their feelings could be constrained sufficiently as to prevent them from overleaping the bounds of etiquette. Perchance in the phrenzy of their excited loyalty, many would have rushed forward to hoist Her Majesty from the carriage and carried her shoulder-high to the princely chambers of Fleurs castle; or harnessed themselves to the royal carriage and wheeled her in glorious magnificence through every avenue of the town—similar to the demonstration of loyal feeling exhibited by some of our Canadian gentry to the Prince of Wales in 1860. I believe in honour to whom honour is due, and respect to those who are worthy of receiving such; but I do not believe in worshipping or idolizing any mortal beings, no matter what their position may be. I believe in the exercise of loyalty and true patriotism, but I do not believe in whimsical fanaticism and vain-glorious braggadocia. Our loyal and patriotic principles, as well as those of our Christian faith, should be composed of the genuine materials of the soul like to that of gold or silver, which neither glitter nor tarnish, and not of that substance, like the baser metals, which only emits a superficial lustre when polished up by the touchstone of fashion.

After the Queen and suite had been properly disposed of, the people continued to enjoy themselves to the best advantage. Crowds paraded the streets, or clustered around the market square, where several objects were being exhibited. Bands of music enlivened the audience, while here and there a street singer was loudly exulting in the merits of some bal-

their feelings had commemorative of the Queen's visit. But the event them- greatest numbers of the people resorted to Sheddan  
Perchance Park, to witness the Military Review. The most de-  
many would lightful and enchanting scene in the whole programme  
ty from the was the illumination and fireworks in the evening. The  
he princely whole town presented a magnificent appearance of va-  
themselves riegated light, characterized by an innumerable variety  
orious mag- of figures, devices, &c. The summits of the surround-  
wn—similar ing hills in the distance—on which the camp-fires of  
ted by some marauding armies had often blazed—were sending forth  
f Wales in volumes of exulting flames in commemoration of the  
is due, and royal visit. At 11 p.m., the vast concourse began to  
iving such ; retire towards their respective homes ; and ere two  
olizing any hours had passed away, the streets of Kelso had sub-  
on may be. sided into silence and emptiness, and the interesting  
patriotism, scenes of that day had forever disappeared into the  
m and vain- past, and only to exist in the minds of the people  
triotic prin- as a memorable event worthy of a cherished remem-  
aith, should brance. Although a stranger to the place and  
e soul like to people, I nevertheless enjoyed myself remarkably  
nor tarnish well on that occasion. I was agreeably satisfied with  
metals, which the order and decorum that in general prevailed ;  
d up by the no incidents occurring to mar the pleasures of the  
day. A number of watches, however, exchanged  
properly dis- hands, but one of the light-fingered gentry was  
hemselves to nabbed and several of the stolen articles found in his  
e streets, on possession. Kelso was, indeed, worthy of being visit-  
ere several ed on that day, were it for nothing more than a sight  
f music en- of so vast a concourse, a people distinguished as much  
ere a street for their peaceful, industrious habits and religion, as  
of some bal- were their ancestors for their valorous and warlike

characteristics. In physical appearance alone, I doubt much if a superior body of people is anywhere to be found. One thing, however, I am certain of is, that I never before saw a finer class of women. In general, they presented nothing of that effeminately delicate and sickly aspect so frequently to be seen now-a-days; but were possessed of finely organized forms, and endowed with features expressive of rustic loveliness, many of whom might be considered as the complex embodiment of genuine gracefulness and native beauty, and serve as classic models for the painter's pencil or the sculptor's chisel.

At an early hour on the following day I left Kelso, and proceeded to Edenham, distant three miles, celebrated as being the birth-place of the poet Thomson, author of *The Seasons*. The manse and church where the father of the poet was minister are beautifully situated on the banks of the Eden. The scenery in this district is extremely delightful. On an eminence above the village, an obelisk bearing a simple inscription, is erected to the memory of the poet. I then directed my course by a pathway to the Tweed, and crossed over to Sprouston—the village in which my parents were married. From this place, I proceeded to Yetholm, famed as the residence of the Border Gypsies—a tribe of people entirely distinct from the Scotch in general, and whose habits and occupations somewhat resemble those of the Canadian Indian. Yetholm is sheltered on every side by high hills, in the seclusion of a deep valley intersected by a beautifully winding stream, and forming a fit place for the hermit

to dwell in, or the love-sick-poet to resort to, to breathe out the ebullitions of his heart. About three miles westward is the village of Linton. Its church and burying-ground occupy a delightful situation on the summit of a circular eminence, which tradition reports to have been raised by two sisters to expiate a crime perpetrated by a brother. It is supposed to have been all riddled, as not even a small pebble is to be found among the sand composing it. On the southern wall of the church is an ancient stone containing the figure of a man on horseback, thrusting a long spear into the mouth of an animal resembling a dragon. This is commemorative of an event which occurred in the 12th century. It appears that this neighbourhood had been infested by some enormous serpent or dragon, which, for some time, committed serious deprivations. It was, however, finally destroyed by Wm. De Sommerville, a foreigner and ancestor of the Sommerville family. At a short distance from Linton is a small glen, said to have been the haunt of this wonderful animal. In this neighbourhood I remained over night, and left early on the following morning, to visit a relative of mine residing in Jedburgh, which place Queen Victoria had purposed visiting that day. When I arrived there the town was in a perfect hubbub, crowds were pouring in from every part of the country, shepherds in their plaids were coming down from the hills, while numbers of rural swains with their lovely lassies, all dressed in their gayest attire, were flocking thither-ward; volunteers were being marshalled in order, policemen were adjusting the massive crowds, flags were pendant from

every house-top, arches were rearing their majestic heads, and every street was otherwise magnificently adorned, even from the turrets of the old abbey, streamlets of bunting were waving in the breeze. Two flags were suspended from the house in which Queen Mary lodged while in Jedburgh, one of which had been captured at the battle of Killiecrankie, the other at Flodden-field. While standing upon the ramparts in front of the old abbey, observing the varied crowds that lined the street, a person from behind touched me upon the shoulder, and accosted me by name. On wheeling around I recognized him to be one of my fellow passengers of the "Moravian," a Mr. Oliver from near Ayr, P. O. We met as old acquaintances, and our interview was a happy one. It is indeed singular how familiarly agreeable is the sight of a fellow-countryman in a distant clime; persons who scarcely know each other, or even unacquainted, are generally impressed with kindred feelings when they happen to meet in a foreign land. But hark, there go the cannon, followed by the beating of drums and music, which announce the approach of her Majesty. A wave of vibratory motion is transmitted along the masses of human beings who line the street, and every one is leaning forward to be ready to indulge their eyes for once upon a feast of royalty. Nearer the royal carriages approach, and volumes of exulting shouts are heard, accompanied by a flourish of bonnets. Along the avenue of human beings, the Queen and her royal cortege thread their course, she bowing responsively to her loyal subjects, and smiling with pleasurable

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satisfaction. A few minutes pass, and the royal suite are beyond the limits of the town on a transient visit to Fernhierst castle, one of the seats belonging to the Duke of Roxburgh. Inside of an hour they returned, repassed through Jedburgh, and were *encored* with another great chorus of shouts and the flourish of trumpets, &c., thence they went on their way rejoicing, and the rattle of wheels was soon lost in the distance. Mr. Oliver and I then made a short tour up the Jed-water along one of the finest walks in that part of delightful country, and on our way got a sight of the "capon tree," the magnificent oak of a thousand years, and sole survivor of the ancient forest of Jed. Further up stands the castle of Fernhierst. Its former possessors were distinguished for their valorous and warlike character, and during the feudal times it was frequently the scene of battle and bloodshed. Returning to the town I discovered my relatives referred to, which added considerably to the interest of my pleasant visit to Jedburgh. Before leaving the town I will briefly notice one or two of its chief characteristics. Respecting the origin of Jedburgh little is known. It presents an antique and irregular appearance, yet it is delightfully situated on the banks of the Jed, and surrounded by beautiful woodlands. During the Border Wars it repeatedly suffered from fire and cannon, and its inhabitants were as frequently exposed to the cruelty of their enemies. Its history has indeed been written with the sword, in characters of blood; and were it gifted with the power of language it could tell many a horrid tale of suffering

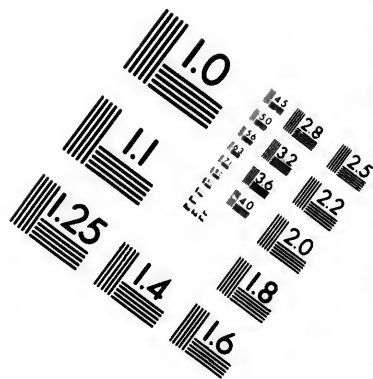
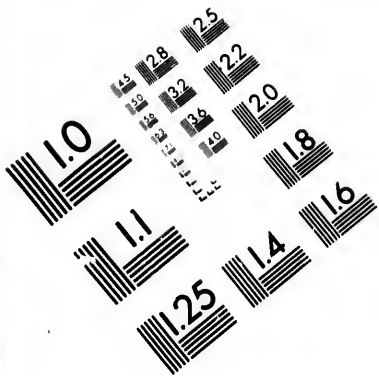


and bloodshed. The most conspicuous object of the place is its ancient monastery, one of the many founded by the religious king David I. From what remains of this venerable edifice some idea can be formed of its original beauty and magnificence. In the northern transept are the tombs of several of the noted Border Warriors, and the inscriptions call up the days when the country was characterized by pillage and bloodshed. Near to the abbey once stood the castle, a fortress of great strength and a favourite residence of the Scottish kings. Jedburg is noted as being the birthplace of Sir David Brewster. It also afforded instruction to the poet Thomson in his younger years. Robert Burns visited it, by request, in 1787, and was favoured with municipal honours by the town Council, the only one in Scotland that appears to have appreciated his genius during his life-time.

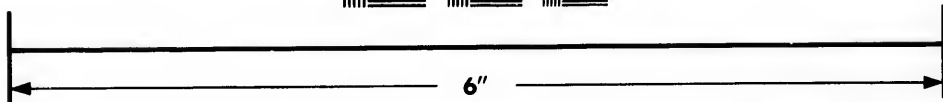
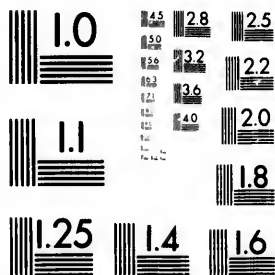
I departed from Jedburg, by railway, for St. Boswells. Coursing along the valleys of the Jed and Teviot, the eye is captivated with the richness and beauty of the scenery. These vales, though not so extensive as that of the Tweed, have even a more romantic and picturesque appearance. The fields are ornamented with trees, and the rivers skirted with copsewood, while here and there the pelucid waters ripple over the shining pebbles, and flow onwards, forming many a circuitous and fantastic course. At St. Boswells I exchanged cars, and after a few hours of a delightful ride found myself again within the bosom of "*Auld Reekie*," the city of Edinburgh. The remainder of the day and evening I spent very pleasantly



with Mr. Jamieson and other friends, and on the following morning departed from the quay of Leith, by steamer, *en route* for England. With feelings of a peculiar interest I bade adieu to my native city, perchance never again to behold it. From the bosom of the Firth I gazed interestingly upon it. It presented a noble aspect, but its lofty spires, its towers and palaces, its massive and magnificent buildings, embosomed in the amphitheatre of romantic hills, at length vanished from the sight amid the shadows of the receding distance. While coasting around North Berwick the first of interesting objects I noticed, was the Bass Rock, an island of nearly a mile in circumference, rising perpendicularly to the height of 400 feet, and penetrated by a chasm from one end to the other. One side of the rock admits of an access, and contains the ruins of an ancient fortress, which formerly served as a state-prison, in which many of the Covenanters and the offenders of Royalty were confined. Myriads of sea-fowls were flying around the rock, or perching upon the ledges, which gave to the place a somewhat lively and interesting aspect. On the rocky summit of the mainland nearly opposite, stands the ruins of Tamtallan Castle, the ancient fortress of the Douglass family, and the scene of many a memorable event. Further on is the celebrated Castle of Dunbar, situated amidst a cluster of rugged rocks, towering up from the sea. This fortress figured largely in the history of the past: numerous interesting events transpired within it, and many a bloody struggle between the Scots and English, occurred



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around its walls. St. Abb's-Head is also another attractive object on this coast. It consists of two precipitous hills, divided from the rest of the promontory by a deep cut; on the summit of one of them are the remains of a church and monastery, a place of worship resorted to by the early Christians twelve centuries ago. In this neighbourhood, on the summit of a precipitous headland, rising perpendicularly several hundred feet from the sea, stands Fast Castle, formerly a fortress of great strength, around which many eventful associations are historically connected. The range of coast in this neighbourhood is remarkably rugged and precipitous, and is noted for the multiplicity of its sea fowls that are constantly clustering around the ledges. At length the steamer halted at the town of Berwick. Wishing to get a sight of the place, I disembarked; and remained until the following morning. Berwick is situated on the north side of the Tweed, where that river empties itself into the German sea. It presents a massive and compact appearance, and is surrounded by double walls, interlined with earth, and which now furnish an excellent promenade; but during the Border wars, formed a line of fortifications, and though now dismantled, still give to the place a primitive and warlike character. Early on the following day I bade farewell to my native country, and was soon coursing along at railway speed in the direction of Newcastle, through a delightful district of the North of England. I will now briefly notice a few of the interesting objects in the vicinity of this route, the first of which are the Abbey and Castle of Lindisfarne, which figure conspi-

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cuously in Scott's Marmion. Eastward of Lucker station stands the Castle of Bamborough, a Saxon fortress, founded in the 7th century, and built on a rock 150 feet high. In the rock is a well 145 feet deep. Two miles from the adjoining coast are the Fern islands, where during a heavy sea the Forfarshire steamer was wrecked, and a number of the crew and passengers saved by the gallant and heroic exertions of Grace Darling and her father, keepers of the Longstone Lighthouse. Westward of Bilton station is Alnwick Castle, seat of the Duke of Northumberland. King Malcolm of Scotland was killed there in 1093, while besieging the place; and also William the Lion was taken prisoner during the siege of 1171. I also had a passing view of the Castle of Widdrington, formerly the residence of that English Knight, who fought at the battle of "Chevy-Chase," after both his legs had been cut off. Arriving at Newcastle, I alighted and took a ramble through a portion of the town. Newcastle occupies the site of a once strongly fortified place, by the name of *Pons-Ællii*, built by the Romans. The present town received its name from the "CASTLE," subsequently built by the Anglo-Normans. The modern part of the town has a respectable appearance, and contains many excellent buildings. It is noted for its ancient churches, among which is the celebrated St. Nicholas Cathedral, built in 1359. There are also a number of other interesting edifices, such as the house in which Charles I was imprisoned; the Grammar School in which Bishop Ridley and other noted persons were educated, also the School-house in

which Robert Stephenson, the celebrated engineer, attended when a boy ; also the machine-shops erected by him for the building of locomotives, &c. An extensive iron-bridge constructed by him, spans the Tyne at Newcastle. Every feature of it gives evidence of his great mechanical ingenuity ; and as a whole, combines in a remarkable degree the qualities of strength and architectural beauty ; the bridge and viaduct together measure upwards of 4000 feet in length. This noble structure connects Newcastle and Gateshead, and passes completely over the roofs of the houses that line the valley on either side of the river ; the Tyne with its myriads of ships lies 150 feet below. The bridge forms an integral part of the railway, and also affords a separate passage for carriages and foot passengers. In the vicinity of Newcastle are the celebrated coal fields, which embrace an area of 800 square miles ; some of the pits are 200 fathoms deep. The coal business is immensely carried on. Independent of its foreign trade, &c., Newcastle exports upwards of 4000 cargoes of coal annually to London. At a short distance from Newcastle is the village of Killingsworth, noted as being the birth-place of Robert Stephenson. The old cottage in which he was born, and in which many of his early schemes were devised, still stands ; and above its door is still to be seen the sun-dial, one of his earliest efforts in conjunction with his father. Of such a man as Stephenson it becomes a nation to feel proud. Born and brought up in the lower sphere of obscurity, his mechanical genius, through indefatigable industry and perseverance, be-

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came gradually developed, until at length he rose above his fellows, and obtained that position of intellectual accomplishment, which has distinguished him as one of the greatest men of the 19th century. From Newcastle I proceeded on my way towards the city of London, passing through and in the vicinity of a number of interesting places, a few of which I will briefly notice. First in importance is the city of Durham. It comprises a number of ancient and interesting buildings, among which is the Cathedral founded in 1093. It is 460 feet in length, and its greatest height 214. It contains the tomb of the venerable Bede, and also that of St. Cuthbert. Further on, is the city of York, noted as being at one time the residence of several of the Roman Emperors. It was enclosed by walls by King Edward I, built on the foundations of the Roman fortifications. It is the capital of Yorkshire; and contains many ancient buildings, among which is the cathedral, 524 feet long by 222, having a tower 234 feet high. Bishopthorpe, three miles from the city, is the birth-place of Guy Fawkes, who was chief agent of the "Gunpowder Plot." Many are the interesting objects in and around York, but time would not permit an examination. Having spent a night and part of a day in the city, I proceeded on my route. The country through which I passed was, indeed, truly beautiful, in many places picturesquely grand, and the people in general appeared to be industrious and progressive. The land was generally of an undulating character, but without that sternness of romantic grandeur characteristic of Scotland. Like its inhabitants it had a milder

and softer aspect, and continued the more so, the further I journeyed southward. The disposition and appearance of a people are, to a great extent, characterized by the climate and country of which they are natives. Go to the rugged north of Scotland, where the craggy hills rear their dauntless summits amidst the fury of contending elements, where the mountain-torrents dash wildly in foaming grandeur over the shaggy cliffs, and where nature in every form rises in the majesty of magnificence, sternly beautiful, yet free and romantic, and possessed of a nobleness though rude, yet genuine, as if fresh from the hands of the divine Creator. Go there, I say, and you will find its inhabitants in both interior and exterior aspect, bearing a similarity of characteristics. Then go southward, and as the climate and the landscape become modified, so will the people also vary. Physical nature has, indeed, a great influence in moulding our characters, as well as our exterior aspect. The spirit of man is a susceptible material, and like the galvanized plate of the solar-artist, it generally receives the image of the objects that are presented before it. Proceeding on through Lincolnshire I visited Wolsthorpe, birth-place of Sir Isaac Newton, and saw his study-room, his two sun-dials, and the old arm-chair that was made out of the apple-tree that led to his gravitation theory, besides a number of other curiosities, &c. Further on, is the town of Huntingdon, including Godmanchester, where Oliver Cromwell was born, and adjacent thereto is Hinchinbrooke House, formerly the residence of his family. There, also, Cowper the poet resided, during

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which time he became acquainted with the Unwin family. Another interesting place on the route is Welwyn, noted as the place where Dr. Young was rector for many years ; and where he wrote his " Night Thoughts." In the church in which he had so long officiated, his remains are interred. Passing through, and calling at a number of other interesting places, I at length approximated the suburbs of the great capital, and ere long arrived at the station of King's Cross, and found that I had entered the city of London, the great metropolis of England.

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## CHAPTER VI.

HAVING arrived at the station I mounted an omnibus, and after a lengthy ride through some of the densely packed streets, landed at the Old London Bridge, and at a short distance therefrom, arrived at the hotel to which I had been directed, and there found myself in comfortable lodgings. On the following morning, at 5 A.M. I started out to get a peep at the great city ere the din and bustle of the day would be aroused ; but even at that early hour hundreds of people were astir, and the sound of vehicles were everywhere heard. Gradually the noise and activity of the morning increased, and ere long, the thoroughfares of London were bustling into busied life. Having strolled around for two hours I started on my return course, and on my way passed through the fish market of Billingsgate, noted

as a nursery of the devil's lingo. Amazed and almost bewildered, I elbowed myself with difficulty through the intricate masses of the jostling crowds, almost suffocated by the odours of fish and the foul puffs of loquacious fishmongers, etc. A strange variety of men, women and boys were hustling around with fish-baskets, or lugging homeward upon their heads their piscatorial purchases. The immense loads that are thus carried, and the skill displayed in balancing them, are really wonderful. Such a practise is common with the Cockneys, for everywhere, and at all times, may be seen persons of both sexes with burdens upon their heads, threading their way along with apparent ease. Vehicles laden with fish and other commodities, in dense numbers, were forcing their way along the adjacent streets, while occasionally their progress was retarded by collision. Beer-shops and coffee-houses were numerous everywhere; *there* the hungry were voraciously gulping down mutton chops, coffee, etc., and the thirsty, swallowing greedily immense quantities of their favourite *hales*. Around the corners of the doors and streets, groups of loungers and lookers-on were to be seen, some with pale, emaciated faces, in tattered garbs, looking the ghastly picture of starvation, and as it were, regaling their keen appetities with a smell of the delicious fumes of the culinary art; whilst others with bloated aspect, appeared to be waiting upon chances, and ready to welcome a mug of porter as a morning visitor to their thirsty and denuded stomachs.

After breakfast I resumed my rambles through the

city, and during my stay of one week I had the pleasure of seeing a considerable portion of London and many of its distinguished characteristics. London is one of the oldest cities in the British Isles; it is supposed to have received its nucleus from the ancient Britons, as its name originated with them, "*Lin*" signifying a river, and "*Din*" a harbour for vessels, but it was subsequently converted into that of *London*. During the Roman age, 1500 years ago, it became a strongly fortified place, enclosed with walls, and underwent many improvements; but under the Norman and Anglo-Saxon eras, it gradually expanded beyond its former limits, and became of considerable importance as a seaport. Notwithstanding the ravages of fire and sword, it has gone on steadily increasing in size, population, commerce, manufacture and wealth, until it has become, eventually, one of the foremost cities in the world. It is situated on comparatively level ground, on the bank of the river Thames, and 60 miles from the sea. It now covers an area of 150 square miles, and contains 3,000,000 of inhabitants, a number exceeding the aggregate population of the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario. It is indeed a city of cities, a mammoth hive of concentrated existence, and may be classed as one of the wonders of the world. Go in whatever direction you choose, and rows of massive and dingy buildings greet the eye in apparently endless succession. Take a prospective view from some central stand-point and the vision is almost paralyzed with the sight; everywhere around, even into the immensity of distance, is to be

seen the dense and complicated labyrinth of buildings, interspersed with hundreds of lofty spires, turrets, and massive piles, among which, in the hoary dinginess of years, the ancient edifice of St. Pauls, like some huge pyramid, rears its lofty and venerable head. Walk along the walled avenues of the city, and you will see thousands of people hurrying to and fro in bustling activity, together with hundreds of vehicles laden with freight or human beings. Lines of railway intersect portions of the city, at a height exceeding that of many of the houses. In every direction under ground the steam-horse is whirling along his subterranean course with fearful rapidity, carrying hundreds of passengers from one point to another. *Astounding reality!* even the great city of Babylon, with all its gorgeous appendages, would have paled in insignificance beneath the wonders of this great Metropolis. In the regularity of outline, architectural excellence, and exterior beauty, London, in general, is comparatively deficient. The streets are generally narrow, and exceedingly irregular; the buildings, like those of ancient Babylon, are chiefly composed of brick, many present an antique appearance, and look dim with the dust of ages. London, externally, independent of its attractive and interesting character, has but a dingy, insignificant aspect, and is a most uncomfortable place for a stranger to reside in after the novelty of his fancy has been gratified by the noted characteristics of the place. It is indeed a startling wonder how 3,000,000 of people, concentrated in one city, can be supplied with food and employment. It is said that upwards of 30,000

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have no lawful or visible means of support ; be this as it may, the arrangements for the supply of food for the regular inhabitants and the numerous visitors, are, however, of a most extensive character. There are upwards of 50 markets, of various kinds ; the new cattle market occupies 15 acres of land ; the buildings connected therewith cost \$2,000,000 ; upwards of 300,000 horned cattle, and 1,500,000 sheep, are sold annually there. Independent of the live stock, it is said that 10,000,000 lbs. of country killed meat are sold annually in London. The following calculation will give my readers some idea of the supply per year :—72 miles horned cattle, 10 abreast = 120 miles of sheep, do. = 7 miles of calves, do. = 9 miles of hogs, do. = 20 miles of hares and rabbits, 100 abreast = 50 acres densely covered with poultry. A pyramid of bread 600 ft. square and 120 ft. in height ; 400,000 tons of vegetables ; 1,000 columns of hogsheads of beer, each 1 mile in height. Independent of all these, is the enormous supply of other liquors, fruit, and various other kinds of eatables, &c. *What a capacious maw must the city of Cockneyism have ;* wonderful indeed, almost incredible, yet true ; the very idea is sufficient of itself to startle the wildest fancy of the glutton, and strike a death blow to the stomach of the hunger-stricken vagrant. Pyramids of hogsheads and liquor casks sufficient to wall the city round, and containing ingredients destructive to human life, injurious to the comfort of human nature, and pregnant with myriads of various crimes. Think of this, O ye votaries of temperance, ponder over this startling reality, and

with the noble *spirit* of humanity, continue to fight boldly in the subjugation of those "*evil spirits*," the greatest enemy of mankind. There are numerous breweries and distilleries in London; some of them have fermenting vessels capable of holding 1500 barrels each; beer-tanks of sufficient capacity to float a small steamer in; vats containing 100,000 gallons each and 60,000 casks. One of these establishments alone gives employment to 200 horses in conveying the liquor to the taverns of the city, which comprise no less than 8,000, of such places. There are also about 1600 coffee-houses, &c., in which a good meal can be cheaply obtained at any time during the day. These are serviceable institutions to the working class, and even the stranger who may visit the metropolis. London is chiefly supplied with water from the Thames, which undergoes a very extensive filtration, the daily quantity distributed averages 50,000,000 gallons. The coal used is principally from Newcastle, the annual consumption exceeds 5,000,000 tons. London is lighted with gas manufactured by 30 extensive gas-works, and there are no less than 2,000 miles of gas-pipes under the city. The main drainage since 1859 has cost over \$15,000,000. The erection of local telegraphs to convey messages from one part of the city to another, and of pillar posts for letters, &c., are among some of the recent novelties. The Fire-Brigade is very efficient, nevertheless the fires average 1,000 annually. The Police Force, are also extensive; they are a fine body of men, and are in general, civil and obliging, especially to strangers who

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request information. The old stage-coaches and hackneys are now supplanted by cabs and omnibuses, the former number over 6,000; the latter, 1,500. The railways diverging from the city are numerous, and the station-houses are generally of a capacious and magnificent order. Small steamers are constantly plying between different points along the Thames, and are in general crowded with passengers. The river, though considered large and majestic in England, would seem comparatively insignificant to the great St. Lawrence of Canada. Its breadth averages from an eighth to a third of a mile, at London. It rises in the interior of the country and has a course of nearly 200 miles; the salt-water effects it to about 30 miles from its outlet, but the tides extend upwards of 70. It is of a somewhat placid nature, and is capable of allowing vessels of great magnitude to reach London. Unfortunately the beauty of this river is much hidden from the view by the rows of extensive warehouses that line its banks, even to the water's edge. The docks are on a very extensive scale; the site of one of them required the removal of 1200 houses and 13,000 inhabitants. Some of the storehouses are extraordinary buildings; the tobacco warehouse, for instance, covers an area of 5 acres, and has accommodation for 24,000 hogsheads. A tunnel constructed by Brunel, for carriage communication, underlies the river, but it has never been fully completed, and only rendered fit for the use of foot passengers. The chief communication is principally carried on by means of numerous bridges; of which the "London Bridge"

has the greatest amount of traffic. It is really wonderful indeed, to witness the immense crowds of foot passengers and carriages that are constantly passing over it, forming a continued throng from early morning until the late hours of night, and frequently embracing within its limits at the one time, no less than 2000 foot passengers, and 100 carriages containing an additional thousand,—all hurrying to and fro in one densely complicated mass. With peculiar feelings I have occasionally gazed upon the ever-moving and varied crowd; the scene was truly of a grand and imposing character, affording an excellent opportunity to the physiognomist to mark the varied characteristics of the human face; but who knows the workings of each soul? it may throw its flashes of joy, or the shadows of grief upon the exterior part, while the causes are deeply seated underneath, and remain unknown to the spectator. Independent of the various loungers and vagrants to be seen, the citizens in general assume an active and business-like aspect, and are generally well dressed and of respectable appearance. Although distinguished for its enormous wealth and aristocracy, the city is also characterized by its immense poverty, wretchedness and profligacy. The haunts of vice are numerous, its temptations are ensnaring, and of one species alone of fallen humanity, it is said that London contains no less a number than 100,000 prostitutes and keep-misses. There are numerous places for public amusement, from the theatre down to the tavern music-hall, where entertainments are given by negro melodists, &c. It is estimated

that 5000 persons are employed in the theatres alone, and about \$1,800,000 are spent annually by the public at these places. The freehold of some of the boxes in Her Majesty's Theatre—lately destroyed by fire—has been sold for \$40,000 each. The General Post Office is an extensive edifice; the entrance hall is 80 feet long, by 60 and 53 high. The establishment employs over 20,000 persons throughout the United Kingdom, and has the management of \$18,000,000 of annual revenue. It embraces 12,000 post offices, and 3000 letter pillars. 75,000,000 newspapers, 12,000,000 book-packets, and money orders to the value of \$70,000,000 are delivered annually; besides, 600,000,000 letters; one-fourth of which are in London alone. The city is largely supplied with scholastic and charitable institutions. It contains no less than 200 hospitals, asylums, &c., besides 400 religious and benevolent institutions; and upwards of 1000 churches—one-half of which belong to the Episcopalian. London is also well supplied with museums and scientific establishments. The British Museum contains a vast collection of natural and artificial curiosities that would take many days to examine; the library contains 800,000 volumes; the reading-room is of circular form, 140 feet in diameter, with a dome roof 106 feet high, supported without pillars, and cost, in all, \$700,000. The National Gallery—another institution—is the chief depository of the pictures belonging to the nation, and contains some of the finest works of the Italian, French, Flemish and Spanish schools of painters. Among some of the most costly pictures, I noticed Murrillos' Holy Fam-

ily, which cost \$15,000 ; Raising of Lazarus, \$20,000 ; Raffaele's St. Catherine, \$25,000 ; Ecce Homo, and Mercury instructing Cupid, \$52,000 ; St. Paul's Veronesis' Family of Darius, \$70,000 , besides others of a similar character and cost. London proper contains but few extensive squares or public grounds ; but, of late years, much has been done towards opening up parks, promenades, &c., in the more distant parts of the city. St. James' Park embraces an area of 90 acres, and is beautifully enriched, in parts, with trees and shrubbery ; in the centre is a small lake, dotted with islets. In this park, adjacent to the parade ground, is a large mortar used in Spain during the Peninsular War ; it is said to be capable of propelling a bombshell to a distance of four miles ; also, a piece of Turkish ordinance, of great length, brought from Alexandria in Egypt. Hyde Park contains 390 acres of ground, intersected with walks and beautified with trees, flowers, &c. On an elevated pedestal stands a colossal statue, cast from the cannon taken at the battle of Salamanca and Waterloo, and erected to the memory of Wellington, and his companions-in-arms. The Great Exhibition of 1851, was held within this park, but the building material has been since removed to Sydenham, 10 miles from London. This park in summer is a favourite resort, and hundreds of people are constantly to be seen therein, regaling their senses with the salubrity of the air, and the gaiety of the scene. There are a number of other parks, zoological, botanical and horticultural gardens, of an extensive and magnificent character, and well worthy of being visited. Sit-

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uated in James' Park, is Buckingham Palace, the temporary residence of the Royal Family : it cost \$3,500,000, and although not externally enriched with architectural beauty, it is said to contain a number of magnificent apartments both for state and domestic purposes. West of Hyde Park is Kensington Palace, formerly a seat of royalty, and the birthplace of Queen Victoria, Lambeth is, however, the most ancient and interesting of all the palaces ; in connection with it is a chapel 600 years old, noted as being the place where all the Episcopal archbishops have been consecrated. At the western end is Lollard's Tower, where some of the nonconformists of former times were imprisoned. Strong iron rings to which the prisoners were bound are still attached to the walls, and in the thick oak-wainscoating many names and inscriptions of a past age are carved, and besides these, many other curiosities of antiquity are connected with the place. Near the London Bridge stands the monument erected in 1677 in commemoration of the great fire that occurred in September, 1666. It is a fluted Doric column, 202 ft. high, having a gilt finial representing flames of fire. A circular stairway gives an ascent to the top, from which an extensive view can be obtained. By this fire 13,200 houses were destroyed, and 400 streets laid waste. Unfortunately, in rebuilding, an opportunity was not taken to lay out the streets, &c., on a more regular plan, as suggested by Sir Christopher Wren. The old town as it now stands, partakes of much of its former arrangement ; but on account of the rubbish left by the fire, and other casualties, it stands several

feet higher than it did in the early part of its history. London now comprises 8000 streets and lanes, and contains over 400,000 buildings. During the year 1860, no less than 7,500 houses were built; but the buildings of London are in general small, compared with those of Edinburgh and other cities. The Tower consists of a cluster of structures, of a somewhat dingy and prison-like aspect, surrounded by a wall, and occupying with their garden, &c., about 12 acres. It was founded by William the Conqueror, and since that period many improvements have been added. The interior is an irregular assemblage of short streets and court yards, bounded by various structures; the apartment in which Lady Jane Grey and Anne Boleyn were imprisoned, were pointed out to me. In the horse-armoury is a long gallery containing an extensive collection of armour, &c., such as hauberks, chausses, baldricks, back and breast plates, chain-mail sleeves and skirts, gauntlets, helmets, frontlets, vamplates, &c. Queen Elizabeth's armoury contains many curious old shields, bows, spon-toons, Spanish instruments of torture, petronels, parti-zans, beheading axe and block, thumbscrews, Lochaber axes, matchlocks, arquebuses, &c. There are also a number of complete suits of armour placed on stuffed figures of men on stuffed horses. In the court-yard are a collection of curious old cannon and mortars belonging to different ages and countries. The Jewel-House, a well guarded room, contains a valuable collection of state jewels. Among them are *St. Edward's Crown* used at all the coronations from Charles II to William IV; the *New State Crown*, made for the coronation of

Queen Victoria, a of Wales and the diadem, the royal orb; St. Edward's coronation bracer for the holy oil, a gilt baptismal for royal children; the "of light," formerly Singh, Chief of apartments and swarder enrobed in Eighth's time, and loons and scarlet h jacket, similar to their services re demanded. Well and went on my three miles, found Cathedral. This nent object in Lo small enclosed gr existed upon its s conquest, and un remained until d present edifice wa of the great archi of \$7,500,000, an is built in the for wide. The walls There are three e

Queen Victoria, and valued at \$500,000; the Prince of Wales and the Prince Consort's crowns, the Queen's diadem, the royal sceptre, the orb, and the Queen's orb; St. Edward's staff, and the rod of equity; the coronation bracelets and royal spurs; the ampulla for the holy oil, and the coronation spoon; the silver gilt baptismal font used at the christening of the royal children; the famous *Koh-i-noor*, or "mountain of light," formerly the wonderful diamond of Runjeet Singh, Chief of Lahore in India. Through these apartments and several others I was conducted by a warder enrobed in a curious costume of Henry the Eighth's time, and another clothed with black pantaloons and scarlet hose, surmounted by a stiffly-buttoned jacket, similar to the one worn by Dr. Johnson. For their services rendered to me one shilling only was demanded. Well satisfied with the sight, I departed and went on my way rejoicing, and after a walk of three miles, found myself in the presence of St. Paul's Cathedral. This massive structure is the most prominent object in London; it stands in the centre of a small enclosed graveyard; a church is said to have existed upon its site 400 years before the Norman conquest, and under various shapes and extensions, remained until destroyed by the fire of 1666. The present edifice was erected under the superintendance of the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, at a cost of \$7,500,000, and occupied 35 years in building. It is built in the form of a cross, 514 feet long and 286 wide. The walls exhibit a double range of windows. There are three entrances, each having a portico, one

of which has twelve lofty Corinthian pillars, a second order supporting the pediment above. The angles are crowned by two lofty bell towers ; from the centre the great dome arises in gigantic proportions to the magnificent height of about 400 feet. The walls present a dull sooty appearance, in many places considerably bleached, and looking hoary with age. To gaze upon this stupendous structure at night, is really an impressive sight ; its massive walls, their sombre and hoary aspect, and its lofty domes towering as it were into the immensity of altitude when contrasted with the surrounding edifices, all of which present a majestic and venerable aspect, and impress the beholder with peculiar feelings of awe and reverential solemnity. On entering, the vastness of the interior space, over-arched by the lofty and magnificent dome, produces a wonderful impression to the eye ; the walls have few embellishments ; the choir is, however, adorned with beautiful carving, and the curve of the inner domes contains some excellent paintings. In the cathedral are numbers of statues and monuments to distinguished persons, and in the crypt underneath are the tombs of Wren, Wellington, Nelson, and others. The grand organ is a massive piece of elaborate workmanship. Like Jupiter, it has a voice of thunder, intonating its undulations into melody with a sort of sepulchral solemnity. Six hundred steps give access to the summit of the highest dome, from which a comprehensive view can be obtained. The clock-work and great bell are also attractive objects ; the pendulum is 14 feet long, and the ball attached to its extremity weighs 112

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Corinthian pillars, a second above. The angles are square; from the centre the proportions to the magnitude. The walls present at many places considerably weathered with age. To gaze upon the interior, is really an impressive sight, their sombre and hoary appearance as it were into relief contrasted with the bright which present a majestic appearance to the beholder with a feeling of reverential solemnity. The interior space, over a magnificent dome, produces a grand effect; the walls have few windows, however, adorned with the curve of the inner domes and paintings. In the cathedral are monuments to distinguished persons, and underneath are the tombs of kings and others. The grand and elaborate workmanship of the cathedral, with its thunder, intoning its solemnity, a sort of sepulchral music give access to the summit, which a comprehensive view of the clock-work and great bell and the pendulum is 14 feet in length, its extremity weighs 112

pounds. The bell is 10 feet in diameter, and in weight exceeds 10,000 pounds. Its tones, which are deep and solemn, are said to be heard distinctly, in a calm evening, at a distance of 12 or 15 miles. Altogether, St. Paul's Cathedral is a stupendous and magnificent edifice, and well worthy of being visited. I also made a visit to the seat of parliament. The building comprises both Houses; it is situated close to the river, and was constructed in consequence of the former having been destroyed by fire in 1834. It is a magnificent structure of modern Gothic architecture, covering an area of nearly eight acres; unfortunately it is composed of stone liable to decay. The river front, raised upon a fine terrace of Aberdeen granite, is 900 feet in length, profusely adorned with statues, heraldic shields, and tracery, carved in stone; the other façades are nearly as elaborate. When completed the building cost over \$10,000,000. Every Saturday it is open to visitors; admission is obtained by getting an order from the Lord Chamberlain. Having thus procured a ticket I entered in company with a number of visitors. The chief public entrance is by Westminster Hall, which forms a vestibule to the chambers of Parliament and their numerous committee rooms. The rooms and stair-cases are almost inconceivably numerous; and there are said to be two miles of passages and corridors. There are numerous interesting objects connected with this stupendous structure, but I will notice only a few. My previous idea respecting the chambers of the house of Peers and of Commons, was, that they embraced the greater portion of the building; but on seeing them I

was disappointed; and considered them of only a very limited and insignificant order, presenting an exceedingly dull, sombre appearance. The former is only 97 feet by 45; it is so profusely painted and gilt, and the windows are so darkened by deeply stained glass, that the details are rendered obscurely visible. At the upper end is the canopied and gorgeously gilt throne: near the centre is the woolsack on which the Lord Chancellor sits, surrounded by the cushioned benches for the peers; at the other end and the sides are galleries for peeresses, reporters, etc. Several frescoes occupy compartments, among which is the Baptism of Ethelbert, and that of Edward III conferring the order of the garter on the Black Prince. In niches between the windows and at the ends, are 18 statues of barons who signed *Magna Charta*. The chamber of the House of Commons is 62 feet by 45, and is less elaborate in workmanship and embellishments, and has comparatively a very insignificant appearance. Besides these two chambers there are innumerable royal and state rooms, halls, porches, corridors, towers, lobbies, private chambers, courts, etc. etc., many of which are beautifully adorned, but so numerous and complicated, and intersected with passages, etc., that a stranger feels completely bewildered and amazed, and wonders to know for what earthly purpose they were designed. The clock is an object of great interest; on the four sides of the tower which contain it, are four dial-plates each 23 feet in diameter. The hour figures are  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet apart: each pair of hands weigh above 240 lbs: the minute hands are 16 feet long, and the hour hands 9



feet; the pendulum is 16 feet long and weighs 680 lbs; the weights hang down a shaft 160 feet. In some of the halls are numerous statues, among which are those of Fox, Pitt, Burke, Walpole, Grattan. There is also the Poet's Hall, which contains frescoes of scenes due to the creative genius of many of the celebrated English and Scotch poets. In the royal gallery are some beautiful paintings, among which is a magnificent one, 45 feet by 12, representing the meeting of Wellington and Blucher after the battle of Waterloo. The stained windows are illustrative of events in English history. Connected with this great building there are over 500 statues carved in stone; besides numerous stained-glass windows, paintings, etc., to an almost indefinite number. Altogether, it is a gorgeous structure of immense magnitude, consisting of many towers, turrets, etc., and most elaborately decorated even to superfluous embellishments. But to be critical, its ornaments and details, in general, are on too minute a scale for the magnitude of the building, and when contrasted with the sombre melancholy-like exterior, appear too flashy and superficial. They are, however, beautiful in themselves, but placed as they are and in such profuse numbers, they only resemble the tinsel decorations of the savage Indian, and exhibit but the effect of a whimsically conceited fancy and an exceedingly bad taste.

Nearly opposite the House of Parliament stands Westminster Abbey. This Cathedral was founded many centuries ago; but at various times since, it

has received additions and improvements. The interior is magnificent; masses of marble columns separate the nave from the side aisles, beyond which, the eye is attracted by graceful columns, tracery, decorated windows, &c. The walls and side chapels exhibit a rich profusion of statues, sepulchral monuments, inscriptions, devices, &c. Above the line of tombs are chambers and galleries, once occupied by grim old ecclesiastics, but now looking solemn and dreary in their antiquity. In one of the chapels is the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor; also the coronation chair and the "*royal stone*" brought from Scotland in 1297. Upwards of one hundred shrines and monuments are within the chapels alone; the choir, transept, and nave, are also enriched with works of sculpture, carving, &c. The Chapel of Henry VII. is admirably grand; the ascent is by steps of black marble; the entrance gates display workmanship of extraordinary richness in brass; the roof, which is of stone, exhibits an astonishing variety of figures, devices, &c. The stalls are of oak, having the deep tone of age, with Gothic canopies, all elaborately carved; the pavement is of white and black marble; and beneath is the royal vault where many of the sovereigns of England are entombed. But the tombs in which the remains of Henry VII and his wife were deposited, stand in the body of the chapel, in a curious chantry of brass, admirably executed and interspersed with effigies, armorial bearings and devices. It was in this chapel that the "*Order of the Bath*" was formerly conferred, and some of the swords,

helmets, banners, and armorial insignia of the knight-hood, are still there. The *Poets Corner* is richly adorned with monuments, busts, statues, inscriptions, &c., devoted to eminent authors; among which are, Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare—Ben Johnson, Milton, Cowley and Dryden—Gay, Addison, Thomson, and Goldsmith—Gray, Southey, Sheridan and Campbell; the latest persons of eminence interred therein are Macaulay and Robert Stephenson. The cloisters and the chapter-house contain a variety of curious old effigies, epitaphs, and inscriptions; some of which are of a very uncouth and ludicrous character. This Abbey was formerly the place for the inauguration of the English monarchs, among whom was William the Conqueror, who was crowned there in great pomp, over 800 years ago. At the time that I entered the Abbey, divine service was being conducted, so I slid quietly into a vacant seat in the rear. I had scarcely done so, when a respectably dressed gent, carrying an umbrella, came forward and seated himself on the same bench; before long, he moved closely towards me, and in an undertone asked if I knew if strangers were permitted to examine the interior of the Abbey after service. I answered in the affirmative. Shortly afterwards, the service closed, and I arose to proceed on a stroll through the Church. At this moment, Mr. Ketchum, as I shall call him, very courteously addressed me, and as politely apologized for the liberty of asking if I were an American,—a countryman of his own—to which I replied that I was a Canadian. “Oh! all right, sir,” said

he, " I simply meant, when I said American, that you belong to the same side of the water as myself. I am making a tour through Europe, and whenever I see a person whom I suppose to be either an American or Canadian, I always endeavour to solicit their acquaintance ; but," continued he, " I suppose you have not seen the interesting parts of the Abbey, will you therefore accompany me around the interior ?" Such familiarity in a stranger is frequently to be met with in Canada and the United States, but in Britain it is generally unknown, at least, I had hitherto observed a considerable reservedness among the people, unless when parties are introduced, or previously acquainted ; but, as Mr. Ketchum said he was an American, I considered it nothing more than a license of friendship. But to make surer of him, I took another view of his countenance, and at once beheld his character and intentions, and from his accent and manner, I inferred that he was no Yankee, but only a refined Cockney, perchance having spent a few months in the city of New York, and very possibly a graduate of the President-Criminal University. Be this as it may, I was determined to ascertain if my opinions were correct, and therefore accompanied him through different parts of the building, at the same time inclined to make the best use of my time, while he was apparently anxious to hurry my progress, occasionally intimating that he was perfectly tired of sight-seeing, having seen so much during his travels, "but," said he, " I purpose leaving for New York next week, and when once home, my travels, at least for some time, will be at an

*hend.*" The pronunciation of the last word induced me to inquire if he were an American by birth. "I am, sir," said he, "and my parents before me; I was born in Philadelphia, and am now a merchant tailor in Broadway, New York." Frequently we lost sight of each other among the crowd of visitors, but he was always fortunate enough to discover me again. Having completed our rounds, we made our exit from the church together, at which time he requested to know at what hotel I was staying. "At the "Yorkshire Grey," near the London Bridge," said I. "Oh, just convenient to the hotel I stay at," said he, "and I will accompany you so far on your way." We proceeded on, but not far, when he made a sort of wheel-about-halt, and very politely requested me to have a glass of *hale*. "I seldom take liquor," said I, "and I don't wish for any at present." "I seldom drink either," said he, "but I feel thirsty and exhausted from travelling about all day, and I dare say you feel pretty much similar; come, then, let us have only one glass." At this instant I was about to walk off, but wishing to probe his intentions a little deeper, I wheeled around and entered a beer shop with him. He appeared to be perfectly acquainted with the place, for on entering he wheeled suddenly up a stairway, beckoning me to follow, and we entered a tap-room. Having pulled a bell-string, he placed a chair for me at the side of the table and then seated himself at the head. We had scarcely sat down when in came a young man, somewhat abruptly, of a roughly rusticated appearance, yet seemingly a good natured sort of a

fellow, but apparently slightly intoxicated. Assuming the Irishman, he exclaimed: "Arrah, gintlemen, forgive me; bedad an' I belave I've been afther finding my way into the wrong side of the room; troth an' I wished to git a sup of porter, an' the gintleman below towld me to go aft an' he'd be after following me immaiditly, but I hope I haven't molested ye in the laste, yer honors." At this instant the waiter entered and requested what we desired to drink. "*Hale* for me," said Ketchum. "Ditto," said I. "Arrah, yer honour, sir," exclaimed Pat, "a sup of the best porter for me, but, gintlemen, will yer honours allow me this end of the table to drink wid ye." "Certainly," said Ketchum, "at least for my part." I also acquiesced. "Faith, an' I'm thankful to ye; long life to yer honours. and may ye always have a good sup of liquor about ye," said Pat. By this time I began to smell the game about to be played, and found that I had then two strings to my bow; however, I felt no way alarmed, but was determined to scrutinize every movement, and not to budge a wrinkle until I should see greater symptoms, and then to dodge the gamesters with the best military ingenuity I could conjure up. Well, up came the waiter with three mugs of liquor. Pat, who was sitting nearest, removed his porter; the server was then presented to me, who sat next; but instead of taking the glass apparently designed for me, I slipped my hand around and took the other, consequently Ketchum had to take the remaining one, which undoubtedly was drugged specially for me.

"Well, your honours," said Pat, "I suppose ye are



travellers like myself; bedad, an' I'm a stranger to the city, but sure an' I'm happy to meet with two sich fine gintlemen as ye'se." "Where do you belong to?" said K. "To Dublin, sir, where mesilf was bred an' born, every mother's son of us, sure; an' me name is Paddy O'Murphy." "Well, how did it happen that you have strolled over to London," interrogated K. "Well, gintlemen, if ye plase I will be afther tellin' ye." "Go on then," said K. "Don't be long, as this gentleman and I are desirous of leaving immediately," said I. "Well, yer honours, to make a long story short, I will tell ye the whole of it, an' that too, in a couple of Irish minutes. Well, gintlemen, my father had two sons, himsilf an' his brother, an' the nare a bit av a sister he ever had, but me uncle and he went over to Phillamadelphly in the State of Ameriky, an' thare he lived every inch av his life an' owld widdyir, an' the nare a bit of a child he ever had. But me father was married to Biddy O'Slannagan, an' I was the only child av the whole family; but faith, an' they all died, ivery one av them, sure, but mesilf an' me uncle. So I grew up to be a smart lump av a boy, as ye see me; an' like me owld father, I began to be afther looking out for mesilf, an' bedad an' I shoved my hand up to Biddy O'Connel one day, an' towld hur that she had stolen my heart, an' that I would be afther stealing hurs in return. So whin she fild me thurst up me big fisht into hurs, an' saw that I was in earnest, her darling heart jumpt right up to hur mouth, an' the nare a bit av a word could she spake at all. So I gave her a tinder bit av a twisht wid me arm, an' a nice little

kiss into the bargain, an bedad an she spake thin, an' whisperd, '*Arrah, Paddy, I love ye.*' 'Arrah, my darlin' Biddy,' said I, 'bless yer sowl! faith, an' I shall soon be afther callin ye Missus Paddy O'Murphy.' "Well, gintlemen," continued Pat, "I shall tell ye no more of our courtship; but, faith, an' I workt hard aftherwards to make a nice little home for meself an' Biddy; but sure an' we never got married at all, for I gave ivry spare pinny to Biddy, an' the devil-a-haporth was ever left for our wedding." "But, gintlemen," continued Pat, lowering his voice, "I must tell ye the best part av me story. Well, the other day, the praist paid me a visit, an' he towld me that he wished to spake a few words to me." "Faith, an' I suppose you do, yer riverince," said I; "it is a scowlding you will be afther givin me for not going to confess." "Bedad, gintlemen," said Pat, addressing us, "I staid two Sundays from Church, an' faith, an' I was *confessing to Biddy* the whole av the time." "Have you been sick, Patrick?" said the priest to me." "Faith, an' I have, sir, an' bedad an' I'm sick yet." "What has been your trouble, Patrick?" said he. "No trouble at all, sir," said I; "only a sort of griping about my heart, and the nare a wink of sleep I can git, an' sure an' I'm draiming the whole of the night." "The praist then put his finger around my wrist and towld me to put out me tongue." "Faith, an' my tongue an' me wrist is well enough; sure it is me heart that is wrong, an' troth an' I feel as if I had no heart at all." "Oh, I can soon cure you of that," said the priest smiling. "Bedad an' ye can, sir,"

said I, "but the nare a haporth or money I have to give ye for your medicine." "The praist then began to look seriously into me face, an' at lingsh he towld me that me uncle in Philamedelphy was dead." "Arrah, musha me sowl, an' *is he dead, sir?*" said I. "Bedad an' I'm sorry to hear sich a bad account of him." "So I began to sob, an' a flood of tares came over my eyes." "But I have better news than that to be telling ye of," said the praist; "your uncle has left you the whole of his money to the amount of £60,000." "Faith, an' if that's so, I'm glad he's dead, sir," said I, clapping both me hands together. "It's the money, sir, that I want, yer riverince, an' I'll be afther giving ye a share of it, if ye'll convirt Biddy O'Connel into Missus O'Murphy;—sure an' have ye any of the money wid ye, yer honour."

"Not any, Patrick," said the praist, "I've only received a check for it on a London bank, an' you must accompany me thither." "Faith, an' I will, sir, yer honour, if it's the money I'll be afther getting." "From this moment, my heart felt perfectly relieved, an' early next morning the praist and mesilf left Dublin an' to-day we arrived in London; so we got the money every farthing of it, sure; but I gave it all to the praist to take care of it, an' I only kept £1600 to mesilf, an' I intend bestowing the one half to the poor. So I slippit out from his riverince to have a bit of a stroll be mesilf, so I strolled hither and thither until I was nearly choked wid the hait and the dust; then I walked into a tavern to git a noggin, and met a gintleman there from Manchester, an' we had a

couple of pulls together ; an' by me sowl, he was a gintleman indeed ; an' on laiving I gave him 150 guineas to bestow on the poor of that city."

Pat at this instant drew from his pocket a purse filled with glittering guineas, also from an under coat pocket a large roll of flashy bank-notes. "Look ye here, gintlemen," said he, "this is the sum I intend bestowing ; an I'm willing to give a sum of it to any gintleman, who will act as a friend to the needy, for I was poor mesilf an' knows what it is to be widout a farthing." "Well, friend, if you wish to intrust me with a sum, I shall faithfully distribute it to those I find to be in need of it," said K. "Faith, an' perhaps an' yer in nade of it yersilf," ejaculated Pat. "I hope you don't mean to insult me," replied K. "Arrah, faith, an' its mesilf would be the last man to be guilty of such a trick ; only I wish to know something of ye afore I bestow my gift. I always measure a stranger by the money he has got ; but I judge from mesilf, for whin I was poor I was always graiping an grasping. An' sometimes I grasped over me own mug, but since I got my money I feel as if I could give it all to every one but mesilf." "You seem to insinuate that it is money that characterises the honour of the gentleman ; if so, I can show you enough of that," replied K ; and therewith he drew out a clasp-purse filled with guineas, also a large rolls of bills, and showed them to him, exclaiming : "Look you here, friend, at this, and I have a hundred times that amount at home." "Faith, an' that'll do," said Pat, "I see yer the right sort of gintleman after all ;

bedad, an I'll give he said,—“An' su of country ye belon I. “Well, then, them,” said he. “them, I assure you

“Troth, and ye measure a man by to see what money to judge of your Ketchum, “and I the greater will be towld the truth, sin every word of it no

At this moment had been blowing u tentous dimensions, ing it into pieces, b sible. But I was and see who would “Well,” said I, if money, you will fin show you certificat surtivigates,—the its the money I wa ty. “Well, you got with you, said I

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bedad, an I'll give ye £200." Then turning to me, he said,—“An' sure an' is there iny poor in the part of country ye belong to.” “Numbers of them,” said I. “Well, then, can I be afther doing anything for them,” said he. “If you wish to confer a gift upon them, I assure you I will faithfully bestow it.”

“Troth, and yer a stranger to me,—an' I always measure a man by his money,” said Pat. “He wishes to see what money you have with you, and therefrom, to judge of your honesty and respectability,” said Ketchum, “and I suppose the more we can show him the greater will be the donation.” “Faith, and ye've towld the truth, sir; Bedad, an' I see ye understand every word of it now,” responded Pat.

At this moment I saw that the bubble which Pat had been blowing up so beautifully, had assumed portentous dimensions,—and I was at the point of bursting it into pieces, by abruptly making my exit, if possible. But I was determined to stand my ground, and see who would play their part of the game best. “Well,” said I, if you measure my character by my money, you will find it to be small indeed; but I can show you certificates if you wish.” “Away wid yer surtavigates,—the devil a surtavigate I want to see, its the money I want to see, to show yer respectability. “Well, you can show him what money you have got with you, said Ketchum; it will perhaps satisfy him.

At this moment I felt somewhat chagrined, but not afraid, although I had over \$100 in my pocket, and no weapon of defense whatever; so I turned around somewhat abruptly to Pat, and staring sharply into his

countenance, said, "Well, I have no money to show you, and don't wish to get any of yours; however, seeing you are yet ignorant of the world and human nature in general, I simply advise you, as a friend, to take care of your money, and don't fool either it or yourself in the presence of strangers; but above all, I warn you to beware of the "*Sharppers of London*," who prowl about, and are to be found in every hole and corner; but I don't mean to insinuate that either this gentleman or I belong to that class; we are strangers to each other, and wish only to act as friends to you;—therefore, take my advice, and take care of yourself and money; do as I do, whenever you travel about a city, just carry enough in the one pocket to treat yourself or a friend, with—and in the other, a six-barrelled pistol to treat those who attempt to molest you." I saw at this instant, that Pat appeared to be crest-fallen; and Ketchum looked as if he had swallowed a bitter pill. But Pat having mustered up sufficient fortitude, exclaimed,—“Bedad, but yer a gintleman afther all, and I'm thankful to ye for yer advice. Now, gintlemen, swallow yer beer, an' I'll be afther traiting ye mesilf an' drinking yer healths.” Until this moment the liquor had remained untouched,—so Pat tilted up his glass, and Ketchum pretended to taste his, but spat furiously out, exclaiming “goodness; but that hale is as sour as Lucifer.” “Bedad an' if it is, spill it out, and I'll be afther getting ye some of the best.” “None for me,” said I, “it is nearly dark, and my friend and I must be going.” “And what time is it by yer watch yer honour,” said he. “About 5 o'clock

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said I." " Bedad an' that's a darlin bit of a watch ye've got ; jest sich a one as mesilf wants to be strolen about wid ; will ye sell it, yer honour, and I'll be afther giving ye a mighty big sum for it ; well, how much will ye sell it for ?" " 50 guineas," said I, " and no less." " Bedad an' I'll give ye the half, but praps I'll be afther giving ye more afther I trait yese." Hurry up with your liquor then," ejaculated K,—“ and we will leave immediately after.” At this order, Pat instantly sprung to his feet, shoved the three glasses into the server, and hurried away down stairs, to bring up some of the genuine “ London Porter.” Being naturally gifted with a keen discernment of human nature, I never had found any difficulty in reading character, and, deciphering the intentions of the heart as represented by either words, actions, or appearance, and was therefore, always fortunate enough to elude the fangs of any impostor. In this case, I had anticipated their strategies, and apprehended the consequences ; but, perchance, I had ventured a little too far for my own safety ; I knew that several accomplices were connected with the plot, which was ingeniously designed,—First, Mr. Ketchum, the gentleman actor, had so far effected his part ; but the waiter and Murphy had failed in theirs ; the story, no doubt, was designed to divert my attention and cover over suspicion, and through the aid of Ketchum, to discover what money I had with me ; attempting to buy my watch was also another bait ; and if they failed in dispossessing me of it, they would at least try to procure it by their counterfeit money. Murphy going down for the liquor, in-

stead of ringing for the waiter, was, to have it properly drugged and personally given ; and if this failed, their design, no doubt, was to take, by force, every valuable article I had with me. Apparently I was likely to be in immediate danger ; but the most favourable moment wherewith to effect an escape had come, and to do so with perfect composure and policy ;—so turning towards Ketchum, and also, rising from my seat, I said, “ I’m certainly sure that that fellow has been fooling us, and that he has fled ; so I’ll just slip down softly and see if he is below.” “ Oh, not at all,” said he, “ I’m certain he’s all right ; hold on a minute, and we’ll get a haul from him yet.” “ I assure you, sir, he has gone,” said I, “ wait just a moment and I’ll peep down the stairway to satisfy myself”—and before Ketchum had time to make a reply or retard my progress, I had slipt out of the room, and glided down stairs in a jiffey. In passing towards the door I noticed Murphy and two rough looking fellows in a side room, talking softly together and preparing the liquor ; but just as I had opened the door to effect a passage, a person from behind caught me by the shoulder, exclaiming—“ *surely you’re not off.*” I sprang from the grasp and gained the street ; then wheeling around I was perfectly amazed to find that the person was none other than Ketchum, who had hurriedly followed me down the stairs. At this instant, Pat, accompanied by his two accomplices, came forward, and exclaimed,—“ Arrah, don’t ye be a fooling yerself and ivry one of us in this manner. These two gentlemen are travellers like

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ourselves, and I want to be afther traiting yese all, come in then wid ye."—"In a moment, sir," said I. "Och, none of yer tomfoolery ; bedad and I will carry ye up meself," said Pat, jokingly, and in fun-like attempting to clutch hold of my arm. At this moment one of the London Bridge omnibuses came wheeling along, I beckoned to the conductor, leapt forward, and mounted the top. Then turning towards the four sharpers who were still standing together outside, I very politely doffed my hat, and made four of the most graceful bows I had ever made, accompanied with the words, "*Good bye, gentlemen.*" The carriage again rattled along the street, and until it turned a corner I saw them still standing, like Grecian statues, gazing after me with bewildered amazement, while I had the pleasure of bowing them out of my presence, and the good fortune to make my escape and arrive safely at my lodgings.

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## CHAPTER VII.

SABBATH had again dawned upon the great metropolis. I arose, and after breakfast, strolled over to the London-Bridge. Vast numbers, consisting of men, women and children, were flocking thither, to the numerous small steamers ready to convey them to different parts beyond the city, to spend the day in recreational enjoyment, the manner in which thousands, even of those who profess to be Christians, desecrate the "Day of the Lord." I am sorry to think that so

many advocate the necessity of Sabbath exercise. In Europe the impression is becoming more generally entertained, and the innovations of *Fashionable Religion* are too frequently to be met with. I am willing to advocate the necessity of whatever would be conducive to benefit physical or moral nature ; but I cannot see the philosophy of additional exercise on the Sabbath to those who have been exercising their bodies all week. True, fresh air is an essential ingredient of health, but, at the least, 50 per cent of those who go hunting for fresh-air, on Sabbath, come back *tainted* with the *foul air* of the alcoholic atmosphere, exhausted with the exercises of the day, in many cases, feeling miserable and discontented, and perhaps, a shilling or two mispent on unnecessary and injurious indulgences. The Sabbath was designed by the Creator, to be perpetually a day of *Sacred Devotion* to mankind, and a day of physical *rest* to every beast of labour. Resting from toil recruits the exhausted energies, and produces a salutary effect. Devotional exercise forms a closer communion between *Man* and his *Maker* : it is a medicine to the wearied soul, a balm to the troubled conscience, and at length, a ministering angel to the spirit that is ready to close its eyes forever upon the world.

Wishing to spend my Sabbath in London in some other way than pleasure-sailing, I determined on embracing the opportunity of hearing the Revd. Mr. Spurgeon preach. On my arrival at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, at least half an hour before the service was commenced, a vast crowd was assembled in front of the building, whilst others were continually arriving.

Seat-holders are requested to be in their places at a certain time, otherwise their seats are not reserved: they entered by side-gates where officials were placed to scrutinize their tickets. Five minutes previous to the commencement of the service the front doors were opened to all-comers. It was really wonderful to see how eagerly the waiting hundreds rushed inward, and how rapidly the seats were filled. I entered along with the pressing crowd, and seated myself in the first gallery, at the extreme part of the building, directly opposite the preacher's platform. The church is a commodious, and finely constructed building, of Grecian architecture, and fronted by a magnificent portico, surrounded by lofty Corinthian pillars, and finely proportioned. The interior of the building is capacious, and of a plain but elegant appearance. The seats in the area are disposed in an amphitheatrical form; there are two tiers of galleries supported on light pillars. The whole is painted in white of a delicate tone, and interspersed with gilding of a light and chastelike appearance. The accoustic properties of the building are excellent, and in striking contrast with many badly constructed churches and public halls. The Tabernacle is seated for 6000 people, but no less than 7000 are said to be crowded into it every Sabbath. Instead of a pulpit there is provided a spacious platform, abutting from one end of the building, in line with the first gallery, and having a railing in front. In the middle of the platform, stands a small table with a desk: behind, is a sofa, on which at intervals of the service the

preacher may rest. Exactly at a quarter to eleven Mr. Spurgeon very quietly came down an aisle leading to the platform, followed by a number of his church officials, who seated themselves in the gallery behind him. Having knelt a few moments in silent prayer, he arose, and every eye was directed towards him. I gazed intently upon him, and wondered if I were really in the presence of the great Spurgeon. He was apparently of the average height, or perhaps a little under; thickset, of a somewhat clumsy-like, rusticated aspect, resembling that of the workman rather than a professional gentleman, and although only about 34 years of age he appeared to be over that of 40. His countenance had a pale, inexpressive appearance; and his head, though not of the highest phrenological order, was prominent in the perceptive faculties. Be it remembered, that it is not upon the physical exterior alone that intellect depends. Many of the higher order of spirits have been encased in very insignificant tenements. How beautifully is the noble superiority of the soul expressed by the physically inferior but intellectually great Sir Isaac Watts, when he says,

“ Were I so tall to reach the pole  
Or grasp the ocean with a span,  
I must be measur'd by my soul,  
The mind's the standard of the man.

Mr. Spurgeon began the service by reading a hymn; which he read through very distinctly. Having repeated the first verse, the precentor, who was also upon the platform, stood up and started the tune,



the whole congregation also simultaneously arose, and universally joined in the singing, which was animated, yet solemnly melodeous. The sight of so vast an audience, so variegated in aspect, and so visibly seen, was really picturesquely beautiful; but when accompanied by the mingled melody of 7000 voices, the effect was truly of a celestial order, most solemnly impressive, and required no instrumental accompaniment nor selected band of choristers to sustain or enhance it. Mr. Spurgeon then knelt in prayer, the whole audience assuming the same attitude, or leaning forward from their seats. After a few moments of intense silence, in this position, he lifted up his voice to God. His prayer consisted of manly and emphatically devout appeals to the *Throne of Grace*, possessing none of that wearisome iteration, nor of that offensively familiar language, nor puling, manneristic tone, which too frequently characterize the intercessions of the pulpit: Mr. Spurgeon's prayers were indeed prayers in reality. Short, pithy, and appropriate addresses to God, and not carefully prepared *sermons* committed to memory, and addressed *only* to the audience, under the guise of prayer, such as too many preachers are apt to indulge in. It would indeed be a blessing to their congregations, if those ministers who read their prayers, or, those whose affected zeal over-run their discretion, would take a lesson from Mr. Spurgeon in the right method of prayer. The preacher then selected a chapter and read, occasionally making short comments in elucidation of passages which seemed to require it. Having given out his text from

Psalm 100, verse 2, he advanced to the railing, and in a plain but earnestly affective manner, delivered his sermon, during which time he occasionally varied his position, addressing different parts of his audience in rotation. His style of preaching was simple but earnestly impressive, varied in intonation as the sentence or sense required it: yet never descending so low as to lose its wonted vigour, nor at times so high and boisterous as to jar harshly on the ear. His voice is unquestionably one of the chief sources of his greatness. There was no affected or ill-placed emphasis, nor drawling mannerism; no conventional pronunciation, nor straining at effect. He occasionally used strange, even startling expressions, but the real talisman that gives him his power, is, that he preaches the pure gospel of Christ, in plain and appropriate language, easily to be understood by all. There was no darkening of counsel by a cloud of words, no wearisome repetition, no embarrassing divergence from the main argument, which was carried out simply but logically to its conclusion, so as to be easily comprehended and ever to be remembered. He avoided diving into the depths of theology, so as not to lose his own footing nor embarrass and bewilder his audience. In his argument he appeared to deal largely in the objective and concrete, instead of the subjective and abstract, endeavouring to follow the example of Christ, the greatest of all exemplars, who knowing the varied characteristics of human nature, uttered the words of Divine Wisdom with marvellous simplicity, and generally with reference, as illustrations, to fam-

iliar objects which happened to present themselves to his notice as he spoke. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, that sermons would be made more interesting than they generally are,—not lengthy, elaborate, didactic essays,—but otherwise, characterized by counsel and earnestly heart-felt pleadings, diversified, explained and enforced by attractive and suitable illustrations, and conveyed in simple and appropriate language. Were such the case, preachers would have less cause for blaming the drowsiness of their hearers,—an effect, for which they themselves are more frequently to blame than they perhaps imagine. Mr. Spurgeon is indeed a hard worker in the vineyard of Christ, and in every sense of the word, he spends and is being spent in the service of his MAKER ; besides preaching twice every Sabbath, he has prayer-meetings, service, and other meetings, &c., &c., during almost every day of the week. Notwithstanding the faults which have been attributed to him, he is truly a remarkable man—a man of practical genius, an energetic, sincere, persevering and successful labourer in the CAUSE of the *Gospel*, and one who may be creditably entitled as one of the “MEN OF THE TIMES.”

Mr. Spurgeon was to preach again at 6 in the evening. At which hour the Rev. Dr. Cumming was also to hold divine service. It was impossible to attend both, so I decided in favour of going to hear the latter, *the great Apostle of the Apocalypse*. Therefore, at a seasonable hour, I started in the direction of Crown Court. I followed along Cannon Street, passed St. Paul's Cathedral, thence by Ludgate and Fleet

Street towards the Strand. Fleet street is the main artery from St. Paul's to the Western part of the city. It has for a long series of years been peculiarly associated with literature and literary men. Its old taverns and club-houses carry the fancy back to the days when flourished the giants of English Literature, and conjure up the echoes of the joyous revelry of Ben Johnson and his associates.—the literary banquets of Dr. Johnson, Boswell and Goldsmith,—Pope, Dryden, Thomson and Richardson, and a host of other congenial spirits. At the Western extremity of Fleet street is Temple Bar, which consists of a central arch-way and two smaller ones, erected by Wren in 1672, and at that time, designated the Western limit of the city. Formerly the heads of decapitated criminals were placed on the top of Temple Bar, as a terror to evil doers. Leaving the Strand, I passed up by Covent Garden and Bow street, thence under the colonnade of Drury Lane Theatre, and directly opposite, is the entrance of Crown Court, in which is situated the Scotch Kirk of the Rev. Doctor Cumming. Before entering I cast a glance over the massive exterior of “ Old Drury Lane Theatre,”—that place so full of dramatic associations, and within whose walls some of the brightest *suns* of the theatrical firmament have shone ; *there*, Kean, Kemble, Siddons and O'Neil once flourished amid the magnificence of their genius, and dazzled their audience with the lightening flashes of their own glory. When I arrived at the church, although early by half an hour, numbers of strangers, apparently Scotchmen, were congregated around the door. The manner of

ingress is similar to that at the Tabernacle. At length I entered with the crowd, and became seated in the basement, at a convenient distance from the pulpit. The church is somewhat obscurely situated, and possesses few architectural attractions; the interior has a plain old fashioned appearance. The pulpit is placed in the middle of the one side,—a gallery surrounds the other, and the ends also. All the pews, and even the aisles were filled by the audience, which had in general, a very respectable and even an aristocratic appearance. The congregation having become seated, his *reverence*, the great great Dr. Cumming, attired in a plain clerical gown, entered, and ascended the pulpit. He appeared to be about 60 years of age—slightly above the average height; and in general, of a very clerical and gentleman-like appearance. His features are very expressive; countenance, mild and prepossessing, at times shaded by a tinge of melancholy; fore-head expansive and prominent, especially in the region of the reflective faculties; hair of a greyish tinge; side-whiskers of moderate length; eyes, large and dark, of a serious and fearless expression, and over them a pair of spectacles are constantly to be seen. After a few moments of silent prayer, the Rev. Doctor arose, and gave out a hymn. The precentor, accompanied by a young lady apparently possessed of extraordinary vocal powers, commenced the tune; the audience also stood up, and the singing became general. No fashionable music box, or note choristers, were there, nor air-blower, sweating over his pump-handle, to assist in the manufacturing of *ar:ifi-*

*cial praise* to God. It was truly congregational praise,—earnest and animated ; and not the empty and unmeaning sounds of a *note book and finger orchestra*, too frequently to be seen in churches,—while the great majority of the audience remain as silent in the praise of God, as the heathen idols of Hindostan. The service throughout was similar to that at the Tabernacle. The prayers were short, earnest, expressive and devout appeals to God. There were none sitting in pews lazy-like during the time of praise, nor any standing up, boldly, like *old-gazers*, at prayer ; those irreverent and unsanctified-like fashions are too frequently to be seen in Presbyterian Churches. The attitude of worship should always be in uniformity to its part. Praise is characteristic of the devotional soul soaring up in melody to God ; and prayer, expressive of the humble, repentant, prostrate and beseeching heart, in close communion with its Maker:—therefore, the attitude of every worshipper, like that of the Israelites of old, should naturally correspond with the object and feelings at the time. The preacher's voice, though not loud, was clear and musical. While preaching he used no fastidious affectation in gesture, no boisterously emphatic, or low under-toned expression. His style was natural, serious, and solemnly impressive,—no repetition nor hesitation, nor overstraining of language or complication of ideas ; all was deeply beautiful and harmonious—rolling onward in its uninterrupted course like some majestic river along an extensive and picturesquely variegated valley. I may here state, that in neither of those two churches were



the devotional feelings of the audience disturbed by the unhallowed presence of collection bags being passed around—a practise too characteristic of the temporal nature to be allowed to come in immediate contact with the spiritual. Instead of Sabbath contributions in the divine sanctuary, whatever money may be required for Church purposes, should be proportionably imposed upon the families of the congregation, and collected with the preacher's salary. Neither the Sabbath nor the Church is an appropriate day or place to collect money, especially at that moment when the feelings of the audience are supposed to be purely spiritual, earnest, and devotional; and when the wings of the Almighty are overshadowing the sanctified altar of religious devotion. Every Christian minister, be of whatever denomination he is, should banish that unhallowed custom from their presence, and hurl the *Judas bag* into the depths of Pagan oblivion.

I may further add that Dr. Cumming is apparently a profound scholar, an ingenious logician, and a deeply comprehensive theologian; but perhaps a little too ardently imaginative on prophetic themes, and thereby liable to overshoot his mark. Contrasted with Spurgeon, his intellect is of a higher order, and more accurately developed; his language is eloquent, and his arguments clear and convincing; he has a mind capable of soaring, eagle-winged, towards the skies, or diving into the intricate recesses of human nature, with a manly and masterly ability. His sermon was characterized by the simplicity of profound theology,

suiting more for the head than the heart, and designed rather for the literary than the illiterate mind ; whereas, the ingenuity of Spurgeon was displayed in his purely simple and ingeniously adjusted thoughts, embodied in plain language, interspersed with startling eccentricities of appropriate illustration, and with unerring aim, directed solely to the depraved heart. Cumming is intellectually magnificent and impressive ; and truly pleasing to the theological student and converted Christian, whereas Spurgeon is attractive, striking and persuasive, laying bare the immoral infirmities of human nature, and pointing out to every man as a sinner, the Bethsaidan Pool, the Good Samaritan and the Heavenly Physician.

Early on Monday morning I took steamer and sailed up to Richmond, 16 miles from London, calling at Kew and Chelsea on my return-way. The vicinity of Richmond is interesting and beautiful, and well worthy of being visited. The most attractive object at Kew are the Botanical Gardens, 75 acres in extent, and containing a rare collection of exotics. Chelsea, now joined to London, is noted for its hospital for old soldiers. Its inmates wear an antique sort of garb, and numbers of them may be seen loitering around the neighbourhood ; in one of the apartments I saw over 100 flags that were taken by English soldiers in battle. On the following day I went down to Greenwich, six miles from London, thence to Woolwich, three miles further. Greenwich Hospital is an immense building, and contains over 3000 pensioners, a queer lot of fellows they appear to be, attired in garbs as antique as them-

selves. They are chiefly old sailors and naval soldiers, with countenances tarnished by tropical suns, or bleached by Northern tempests or Arctic frosts ; some were hobbling about on crutches ; others, with empty sleeves or perhaps, only one eye, and otherwise disfigured. The picture gallery contains numerous paintings and portraits, chiefly of naval victories, celebrated admirals and navigators. On the summit of the hill in the adjoining park is the famous Royal Observatory, from which place British geographers used to measure their longitude. Woolwich is noted for its naval and military arsenal, the grounds of which are a mile in length, bounded on the one side by the Thames, and is occupied in part by prodigious ranges of storehouses and workshops ; among which is a laboratory for the preparation of cartridges, bombs, grenades and shot ; a manufactory for Armstrong guns ; a gun carriage factory, etc., and, besides, a store of war-material, prodigious in extent and most astonishing in appearance. On Wednesday morning I went out to Sydenham to see the Crystal Palace. This building is composed of the material that constituted the Great Exhibition Palace of Hyde Park in 1851. It is 1600 feet in length by 380 at greatest width, and the central transept, 200 feet high. It consists of a nave and three transepts, all with arched roofs, and composed of iron and glass. The immense size, height, and complicated texture of the building presented a most magnificently beautiful and delicate-like appearance, which reminded me of some romantic frost-work of Fairy-Land rather than a palpable reality. On viewing the interior I

felt bewildered with amazement, amid the vast collected variety of the works of both art and nature ; but I will not attempt to delineate in general, as the marvels of this unparalleled structure are too numerous to be described within a limited space. In the building are compartments to illustrate the sculpture and architecture of different ages and countries of the world, and the specimens contained therein are numerous. The botanical department is also grand ; it contains a vast variety of rare exotics, among which are the palms, bananas and gigantic ferns of the tropics. There are also a number of foreign animals, fowls, reptiles, etc., also groups representing men and families of different races ; compartments illustrating the products of industry, and in the basement both men and machinery were in motion in the manufacturing of various articles. The upper department contains a collection of 3000 paintings, portraits, etc. In the central transept is the great orchestra constructed for the " Handall Festival " of 1857, and is capable of containing 5000 instrumental and vocal performers. The organ is of immense size, and contains four rows of keys, 74 stops, and 4598 pipes. Convenient thereto is the concert room, which can accommodate an audience of 4000. At each end of the building are water-towers, 300 feet high, they are supplied by water from an Artesian well 600 feet deep, worked by steam engines. The fountains in the gardens adjoining are also supplied therefrom, some of these fountains throw up magnificent streams, 250 feet high, displaying thousands of minute glittering jets interlacing each other in a most graceful yet fantastic

manner, and appearing like trellis-work ; when the whole of the water-works are playing, no less than 12,000 jets are in motion. A portion of the water from each tower, is directed in its course, imitative of two cascades each 450 feet in length, 100 in width, and having a water-fall of 12 feet in depth.

There were upwards of 10,000 visitors that day at the Crystal palace, and the scenes throughout were interestingly attractive. In the early part of the day I incidentally formed a temporary acquaintance with a young Scotchman, then on his way home from Australia. In company with him I strolled over every department of the building, and attended the performances of the orchestra and the concert. I noticed in the programme that at 5 p.m., "*Lacrosse*" and other Indian games were to be played in the park by a troupe of North American Indians. Tired with the exercise of the day, I purposed strolling over to the play grounds and refresh my eyes with a sight of the savages of the Western Continent. I asked my Scotch friend to accompany me ; but he preferred a repose on one of the lounges in the picture gallery until my return. I then descended the stairway, but before proceeding further, halted a few moments to look at a group of figures representing a family of South Sea Islanders. Just then a gentleman came forward to gaze also. Turning around to me in a familiar style, he said, "That is indeed a very fine group, sir !" I looked at him and replied in the affirmative. "Excuse me the liberty of asking if you are an American," said he. "I am from Canada, sir," said I. "Well," said he, "I belong to Boston,

U.S., but I am now making a tour for the benefit of my health; I have felt lonely since I left home, and always feel happy to meet with any one from America." *Another London sharper*, thought I, and forthwith I left him somewhat very abruptly, and walked smartly to the next stairway, thence descended to the basement, but before going out entered a saloon to procure some refreshments. At that instant a person from behind tapped my shoulder and asked me to have a glass of porter. On turning around I recognized him to be Mr. "*Sharper*," who had followed me down, no doubt, for some selfish purpose. I sternly refused to comply with his request, though repeated, and immediately withdrew, whereupon he followed me to the outside of the building, and offered to accompany me through the park, which he said was exquisitely beautiful, particularly the floral gardens. I told him I was too tired to do so, and forthwith placed myself on a bench adjacent to the palace. He seated himself also, and handed me a pear to eat, which I put into my pocket, and pulling out my pipe, I said I would try the virtue of tobacco first. Having asked the time of day, and made several personal interrogations, he inquired what had become of my companion. "What companion?" said I. "The young man I saw with you inside." This was evidence enough to substantiate my anticipated ideas of him, and show that he had been dogging our footsteps. Be this as it may, I was determined to probe his intentions, by trying an experiment, so turning to him, I said, "I am but partially acquainted with the young man; he belongs to Scotland, and is on his



way home from the gold fields of Australia." "Indeed!" said he; "then I suppose his pockets are well filled with gold-dust." "I think so," said I, "for I had the pleasure of seeing a number of his Australian Kangaroo dollars, as he called them." This was a magic thrill to the nerves of "SHARPER," and like the magician's enchanted wand, it wrought wonders. I saw at once that my golden words had touched the softer feelings of his nature, and left their *sovereign* impression thereon; he became restless at once, and the very seat appeared to be getting too hot for him, and therewith he abruptly rose, exclaiming: "Oh! by the bye, I promised to meet a person in the palace at this very hour; but you stay here, I shall return shortly. No sooner had he left than I pitched the pear, which no doubt was drugged, into a cistern near by, then ran forward to a side door, hurried up to the gallery, tapped my companion upon the shoulder, and told him to hasten downward and see the *wonderful giant and elephant*; whereupon he followed at quick step; but on looking behind as I was about to descend the stairway, I got a glimpse of Sharper entering the gallery from the opposite side. On returning to the seat at the outside of the building, I told the Scotchman what had preceded; but he only laughed at my apprehensive ideas. A few minutes had only passed when Sharper again made his appearance, accompanied by another person, apparently an accomplice. Approaching us very familiarly, he intimated his purpose of having a glass with his friend, and desired me to bring in my companion and participate. I refused,

but the Scotchman acquiesced at once, promising to be back in a few minutes. About half an hour afterwards, he returned laughing, apparently somewhat agreeably excited, and requested me to go and get another sight of the "*giant and elephant.*" I entered the saloon with him, and with astonishment beheld Sharper stretched out upon a bench in a state of somnolent unconsciousness, and his companion sprinkling water over his face. One sight was enough; we immediately hastened from the building and proceeded to the play grounds. "Did'nt I gie him a guid nip o' the nigger?" said Scotchie, after we had got out of the palace; "ye see it takes a Scotchman after a' to guffer a cockney, and I'll bate you a shillin he's noo dreaming o' finding a purse o' gold." "How did you manage to succeed so well?" said I. "Weel man, when we entered the saloon he told us both to sit down at the table and he'd bring what we wanted. Weel, weel, said I, I'm nae sae particular, but I'll jist tak whatever ye tak yersel; sae he cam forrid wi' three mugs o' porter an' set ane doun to each o' us. Noo gentlemen, said I, getting out my purse, I'll pay for us a', and wi that I let a *penny* fa' bang tae the floor. "*There gangs ane o' my guineas,*" said I, an' wi' that baith o' the chaps jouket under the table to seek for the "*guinea*;" at that moment, as if attempting to move myself round, I changed my ain glass for his. When a' was adjusted, we emptied our mugs an' I then stayed chatting a-wee tae see hoo the liquor wad work; but it was na long when the chap gat sleepy an' couped owre, and the ither looked as groo-

some as if he had swallowed a thunder cloud; and had na seen the sun for a month; and sae that was the way, friend, that I treated the *giant and elephant*; an I'll warrant ye a crown, they'll no fash us again in a hurry."

ay here mention that London is noted for its sharpers and light-fingered-gentry; they are generally clubbed together in gangs, each member acting a particular part in their schemes, and work chiefly in connection with a lower order of inn-keepers; the chief ones generally assume a respectable appearance, and lurk in the neighborhood of public edifices, to watch strangers who visit such places; they are the first to throw out their feelers, so as to entrap the unwary; should they fail in extracting a , etc., they will then endeavor to allure the party into some place of rendezvous; and if again frustrated by the application of gentle means, they will bring out their reserves in the shape of "roughs," who are secreted convenient thereto, and ready at a moment's warning to pounce upon their victim, and thereby accomplish their design. Their stratagetic schemes, like the spider's web, are in general well laid, and woe unto him who becomes entangled therein. Should any of my readers visit Europe, I caution them to beware of the *familiar gentlemen* who are ready to form an acquaintance with them in the public thoroughfares, &c., but above all to keep a good "look out" for the "*Sharpers of London*." When the Scotchman and I reached the play-grounds, the

*wild savages* were at work, playing *Lacrosse*. There were 18 in number, and consisted of 2 parties—the one, attired in red-coloured tight clothes, the other, in that of blue. An immense number of spectators were present, all apparently interested in the Indians and their games. Shortly after my arrival I was most agreeably astonished in recognizing among the crowd, a gentleman from the county of Huntingdon, and who resided only a few miles from my own neighbourhood. I was acquainted with him, and therefore our interview, which was incidental, was truly joyous and interestingly pleasant. I inquired of him, from what part of America the Indians were from. “Oh, from Caughnawaga,” said he. “Is it really possible,” exclaimed I, “indeed, I thought they were some of the wild savages from the Rocky Mountains or the North West.” The very idea of meeting so unexpectedly with an acquaintance, and also of being in the presence of a number of Indians who belonged almost to my own neighbourhood, acted like magic upon my heart, and dispelled for the time being, those feelings of isolated loneliness, feelings which frequently creep over the fancy of every person when he feels that he is a stranger in a foreign land. At the completion of the games I walked over to the Indians and recognized a few of them. On discovering who I was, they became wonderfully excited, even to a phrenzied ecstasy of joyous feelings. No wonder that they were so, they had been absent from home, for the first time, nearly 3 months, and had not received any information from their neighbourhood since

they left. They kindly invited me to their quarters in London; which I complied with, but not until after my return from France, at which time I received a number of their letters written and addressed in the Indian language, to be delivered to their friends at Caughnawaga, when I returned to Canada. The shades of evenings had now began to set in, and the great concourse of visitors to the Crystal Palace were flocking station-ward. I also moved along with the moving throng, took train, and in 30 minutes found myself again in my lodgings in the metropolis. Wishing to economize my time as much as possible, I embarked on a steamer that night, and was soon proceeding on my way towards France. The passengers consisted chiefly of Englishmen from Lancashire, on an excursion to the Paris Exhibition; and a most jovial and humorsome lot of fellows they were. I found Englishmen generally to be good travelling companions. When from home they appear to throw off every restraint, and if possible, to make everything within reach subservient to their pleasure, and every person of congenial taste, participate therein; whether at the expense of themselves or others they are bound to enjoy life, and that too, with open feelings and a good gusto of humor, which seldom fail to give a relish to the scene. The accommodation on board of the steamer for 2nd class passengers was excellent. On either side of the dining-hall were sleeping-apartments, partitioned off and running parallel, each having a double row of berths on each side, also washstands, mirrors, &c., and other conveniences;

each apartment had only one door, which opened into the passage that divided the line of berths; the apartment on the one side was for the ladies, and under the superintendence of a stewardess; the other for gentlemen, and under the supervision of a steward. Along the centre of the hall stood a line of tables, with benches. At the one end and beneath the stairway were the saloon and cook-room. By applying at any time, a person could obtain almost any article of diet or drink he desired; the price of a cup of tea or coffee, and a slice of buttered bread, was 3d: other articles when ordered, were charged proportionably. Every person during the passage had an equal right to the use of the hall, and were left to their own freedom to partake of other conveniences and comforts, or deny themselves of such if they thought proper. Nothing, however, was charged but that which a person ordered. Such arrangements as a whole are truly a comfort and a blessing to many a traveller, particularly women. On many boats 2nd class passengers are little better used than cattle; they are confined in a narrow cell, or subjected to the weather, without comfort and accommodation. In this condition how many a poor sickly mother, with perhaps a helpless family, passes many a long weary hour, it may be, during the chilly and dreary season of the night. I have often wondered why our Canadian Steamer Companies should be so destitute of feeling towards 2nd class passengers. In the cabin every comfort and accommodation, also every article adapted to please and gratify the senses, are



provided for class No. 1 ; while that of No. 2 is as diametrically opposite as Hades is to Heaven. Why not imitate the system of the London Steamer Company, and give comforts and accommodation at a proportional figure. Money, I fear, too frequently marks out the great line of demarcation, and gives to its possessor, even though he be a blackguard or a fool, every comfort and enjoyment, and a higher position in the eyes of the world and himself than he is entitled to ; whereas, many a noble heart beats under a coarse garb, and how many a gifted soul has to cringe under the tyranny of unfortunate circumstances, and sacrifice its dignity too frequently, to the overruling power of mercenaries, who ape the gentleman, and yet frown down disdainfully with a tyrant's feelings upon poor, suffering humanity.

The jolly Englishmen on board had a good time, bottle after bottle of ale, porter and brandy were emptied, and songs, recitations and jokes were dashed off with excellent humor. At length a few of the party became top-heavy, and keeled over. They were soon hurried into their berths to make ampler room in the hall ; but not before each was attired in the clothes of another. Next morning they were perfectly astonished at their appearance ; some of them almost doubting their own identity. Among the party that night was a very small pox-indented, insignificant looking Frenchman, who when he became half-intoxicated, began speechifying in a jargon of bastard English, in favour of England and Englishmen in general, which elicited tremendous cheering and

applause; one of the party, however, offended him by proposing a vote of thanks to the speaker, whom he would denominate by the illustrious title of *Napoleon Bonaparte, La Petite*. This proposition started the Frenchman again to his feet; throwing himself into every form of excited gesture, he dashed off, boldly, a tremendous volley of denunciations against England and Englishmen,—and told them that Napoleon I, through the treachery of Prussia, had failed to subdue England; but that Napoleon III could, at any moment if he chose, annihilate England and blot out Prussia from the world,—and at length, he flourished off with an emphatic outburst of egotistic valour, in a threatening aspect, exclaiming boldly—“*vous bloody Hanglishmans—me voight you tout de suite, the best man too; me voight;—oui monsieurs; vous mean mans; vous cochon, &c.*”

The Englishmen, wishing to carry on the fun, took all very good naturedly and cheered loudly; one of them at length arose and proposed a vote of thanks to the speaker and three cheers to Napoleon III; which was responded to with lusty chorus, all shouting out emphatically—“*Vive l'Empereur;”* *vive la France, &c.* This acted like magic upon the better feelings of the Frenchman, and he became excitedly over-joyed, exclaiming—“*O vous bon Hanglishman, vous amez la France, je vous aime; vive la Reine, &c.,* and there-with he ordered a dozen bottles of porter to the Company; after which, another vote of thanks was proposed, and it was drunk in all the glorious honours of uproarious excitement. At the door of the ladies' apart-

ment stood a tall, meagre, masculine-like woman, looking on eagerly, apparently much displeased with the proceedings. She was none other than the wife of the little Frenchman ;—and whilst he was gloriously participating in the joyous revelry, she was standing as a silent spectator, assuming a deserted and solicitous aspect, apprehensive, no doubt, of her husband's safety among such a romantic assemblage of Englishmen. At length, "little Napoleon" became three-fourths intoxicated, and it was then proposed that he should get a decent removal to bed ; in accordance therewith, they stript off his outer garb, and saddled him with a prodigious overcoat, and slipped him into a pair of long Wellington boots,—the whole of which gave him an antique and grotesque appearance. His wife eyeing the proceedings, and being suspicious of foul play, sprang wildly forward, shrieking vociferously, and throwing her arms lovingly around her husband with excited feelings, she exclaimed : "*O, mon cher mari, s'ils te tuent je mourrai avec toi.* O you Hunglismans bad mans—O you verra bad mans pour kill my mans ; *O mon cher mari!*" One of the party who could speak French, intimated that they had no intention of injuring her husband, but would put him to bed immediately ; whereupon she cooled down considerably, and he was instantly carried to bed in full dress, and the glorious revelry was resumed. She, however, remained on watch, feeling apprehensive of danger to her husband if she retired. About an hour after this affair, the Frenchman somehow got out of bed and staggered into the hall, bent double, with one hand

placed over or rather below his stomach, apparently suffering from a spasmodic attack of the gripes, and bawling out: "*Oh, mon spouse; O, secourez moi, je me meurs, je me meurs!*" The whole party was again thrown into convulsive laughter by his singular attitude and appearance, but his wife again rushed forward to tender him assistance. A tumbler of hot brandy and pepper alleviated his sufferings considerably, and he was again placed in bed. About two o'clock in the morning the remaining party retired to their berths, and silence in general prevailed, with the exception of some loud snoring. About an hour afterwards the Frenchman was again awakened by a return of his internal pangs, and he began moaning as if suffering from intense agony, occasionally exclaiming—*Oh! mon épouse; Oh! secourez moi!* His wife, who was still awake, on hearing his well-known voice, became alarmed, and therewith slipped quietly into the apartment to ascertain the matter, and if possible alleviate his sufferings. Having stayed a few moments, she hastened back to the ladies apartment, wakened up the stewardess, and from her procured a dishful of mustard, and having placed a thick plaster of it over a cloth, she quietly returned. The apartment being dark, and the noise of her husband having ceased for the time being, she groped her way to his berth, as she supposed, but committed a serious error in taking the next, in which one of the Englishmen lay stretched. Believing him to be her husband she removed the clothes and placed the prodigious plaster at full length over what she supposed to be the affected

part. Having adjusted everything nicely, she was about to retire, when the Englishman, beginning to feel the stimulating virtue of the mustard, stirred round a little, uttering a few slumbering ejaculations, which were succeeded by a series of vociferous roars, at the same instant startling up wildly from his couch. Such a tremendous outburst of noise aroused every inmate from slumber, awakening up also the little Frenchman, who began to bawl out most tremendously. The poor woman on discovering her mistake, fled from the apartment, leaving the blistered and bewildered Englishman, who was shouting at the top of his voice:—"murder! murder! murder!" All who were able jumped out of their berths and rushed forward to his assistance and ascertain the matter. The steward, awakened also from his couch, rushed inward with afright, demanding to know what had happened. "A man is murdered!" cried one. "'Tis the night-mare he's been riding," shouted another, &c., &c. A lamp was immediately lighted, and the Englishman was discovered crouched up in a corner, holding both hands over the affected part, apparently in intense agony. "What in the name of goodness is the matter with you?" interrogated the steward, whilst every one around stood gazing at the bewildered man with ghastly and benighted horror. "Don't know, sir, only a blood vessel, I believe, has burst somewhere about me," said the Englishman. "Well, what do you suffer from?" asked the steward. "Oh my goodness!" exclaimed the other, "I believe that I'm all on fire inside; bring me water or I'll be burnt alive." "'Tis

the gripes he's got," cried one. "Then give him the Frenchman's dose," shouted another. "To bed with you, you drunken scoundrel!" wrathfully exclaimed the steward. "There's nothing the matter with you, only you've ballasted yourself too much with drink last night, and no wonder than you feel the torments of the d——'s fire." At this moment one of the Englishmen, a doctor by profession, stepped forward, examined the fellow's pulse, and, after a few other examinations, discovered the spot. The afflicted parts were uncovered, and lo! to the astonishment of every eager spectator, a prodigious plaster of mustard, an inch thick, was found to be over them, which proved to be the cause of the whole uproar. To every one present, it was really an amusing incident, and therewith elicited a tremendous roar of laughter and other outbursts of excited feelings. But who the perpetrator of the outrageous insult was, remained for the time being a mystery to them. The Englishman, after swearing out a volume of his irritated feelings, retired again to his couch, and after a few minutes, order and quietness were restored, and without further disturbance, all were permitted to sleep out the remaining portion of that night. Early on the following morning when on going upon deck, I got a sight, for the first time, of *la terre de la France*, and at 6 a.m., the steamer landed at the port of Bologne. Among the first objects that attracted my attention was a company of about twenty persons coming towards the wharf with wheelbarrows and hand-carts. From their singular appearance, I could not determine their occupation,

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nor to what sex they belonged. At first I imagined them to be monks or a class of nuns, and then supposed them to be custom house officers; but on their near approach I discovered them to be old women whose occupation was in attending upon passengers at steamer and railway stations, carrying baggage to and from the town. Their dress consisted of a short petticoat and jacket of a coarse texture of homespun. Their head-covering consisted of a piece of white linen, in the shape of a night cap, of enormous size, surrounded and surmounted by a number of ruffles, and having a frizzled cape attached to the anterior, the whole of which gave them a somewhat antique and peculiarly strange appearance.

The first train for Paris was to leave in half an hour,—the next, at noon: wishing to see the town I remained, with several of the English excursionists until the latter train; and during the interval, we strolled over a considerable portion of Bologne. This town borders upon the British Channel, and presents a pleasant and lively aspect. The exterior of the houses is of a light colour, and look neatly in form and cleanly in appearance; in fact everything, even the very streets, are remarkably clean. The people themselves are characterized by a free and easy, lively genteel aspect, all of which were in striking contrast with what I had seen in towns of the British Isles. The population is over 40,000. In the hotels the English language is spoken, and some of the English customs have been adopted. The old town is situated on a cliff behind the port, and is surmounted by a splendid

Cathedral, having a dome 300 feet high. The interior is richly decorated with frescoes and inscriptions; underneath is a crypt of an ancient date. Around the old town the walls and ramparts with their old gates still remain. Adjacent thereto is a column 164 feet high, erected to commemorate the preparations made for the invasion of England by Napoleon I. In company with the Englishmen I took train at noon, and proceeded *en route* for Paris. The passenger trains were similar to those used in Britain, and we were all celled in like a company of criminals. The railway consisted of a double track, and appeared to be kept in excellent condition,—the average speed was about 35 miles per hour. The country through which we passed was comparatively level; in many places, extremely low and marshy. In such parts, peat-making was carried on extensively. Peat is the principal fuel used in France. Even midst those low grounds I observed some of the richest and most beautiful gardens I had ever seen. The gardens were intersected with numerous ditches, or rather, small canals, half filled with water; the grounds had apparently been raised by the excavations, manure, &c. All sorts of vegetables of immense growth were to be seen growing thereon; while some parts were tastefully decorated with flowers, &c. It was quite a romantic and novel sight to see, perhaps, an old woman with short petticoat, jacket, and white ruffled cap, and large wooden shoes, paddling her small canoe along the narrow canals, from one part of her garden to another, taking an ample survey of the whole. In almost every gar-

den a person of such a description was to be seen, either sailing along the intersecting cuts, or perhaps, hoeing, watering, or weeding her "*belle jardin*," in which the very essence of her soul appeared to be the inspiratory life thereof. The surface of the country in some parts was undulating, in general diversified with trees, chiefly of the willow, poplar, &c. The higher grounds generally presented a bare-like, chalky appearance, but no stones were visible anywhere—the houses in general were small and composed of brick and wood, the whole beautifully lime-washed. In form they resembled those of our French Canadians and presented a cheerful and cleanly appearance. The country appeared more densely populated than in Britain; at least, the land seemed to be occupied by a greater number of agriculturists, and had more of the appearance of our Canadian system than that of the aristocratic monopoly of Great Britain. The system of farming, however, appeared to be behind the age, and resembled that which is still to be seen in some of our French Canadian settlements. I observed summer fallowing being performed by ploughs set on wheels, and the horses going at tandem. The tillage seemed to be but superficial, and the furrows appeared as if the eyes of the ploughman had been disjointed in their sockets. The gardens were, however, systematically laid out and well cultivated;—and everything connected with the homestead had a cleanly, well-finished appearance. The grain was being harvested at the time;—men and women, with scythe and sickle, were busily at work, whilst occasionally was seen an old farmer on his

hay cart, his horses trotting along at tandem—the whole having a striking aspect to that of Lower Canada. The implements had an uncouthly, rude, old fashioned appearance. Scythe handles for instance, were only long, straight sticks, with one nub, and having a weight fastened to the high upper extremity, so as to counterbalance the heavy scythe attached to the other end, and to give a proper adjustment to the whole, which reminded me of a person trying to swim with ballast stones fastened to his legs to prevent him from keeling over. Carts were universally used. The horses resembled our Canadian ponies, but in general taller, and of a very active appearance;—no doubt there is a kindred relationship between them, as the sires of our Canadian stock came originally from France, in the 17th century. Horned cattle also, appeared smaller, and more lively than those in Britain—in fact, the very people had also a happy contented-like, lively aspect, and resembling our Canadian French in almost every characteristic. The women, including young girls, were generally attired in petticoats, jacket and ruffled cap. In the fields, at the station-houses, in the cars—and in fact, everywhere, was to be seen that ever present and universal head-appendage; many of which were beautifully bleached, frizzled and finished off, and looking as curly and spruce-like as a Scotch cabbage. On the route we passed through some beautiful towns and villages. At the station of *Criel* one of the Englishmen was appointed to go out and procure at the saloon 6 bottles of wine for the company. On returning to the train,

it was beginning to move off, and in the hurry he committed a serious mistake by forcing his way into a private apartment filled with nuns. His unexpected and abrupt appearance, with six bottles of wine piled over one arm, produced at first quite a sensation among them—while he, himself, was almost paralyzed with bewildered astonishment. He had rendered himself liable to a severe penalty, but it was then too late to rectify his position with safety. The "*Sisters of Mercy*," however, on discovering it to be a mistake, very kindly indeed furnished him with a seat until the next stopping place. He very fortunately escaped the notice of the conductor, but not the attention of his companions. This mistake afterwards afforded them a subject for wit and humor, and created a no small amount of amusement. At the town of *Lille* we dismounted, got refreshments at the "*Buffet*," or eating rooms at the station, thence took a hurried stroll over a part of the town, and then took the next train on our journey. *Lille* is a finely situated town, and comprises many beautiful and interesting buildings. It contains 132,000 inhabitants, is the seat of an important linen manufacture, and is strongly garrisoned; the fortifications contain 900 cannon, and are capable of holding 2000. In the evening we arrived at *Amiens*, where we intended to remain until the following day. This city contains 59,000 population. It consists of two parts, and is intersected by the river *Somme*. The lower town has a singular appearance from the multiplicity of its canals. The most striking object connected with the place is the cathedral, one

of the noblest in Europe, and built in the 13th century. It contains 116 stalls—the wood-work of which is magnificently carved; in fact the whole building is a rare specimen of architectural magnificence and the embodiment of an ingenious design, enriched with beautiful and elaborate workmanship. We spent all the next day very pleasantly, in and around *Amiens*; but having missed the evening train it was 10 o'clock before we departed. Again having placed ourselves in the narrow cells we proceeded onward with majestic speed, and in the course of two hours the steam whistle announced our arrival in the *Great City of Paris—the magnificent Metropolis of France.*

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## CHAPTER VIII.

On arriving at the station we procured a large open waggon. The driver conveyed us by way of some of the principal streets to the hotel we intended going to, a distance of three miles. Leaving the station we soon entered upon the *Boulevard de la Sabastapol*, one of the finest streets in Paris. *There*, a scene beautiful and magnificent beyond description, and unrivalled by anything I had ever seen, at once burst in upon our vision, fascinating the attention and exciting the mind into the wondrous ecstasy of enchantment. Fancy for a moment, a street two or three hundred feet in breadth, with side-streets immensely wide also, the whole composed of cemented material, on which the sound of a passing vehicle can scarcely be heard, and



as cleanly in appearance as a newly swept floor : on either side, tall, majestic rows of beautifully constructed and most magnificent buildings, many of them, hotels, cafes and restaurants, whose immensely crystalated fronts were lighted up with the brilliancy of gas ; the very streets also rendered brilliant with myriads of lamps that poured forth streams of light. Hundreds of vehicles, also lighted with lamps, and filled with ladies and gentlemen, were moving incessantly to and fro, their outside lights, when seen in the distance, bobbing up and down, resembling a shower of fire flies at night in a Canadian swamp. To crown all, fancy the streets, even at the hour of mid-night, thronged with thousands of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen perambulating about, or sitting around their small tables on the side streets, in front of the numerous cafes, waited upon by "*garçons*" in white habiliments, each group sipping delicious wines, eating dainty tit-bits, and chatting together cheerfully in congenial conviviality, unaccompanied by any disorder, unnecessary noise, or outbursts of excitement; all were characterized by sociality, politeness embellished with the embodiment of beauty, fashion and magnificence ; the air mild, warm and exhilarating, and the night almost converted into day by the brilliancy emanating from myriads of lamps. Fancy all this, and you will form but an imperfect idea of the magnificently complicated scene that presented itself, as we proceeded along the *Boulevard de la Sabastapol*. In fact, we were completely intoxicated with wonder and excited to such an ecstasy of

feeling, that we appeared as if half inebriated, and beyond the possibility of restraining our fancies from the outbursts of exclamation. The scene was so novel, so beautiful, so enchanting, it resembled that of Fairy-Land, or the Paradisal city of some other planet, rather than anything in connection with our earth; and instead of being in *Paris* I had every reason to imagine that I was actually in *Paradise*. One hour was occupied in the ride, during which time we passed along several other beautiful streets, skirted the grove and gardens of the *Tuilleries*, and the *Champs Elysées*, and crossed over the river *Seine*, on whose gentle waters the reflection of a thousand lamps were to be seen, like so many stars in the firmament of heaven. Everywhere a variety, yet a series of similar scenes, presented itself in panoramic order. In every street numbers of cafés were still open, and hundreds of people were sitting in the street, regaling their senses in the luxury of pleasure, while the continued buzz of innumerable chariots indicated that others were enjoying the poetic motion of a pleasant ride through the Elysian avenues of the great city. Myriads of lights, even amidst the groves and the gardens of the city, showered forth a rich profusion of unrivalled brilliancy. Beautiful trees appeared to be everywhere interspersed, which at night gave to the city a lovely and romantically picturesque appearance, which reminded me of something I had read of in the tales of Fairy-Land, rather than a tangible reality of Earth.

At length we arrived at the hotel; the inn-keeper was a Frenchman, yet spoke English fluently. We

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felt perfectly at home, got some refreshments, and ere long, found ourselves comfortably enclosed in our sleeping apartments. My room-companion was an English doctor, from Middleton, and the physician referred to on board the London steamer, he was an elderly gentleman, could speak good French, very polite in manner, yet somewhat eccentric, and on the whole, cheerful and humorsome, and an excellent companion. Next morning at 5, we were awakened by the tread of horses, and on looking out, beheld a regiment of infantry followed by several battalions of foot soldiers, taking their regular morning exercise. The men were gorgeously attired in their respective costumes, decorated with trappings and gaudy colours. The horses were caparisoned with costly robes of net-work, ornamented with tinselled tassels, etc. After they had all passed, we adjusted ourselves and descended to the dining-hall to procure breakfast. On entering, I observed what I considered to be a bundle of faggots, each stick from 3 to 6 feet in length, and about 4 inches in diameter, and apparently surrounded by a dark brown coating of bark. "I say, doctor, look here," said I, "this is French fuel; can you tell me what kind of wood it is?" "*Dry wood*, I suppose," said he drily. "The name of the tree I mean," said I. "Well, I dont know, sir, but it looks *plain* enough to be the *plaine*-tree, and if I infer from the *bark* I believe it to be *sound*," said he, and therewith he drew forth his knife to dissect it, when the hotel-keeper entered. "I say, host, what sort of a tree do these sticks belong to," inquired the Doctor. The innkeeper smilingly replied "*The Bread tree*," and

then drawing out his *coteau*, he cut one of them up into pieces 6 inches long, and placed them on the table as a part of our breakfast. True enough, it was only the "bread-tree," for on further examination we discovered them to be rolls of bread baked in that fashion, which is now becoming fashionable in Paris. They are not sold by weight but by measure; so instead of asking for a 3 lb loaf it is necessary to ask for a 3 feet one, in order to be understood. The dining-hall contained a number of small, round tables for 4 persons each. The system of dieting was similar to that in Britain; but the food was of a more flimsy nature, every article had its stated price, and the charge comprised only that which was ordered. Notwithstanding the great influx of strangers, charges were comparatively moderate in Paris; no doubt the result of an immense competition. It was, however, necessary to ascertain the rate of fare and lodging, otherwise the charge might be considerably augmented. After breakfast the doctor proposed that he and I should go and visit some of the churches that day, it being the Sabbath. We strolled forth into the midst of the great city; thousands of people were astir, and numerous carriages were speeding to and fro. The morning sun was shining gloriously with golden hues, amidst a pellucid sky, the air, warm and genial, and bearing upon its gentle wings, as it were, the incense of a thousand flowers; all were beautiful and bright, and of a cheerful and animated appearance. The fancy was delighted, and every feeling ready to burst forth in raptures of exultation; what magnificent streets and

majestic buildings, everywhere decorated with lovely trees! what spacious avenues! what paradisaal groves and parterres of Elysian loveliness, embellished with fountains, statues, and monuments; wonderfully beautiful in all. Dormant must be the feelings of that soul, in the midst of such a delightful scene, that would not exclaim, PARIS, THE CITY OF THE WORLD. *The poetic embodiment of beauty, fashion, luxury and pleasure.* THE ELYSIUM OF TERRESTRIAL GLORY. Having strolled about for some time, we entered the MADE LINE. This edifice, during the time of Napoleon I. was dedicated to hero-worship, but afterwards restored to its original purpose, and re-consecrated as a church. In exterior it resembles a Greek Temple, and is upwards of 400 feet in length. It rests upon a pedestal, 12 feet high, and is surrounded by 52 Corinthian columns each 49 feet in height, and 16 in circumference, which support the basement of the roof, the whole of which is of white marble. In the front are a beautiful freize and pediment with figures in alto-relievo. The entablature and ceiling of the colonnade are also richly sculptured: Statues of the favourite saints of France are placed in niches along the walls. The interior is spacious, richly decorated with gilding, statues and paintings, and is lighted by 3 cupolas from above. The high-altar is a finished piece of elaborate workmanship. At the time we entered, service was being conducted, and throngs of people were entering and retiring incessantly. We remained but a short time and thence directed our course to the PANTHEON. This church is also beauti-

fully constructed and richly decorated. It is of a cruciform shape, and from the centre of the cross springs a lofty circular drum, surrounded by a peristyle of 32 columns. Above towers a magnificent dome, 22 columns, 60 feet high from the portico, and support a pediment 130 feet wide by 24 high. The sculpture thereon represents the genius of the Country assisted by *Freedom* and *History*, as distributing rewards to *Talent*, *Valour* and *Virtue*, among which are the figures of Voltaire, Rousseau, Lafayette, Mirabeau, Napoleon and others. The interior is elegant and richly decorated. In the crypt underneath are the tombs of Voltaire, Rousseau, &c. In 1848 the insurgents concentrated within this church, and during 2 days repulsed the attacks made by the troops. After a brief stay, we left, and soon found ourselves in the presence of the great *Cathedral* of NOTRE DAME. This church is situated on the *Ile de Paris*, an islet in the river *Seine*, and is considered as one of the finest specimens extant of Gothic architecture. It dates from 1163, and its erection was the uninterrupted work of 300 years. Its shape is that of a cruciform, with an octagonal east end. The finest part of the building is the west front, with its extensive and beautiful rose window, its elegant open gallery, its profusion of elaborate chisel work, and its two flanking towers, massive, yet elegant. The flying buttresses at the sides are also remarkable, and enhance the general picturesque effect. The towers are 200 feet high. Between the transepts the spire shoots up to a height of 150 feet above the roof, and from its delicate tracery, presents a most splendid

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appearance. The interior consists of a choir and nave, with double aisles and side chapels. Its length is 416 feet, breadth 160 ; and from the floor to the vaulting of the roof, 110 feet. It contains 113 windows and 297 columns. The chief objects in the choir are the statues of bronze and marble, the two archiepiscopal thrones, the marvellously carved wood work, the richly gilt gates, and above all, the superbly magnificent altar. There are a number of statues, monuments and tablets to noted persons in other parts of the interior. A stairway of 368 steps gives access to the towers, where may be seen the largest bell in France. It weighs 16 tons, and the hammer 1120 lbs. Independent of its magnificent architecture, *Notre Dame* is pregnant with historical associations. Within its walls Napoleon I. was crowned, and there, also, the marriage of Napoleon III. took place. We entered *Notre Dame* in time to hear the closing part of the forenoon service ; a vast concourse was present. In neither of the churches we visited were to be seen that order and attention generally to be found in Roman Catholic Churches in Canada ; but this may be partly accounted for by the number of visitors who were present. Comparatively, there were few seats, and these were railed in and for members only. The majority of the spectators, therefore, had to stand ; many of them, however, were to be seen moving quietly to and fro along the side aisles examining some of the interesting objects. We remained until after divine service, and spent considerable time in viewing the interior and

other interesting characteristics connected with the magnificent *Cathedral* of NOTRE DAME.

During the afternoon we visited a few other churches, all of which were exceedingly magnificent and deeply interesting, either on account of their architectural effect or historical associations. Space forbids a general description; I will, however, give a short sketch of SAINTE CHAPEL, which is considered as one of the wonders of Paris. This church was founded in 1245, by St. Louis, for the reception of the "*Crown of Thorns*" and other reputed relics of *The Saviour*. The most remarkable feature of the exterior is the golden spire, 114 feet in height from the roof. Its delicate tracery and elaborate workmanship give to it a wonderful and attractive appearance. The interior contains an upper and lower chapel. A spiral staircase leads to the former, which at first sight is sufficient to dazzle the eye with the profusion and brilliancy of its decorations. The ceiling is of azure blue bespangled with stars, and the walls are interspersed with golden *fleurs-de-lis*. The windows are of magnificently painted glass, each containing a number of scriptural texts; there are also numerous other paintings, and attractive and interesting objects. Royal marriages and coronations used to take place within this chapel; and in other respects, it is connected with many incidents and associations of the past. Besides the 70 Roman Catholic churches in Paris, there are some Protestant meeting-houses, and a couple of synagogues. In the evening we returned to our lodgings, tired with the exercise of the day. On retiring to sleep I felt, however, that my con-

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science had become awakened to the reality of having so carelessly spent the Sabbath. True, I had passed the greater portion of the day in churches ; but like Zaccheus of old I was attracted thither by curiosity rather than from a desire to worship my Saviour. It has been frequently said "*There is no Sabbath in Paris,*" and should I infer from the general aspect I would corroborate the assertion, in so far as the observance is concerned. Everywhere in that great city were to be seen throngs of people buzzing to and fro in the revelry of pleasure. Shops, cafés, and public places of amusement were open ; thousands of ladies and gentlemen sitting on the side-streets, sipping champagne and porter, and perhaps discussing the merits of horse steak. Myriads of chariots on the wheels of pleasure, moving in every direction. Everywhere the din of business was to be heard. Men were pursuing their daily avocations, whilst the buzz of immense multitudes was issuing from inside the walls of the *Great Exhibition*.\* Yet no drunken person, no riotous mobs, no disorder or discordant sounds were to be seen or heard ; it was the poetic harmony of *Pleasure, Gaiety and Fashion* ; carnally delightful to the eye, and fascinating to the fancy.— Paris may be said to be the nursery of Infidelity, whose votaries only scoff and ridicule the truths and ceremonies of Christianity. *Liberty of conscience* is their watch-word ; and the Infidelic motto is, "*Where there is restraint there is no pleasure.*"—" VOX POPU-

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\*The Exhibition was open to visitors on Sabbath, with the exception of the English and American Departments.

LI VOX DEI!" may sound beautifully upon the ears of Infidelity, and lull the conscience to repose; but the thunders of God's voice will some day awaken up those sinners to the terrible reality of their condition. Men may go on desecrating the Sabbath, and even blot out that day, as a nominal figure, from the decalogue; but the Sabbath in reality, like the soul, cannot be annihilated. Its origin is of God, and though sinners may revel in the desecration thereof, it is nevertheless, sacred and universal, and in the order of Creation, shall eternally remain as the *sanctified* SABBATH OF THE LORD.

Before proceeding to particularize, I will now briefly notice a few general characteristics connected with Paris. The city is situated in the hollow of a circle of low hills, interested by the river Seine, 200 feet above sea-level, and  $4\frac{3}{8}$  N. lat. It was originally called LUTETIA, was inhabited by a tribe of Gauls named *Parii*, who after a fierce struggle submitted to the Dominion of Rome. After the introduction of Christianity, Lutetia received the name of Paris after its original inhabitants. From an obscure origin, it gradually increased in size and importance, but not without many changes of government, until at length, it rose to be an important place. Churches, colleges and hospitals were founded, and as a *Seat of Learning* it became distinguished throughout Europe. During the last two centuries Paris has undergone many changes in appearance. Old buildings have been torn down and magnificent edifices erected instead. New streets have been formed, squares opened, trees planted,

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and also many other improvements. But during the terrible days of the "*Great Revolution*," there was no time to build or even repair. Napoleon, however, came to restore and to extend ; and during 12 years as consul and emperor, he spent nearly \$20,000,000 in the improvement of Paris. The river was spanned with new bridges, and lined with commodious quays ; immense and magnificent public buildings were erected, with numerous other works of utility or embellishment. But the present emperor has indelibly and honourably inscribed his name on modern Paris—immensely wonderful are the improvements he has already effected. Independent of public edifices he has opened up, at vast expense, a number of magnificent *boulevards*, while open squares, gardens, fountains, monuments, &c., have been profusely scattered throughout the city. Paris was originally fortified with walls, and in the beginning of the 15th century was held by an English garrison for 7 years. It now covers an area of 50,000 acres, with a circumference of 25 miles. There are over 70,000 houses, and the population approximates 2,000,000. Paris is beyond all doubt the most remarkable city in the world, for the magnificence of its street architecture, the variety and interest of its public monuments, &c., the display of wealth and taste in its shops, which of themselves are princely palaces ; the singular gait and liveliness of its inhabitants, and its inexhaustible resources in all that belong to the amusements and pleasures of civilized and fashionable society. In real business and commerce it is inferior to London ; its intellectual resources are, however, immense ; its

museums are rich and magnificent; its squares and public gardens are admirably laid out; its places of public entertainment exceedingly numerous, and generally well conducted; its streets and boulevards are so full of cafés, and the cafés and streets so full of people, that one might imagine that the whole life of Paris is spent in those places. The Boulevards are the great arteries and thoroughfares in which is the principal circulation of life, surrounded by the brilliancy of magnificence, and the luxury of wealth. Paris is indeed the heart and soul of France, and the headquarters of European luxury and pleasure. It naturally excites in the highest degree the interest and curiosity of strangers, while those who know it, are conformed in their attachment by the variety and freshness of its charms.

On Monday morning I was again awakened by the tread of horses and foot-soldiers taking their usual exercise. Desirous of having a more general view of Paris before entering the EXHIBITION, the Doctor and I, after breakfast, strolled off on our perambulation. Being strikingly impressed by the sight of so brilliant an army of men, we purposed visiting first the ECOLE-MILITAIRE, now one of the chief barracks in Paris. This immense and magnificent structure was founded by Louis XV., as a school for the sons of officers killed in battle. Subsequently it was converted into barracks, and afterwards used as head quarters of Napoleon I. It has accommodation for 10,000 men, and 800 horses. Everything connected with the interior has a cleanly appearance, and the management of

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affairs and the conduct of the soldiers are apparently of an orderly and agreeable character. It is situated at the upper part of the *Champ-de-Mars*, now occupied by the Exhibition buildings, &c. We next visited the *Hotel des Invalids*. This edifice was founded by Louis XIV. as an asylum for invalid soldiers. In front is a beautiful floral garden ; also, a spacious esplanade, bordering on the *Seine*, and containing several pieces of ordnance taken in battle. The building is of rectangular form, with five courts of the same shape. The façade is 612 feet long, and is profusely decorated with military emblems. Bronze figures of conquered nations crown the pavillion, and a bass-relief of Louis XIV. on horseback, surmounts the grand entrance to the great court. The interior has an extensive accommodation. There are two kitchens, in one of which, food for 6000 men can be cooked daily. Also 4 dining-halls, each 150 by 24 feet. The inmates wear a long dark-blue coat, with cocked hat and sabre ; among them, a few of the old soldiers of Napoleon I. were pointed out to us. Out of that once magnificent army of the *Great Warrior*, only the small number of 40 remain, though old and dilapidated in appearance, still they retain the impression of that martial glory that once distinguished them in the battle-field, and which carries the mind back to the wonderful achievements of the Great Napoleonic Era. The Hospital department is commodious and well attended to ; the Library contains 30,000 volumes. Some of the walls are decorated with frescoes, generally representing the battles of Napoleon I. and his

noted generals; but among none could we discover the representation of *Waterloo*. "Well," said I, "Doctor, how is it that *Waterloo* is not included." "Oh, well, I suppose," said he, shrugging up his shoulders, with a sarcastic smile—"the French lost too much of their best blood there to have it represented by *Waterloo-colours*." "But they did'nt lose their honour as a great nation," said I. "Perhaps not," exclaimed the Doctor smiling another sarcastic grin,—“but the *Eagle* was there decapitated by the *Lion's whelp*, and also lost some of its finest feathers, which the French attributed to *fowl* play,—therefore it would be impolitic to represent a mutilated *fowl*; it would be only a caricature upon fallen greatness and dilapidated glory.” At this moment one of the officers came gliding along. The Doctor eyeing him, very politely gave him the military bow, which was respectfully returned. "That's a general, sir," said the Doctor after he had passed, "French *generals* are *generally* polite, I must really admit that the French people, like their *generals*, are in *general* *manly* and *manneristic*, and exceedingly polite *even to an Englishman*."

We then moved into the chapel; the interior of which is studded with numerous monuments to distinguished warriors; suspended from the galleries are several hundred flags, taken in battle; nearly all of them were sadly mutilated, many torn into shreds by the bullets of the battle-field. The *Dome des Invalids* is also a part of the building. It is a bold and prominent structure, profusely decorated. The dome

rises from a square pedestal of two storeys to the height of 324 feet from the ground.

Underneath is the crypt containing the tomb or sarcophagus of Napoleon I. It stands in the centre of the crypt, is composed of reddish-brown granite brought from Finland, and weighs 135,000 lbs. Over the door, in French, is the expression uttered by Napoleon on his death-bed. "*I desire that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that people of France whom I have loved so much.*" The walls of the crypt are also of polished granite; around the bottom is a covered gallery adorned with bass-reliefs, and supported by 13 colossal figures. On the walls are inscribed the names of Napoleon's chief victories. There are also to be seen the tombs of Duroc and Bertrand, faithful friends of Napoleon. In a small enclosure are to be seen the sword and hat worn by Napoleon at the battle of Austerlitz, also, the golden crown presented to him by the town of Cherbourg,—and 60 flags taken from the enemy. The interior of the building is of the form of a Greek cross, with several chapels beautifully ornamented, and containing the tombs of distinguished warriors. Gold and colours are lavished on the various altars and the ceiling—and a singular effect is produced by the transmission of light through stained glass,—taken as a whole, it is richly magnificent and most solemnly impressive in appearance. The interior was crowded with visitors, and on entering every head was uncovered, out of respect to the memory of the Great Napoleon, and a serious-like expression, like the solemnity of

death, sat upon the countenance of all present. There, in the silence of death, reposed the ashes of the *Great Warrior of the World*, who, like Alexander the Great, to gratify an insatiable ambition of glory, sacrificed the lives of millions of men,—trod through oceans of human blood,—shook thrones and dynasties to their foundations—and sowed broad-cast over the land, the seeds of suffering, sorrow and desolation. The permanent garrison of Paris numbers 30,000 ; and the *Imperial guard*, 20,000 picked men. There are also several regiments of Zouaves, who, from their singular style of loose dress, present a somewhat Arabic expression. The soldiers in general are richly attired in gaudy colours, some of whom have a somewhat fantastic appearance ; indeed, it is somewhat difficult to distinguish privates from officers, on account of such rich display of costumes and other embellishments. The step of the French soldier is light and easy, the carriage genteel, manly and dignified, and without that stiffness and solidity which characterize the British soldier. In walking along the streets of Paris, a stranger is really astonished by the vast numbers of soldiers that are constantly to be seen everywhere, and the eye is continually attracted by the splendour and variety of their costumes. Leaving the *Dome des Invalids*, we crossed over the Seine to the *Place de la Concorde*,—an immense and magnificent square, admitted to be one of the finest in Europe. It lies between the *Champs Elysées* and the Gardens of the *Tuilleries*. It was laid out by Louis XV., but its aspect has been greatly improved since. In the centre

stands the obelisk of Luxor, brought from Egypt and erected at a cost of \$180,000. It is a monolith of granite, 75 feet high and covered with hieroglyphics. The square contains also some beautiful fountains, chiefly of iron coated with bronze,—the basin of one, is of polished stone, and 50 feet in diameter. The square is otherwise splendidly decorated. Light thrones, supporting typical figures of the chief cities of the Empire, surround it. There are also some very spirited equestrian groups. In the centre of this square, during the time of the *Revolution*, the guillotine was erected, and thousands of the citizens were beheaded, among whom were Louis XVI., Charlotte Cordon, Danton, and Robespierre. Paris contains numerous squares, or open spaces, and nearly all are decorated with trees, statues, fountains, obelisks, or some other beautiful architectural construction. Most of these squares are centres whence important streets radiate, and many recall interesting events in the history of Paris. Among the numerous and magnificent monuments in the city, the *Colonne Vendome* is, I think, one of the most remarkable. It was constructed out of 1200 pieces of artillery taken from the Austrians by Napoleon I; the spiral scroll of bass-reliefs contains 2000 figures, representing various incidents, &c., of victories achieved by Napoleon I.

From the *Place de la Concorde* we entered the grove, or what is generally called the *Gardens of the Tuilleries*. The sun by this time had arisen to the zenith; the sky was clear and beautifully serene,

air genial and balmy, the verdant foliage was radiant, and even the very flowers were smiling with the glorious sunshine. All was delightful and enchanting, and the gardens seemed as if smiling in the bloom of Eden! What a magnificent retreat in the midst of a great city! how refreshing to the wearied traveller! how fascinating to the lover of nature, and how salutary to the physical condition of a densely-populated metropolis! The Gardens occupy an area of 60 acres, a considerable portion of which is planted with trees, among which I noticed several of the orange species, said to be upwards of 300 years old. The surface of the grounds is comparatively level, and rendered hard and exceedingly smooth by a composition of cement, similar to that which compose the street-ways. The flower-beds are admirably laid out, and pleasingly intermingled with fountains and statues. Numerous seats are scattered throughout, and hundreds of people were to be seen either sitting or walking about, or sipping wine under the verandah of small cafés within the grove. In the evenings the gardens are brilliantly lighted up, and bands of music enliven the thousands of people who congregate therein. The grove is skirted by the river on one side, on the other by the *Rue de Rivoli*, one of the finest streets in Paris, and over two miles in length; while, at the upper end, stand the magnificent buildings of the Tuilleries, the palace and residence of Napoleon III. Having taken some refreshments, the Doctor and I went over to see the royal buildings; but I don't mean by this that we had purposed visiting Napoleon, or to

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shout "*Vive l'Empereur;*" we simply visited only those apartments then open to visitors. The *Tuilleries* were commenced in 1564 by *Catherine de Medicis*; but new additions were constructed during the reign of several monarchs. They are now connected with the *Louvre*, an ancient but noble edifice. The two are connected by wings, and form a magnificent square inside, a part of which is called the *Place de la Carrousal*. The combined palaces, with the court, occupy nearly 60 acres of ground. As a whole, they present a massive and magnificent appearance, and constitute an imperial mansion unequalled by any in the world. The *Louvre* has been used as a palace from the earliest date. The exterior is very striking; the walls are richly decorated, and contain statues of both literary and military men of France. The interior is now chiefly occupied by fifteen different museums; a portion of the basement is used for the royal stables the carriage-room contains over 100 vehicles of various kinds, among which is the state carriage, which weighs over six tons. In the court, opposite the central pavillion, stands the *Arc de Triomphe*, erected by Napoleon I. in glory to the French armies, at a cost of \$280,000. It measures 60 by 20 feet at the base, and 45 in height, and is covered with numerous figures and inscriptions commemorative of victories. On the top is a group of bronze, representing a triumphal car, drawn by four horses, driven by Victory. A couple of mounted dragoons were stationed at the base, and the imperial standard was waving on the top, which indicated that the Emperor was at home, and

that it was then useless to apply for access to the royal apartments of the *Tuilleries*. The museums of the *Louvre* are always closed on Mondays, therefore we had no opportunity of seeing them until the following day. We retired to the hotel for tea, at six, and at seven started out again, and attended a magnificent open-air concert, in an enclosure in the *Champs Elysées*: the performers numbered about 100; from the surrounding trees innumerable globes of light, of varied colours, were suspended—the whole of which impressed the fancy with a resemblance of fairy land; in fact, the whole of the *Champs Elysées* presented a most enchanting aspect: persons of all ages, grades and sizes, were revelling joyously amid the groves. Hundreds of chariots were moving to and fro along the avenues, their lights sparkling like glowing stars, and performing their fantastic motions like the fairy-figures of some Apocalyptic fireworks. We retired at eleven. Awoke next morning at five, as usual, and at seven, started off to get a day-light view of the *Champs Elysées*. These delightful grounds are studded, in part, with beautiful trees, and extend from the *Place de la Concorde* to the Triumphant Arch, one and a half miles. Through the whole length extensive avenues, formed by beautiful trees, constitute promenades and pleasure-riding walks. Between four and six in the afternoon, these avenues are thronged with brilliant equipages and fashionable equestrians, which afford a stranger a good opportunity of seeing the notabilities of Paris. The Emperor and Empress frequently ride along these avenues in their pony-carriage, and on one occasion I

had the pleasure of seeing them. He appeared to be tall, and somewhat spare ; his bearing full of dignity and easy self-possession, with an unbending will stamped upon his face ; hair and whiskers of a lightish colour ; and although only about 49 years of age, he appeared to be much older. Numerous fountains are interspersed throughout the *Champs Elysées* ; some parts richly decorated with floral plots ; and among the trees are numbers of *petits cafés*, and gymnasiums for the amusement of children. It is, indeed, a favourite resort for Juvenile Paris and white capped nurses. Small carriages, drawn by goats, can be hired by the hour ; jugglers, mountebanks, and Punch-and-Judy shows, are also numerous. It is really a delightful retreat ; and as regards beauty and a place of sportive pleasure, it is a perfect terrestrial paradise, and worthy of being called the *Champs Elysées* or *Elysian Fields*. At the western extremity stands the *Triumphal Arch*. It was founded by Napoleon I. in 1806, completed in 1836, and cost \$2,000,000. Its total width 137 feet, depth 68, and height 152. On its walls are several imposing alto-reliefs, among which are the Departure of the French Army in 1792, and their triumph in 1810 ; a number of their noted battles are also represented. The interior contains several rooms, with stairways which give access to the top, from which a fine view of Paris may be obtained. Threading our return course along the Grand Avenue towards the *Tuilleries*, we made a transient visit to the Crystal Palace of 1855. It is an elegant and commodious edifice, and contains an exhibition of pictures by

French artists. We then directed our course to the *Louvre*. The hall we entered was the *Museum of Sculpture*, which contains a remarkable collection of ingenious works of some of the greatest sculptors. In this hall, Henry IV. celebrated his wedding with Margaret of Valois. One of the rooms contains some fine specimens of Assyrian sculpture from Nineveh, colossal sphinxes and other antiquities. We then entered the Picture Gallery. In this hall, Henry IV. died of the wound inflicted by Raisallac. One of the rooms contain the master-pieces of the French school. Another, the selected paintings of the best artists in Europe, &c. The *Conception of the Virgin* is a magnificent work, and cost \$150,000. The *Wedding of Cana* is a splendid picture, and measures 21 feet by 32. Among the numerous portraits I noticed that of *Queen Mary* of Scotland. The *Grand Gallery* is 1322 feet long by 42, and is richly decorated with paintings to the number of 15,000, and 500 prints. There are 15 *Museums* in all, and these comprise numerous apartments. Among the thousands of objects they contain, are numerous Egyptian vases and curiosities, Greek and Roman antiquities, ancient tapestry, ingenious specimens of glass and China productions, gems, ivories, enamels, old furniture, arms, munitions, ancient porcelain, and a magnificent collection of Etruscan, Greek, and Roman jewels. Among the gems are busts of the twelve *Cæsars* set in precious stones and mounted with silver. Among the "*Relics of the Sovereigns*" is a variety of armour worn by the Kings of France, a number of religious books which belonged to *Henry II.*, *Mary Stu-*

art, *Henry IV.*, *Louis XIV.*, &c.; a prayer book of "Charles the Bold," the cover of which is silver inlaid with precious stones. There are also the swords of *Henry IV.* and *Francis I.*, the crown, sword, and saddle used at the coronation of *Louis XVI.*, Sedan chair of *Louis XV.*, magnificent casket given by *Richelieu* to *Anne of Austria*, jewel box of *Mary Antoinette*, writing desk of *Louis Philippe*, also relics of *Napoleon I.*, among which are the full dress worn by him on occasions of ceremony, his saddle, sword, and gloves, uniform coat worn at the battle of *Marengo*, his sword when first consul, the boots worn by him in the campaign of 1815 and at *St. Helena*, pocket handkerchief he used when on his death-bed, also a locket containing a lock of *Napoleon's* hair, *the only real remaining vestige of the Great Warrior himself*. We spent three hours in these museums, but weeks could be occupied very interestingly therein. The remaining part of the afternoon we passed in the *Luxembourg*, and *Cluny* museums. The latter contains relics in the shape of glass, porcelain, statuary, carved wood, old arms and armour, ecclesiastical vestments, jewelry, &c., to the number of 3000 articles, illustrating the arts and manners of France during more than 1400 years. The edifice has in itself an ancient and interesting aspect; several of the royal family formerly resided therein, and in the chapel connected with it, the nuptials of *James V.* of Scotland to the princess *Magdalene of France*, were celebrated. In the evening we returned to the hotel, and after tea and a short rest, started out again, fully determined to make our

time interestingly pleasurable. In fact, it was almost impossible to stay within doors, either by night or day, and we had the pleasure of taking nearly all our meals in the open air in front of the hotel, not from a desire to be fashionable, but from a pleasant and agreeable sensation produced by the genial and invigorating air and the gait and liveliness everywhere around. This evening, in company with a number of our English friends, we proceeded to the *Mabile*, a sort of dancing concert. These are numerous in Paris, and thousands every night pass their evenings in such places. Persons wearing suspicious looking caps are not admitted, therefore I had some difficulty in getting in on account of having a *Canadian* hat, it not belonging to the species necessary to wear on such occasions. The interior was brilliantly lighted and decorated, the orchestra large. Dancing and singing by performers were the chief amusements. A number of beautiful young ladies in short dresses, and accompanied with gentlemen, went through the exercises with wonderful agility, occasionally leaping several feet high and throwing themselves into such fantastic positions that were sufficient to startle the eyes of a Canadian with astonishment. Not relishing such eccentric displays of gesture and evolution, we shortly afterwards left, and strolled along several of the principal *Boulevards* and then returned to our lodgings.

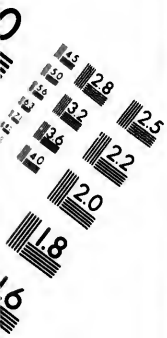
Next day we visited a number of other interesting places, among which was the *Gobelins*, a celebrated carpet and tapestry manufactory, supported by the government. The work is all done by hand, and re-

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quires considerable artistic skill. A single piece of tapestry frequently takes from two to six years in completing it, and costs from \$2,000 to \$8,000. The larger pieces require the labour of ten to twelve years, the material and workmanship averaging in value from \$25,000 to \$30,000. One of the largest carpets woven there, now in the gallery of the *Louvre*, measures 1300 feet in length. The *Gobelin* carpets in three of the rooms of the *Tuilleries* are said to have cost \$200,000. The delicacy and finish with which the finest paintings are imitated in the carpets and tapestry manufactured there are exceedingly beautiful. None of the productions are sold. They are either used in the decoration of the Imperial Palaces or presented to sovereigns or museums of other countries. We also made a short stay at the *Hotel Dieu*, the oldest hospital in France, founded in the 12th century. It contains upwards of 1000 beds, and receives annually 13,000 patients. Paris has numerous establishments of all kinds for the reception and relief of the young, the aged, the sick, and the impoverished; nor does the benevolence of the people deem the brute creation beneath notice, for there are asylums for dogs that are apparently homeless or lost; every stray dog on the streets is taken to this asylum, and if no person claims it before a stated time, it is sold; many of them are bought by butchers and converted into sausages, &c., for the poorer class. We visited, that day, the largest of the asylums, called the *Salpêtrière*. It comprises 45 different buildings, which cover nearly 80 acres of ground. It contained about 5000 in-





mates, all women, of whom 1500 were insane. Returning to the hotel in the evening, wearied and exhausted, we resolved to remain in-doors, and therefore retired early. During the next day we visited three of the principal cemeteries connected with the city. Paris is indeed remarkable for its burial places. They are generally decorated with tombstones, monuments, trees, flowers, and shrubbery, resembling magnificent gardens, and, on the whole, are resorts of considerable interest. The chief cemetery is the *Père-le-Chaise*. It comprises 200 acres, and within the present century over 200,000 bodies have been interred therein. It contains 15,000 tombs and 3000 monuments, many of which are of a magnificent character. It is a kind of park, intersected with beautiful walks, planted with shrubs and trees, and decorated with flowers of almost every variety. It is indeed a perfect *Elysium* for the dead, and should the thousands of bodies reposing therein be ever startled up into a rectified existence, they would very likely suppose themselves to be then in Paradise. Many highly distinguished persons lie there, among whom, is *Cuvier*, *Molière*, *Marshal Ney*, *Sydney Smith*, *Racine*, *LaFontaine*, and *Béranger*. *Mont Parnasse* cemetery occupies an area of 38 acres. From the name, a person might imagine it to be an *Elysium of the Muses*. Although not picturesque, it has some fine avenues, and comparatively few interestingly attractive monuments. *Mont Martre* cemetery comprises 31 acres, and presents a somewhat picturesque aspect; some very noted persons are in-

terred therein. Besides these, there are twelve minor cemeteries belonging to Paris; also, the CATACOMBS, which are immense subterranean depositories of the dead. They have been formed from exhausted quarries, from the material of which a great portion of the buildings of Paris have been constructed. They were appropriated in 1784 to the reception of the dead from the cemeteries of the *Innocents* and others, about to be converted into public purposes. The remains of no less than 3,000,000 persons have been deposited therein. The skulls and bones are built into the walls of the subterranean passages, with inscriptions stating the place whence they were removed. *It is indeed a perfect Golgotha*, and is impregnated with all the horrors and realities of death. It extends underneath a portion of the city; but no person is allowed to enter therein without a guide; otherwise, visitors might lose themselves forever among those labyrinths of the dead. Paris is famed both for the abundance and excellence of its dramatic entertainments; and there are few cities apparently where the dance has so many votaries. Desirous of seeing the Parisian style of the theatre, the Doctor and I that evening attended the *Lyrique*. The interior was gorgeously decorated, a magnificent sight even in itself. Not a single chandelier or gas-jet was visible. The ceiling was of ground glass, embellished with elegant arabesques. Above and unseen, were jets of gas arranged in a concentrated mass, which poured down through the crystallated ceiling, showers of softened and equalized light. The performance consisted of a lyric-

drama and ballets, which were admirably executed, with good taste and delicacy of expression. One good characteristic in French Theatres is, that no woman is allowed to enter the pit, which is too frequently occupied by many of the ruder orders of *masculines*. Notwithstanding the immense wickedness that prevails in Paris, there is no city probably in the world where the systems of society are better adjusted and protected, and where evil or the objects of foul temptation are less publicly exposed. Immense quantities of liquor are drunk, even in the open streets, by thousands of both sexes; nevertheless, there is no rudeness whatever to be seen, no mingled jargon of bacchanalians heard; and it is a rare thing to see an intoxicated man upon the street. In Paris, liquor is sipped, not swallowed as in London and elsewhere; sounds are harmonious, not hard and riotous; manners are highly polished, like reflecting mirrors; and dignity of self-respect in exterior aspect, and a desire to impress strangers with a favourable opinion of their city and its people, no doubt, has a great influence in modifying the whole. Paris is the seat of fashion, luxury and pleasure; it is characterized by a gracefulness of taste, a regularity and enforcement in system, and the polished manners of its people; all of which, exclusive of its internal corruption, make it externally a paragon of style, and a model of imitation to every nation in the world.



## CHAPTER IX.

Having seen a considerable portion of Paris we purposed visiting the EXHIBITION, and on Friday morning entered that monstrous, yet magnificent *Beehive* of the *World's Industry*. But before proceeding further, it is necessary to make a few preliminary remarks. Public exhibitions of this sort are first mentioned by Pliny, as having been held by the Romans during the reign of Nero. But in no age of the world have they attained such an extensive and magnificent character as during the present century. The *Universal Exhibition* of 1867 has, however, been designed on a scale far surpassing in magnitude and grandeur any of those that have preceded it, and constitutes one of the greatest and grandest representations of the *Art, Industry* and *Science* of the world. The buildings and surrounding enclosures occupy an area of nearly 100 acres, formerly the grounds known as the *Champs de Mars*, a place where Grand Military Reviews were usually held. It was there where the *Fete* of the *Federation* was celebrated in 1790, when Louis XVI. swore upon the altar of *Liberty*, in the presence of an immense multitude, to maintain the *New Constitution*, and there also, Napoleon held the famous gathering and military display after his return from Elba. The chief building of the exhibition covers an area of 40 acres. In exterior it resembles a huge oblong coliseum, and is chiefly composed of metal framework interfilled with glass. Although convenient, and in-

geniously designed throughout, externally it presents a massive rather than a magnificent appearance. It is surrounded by a park, studded with delightful gardens, scientifically laid out, containing a variety of exotic and other plants, and designed to unite the picturesque with the useful. In the park were also domestic animals of various species, implements and products of husbandry, &c., &c., displaying the triumphs of the agriculturist, with illustrations of the methods by which those results have been obtained. There were also models of improved houses, churches, furniture; houses and palaces illustrative of the manners, customs, &c., of the civilized nations of the EAST; among which were, mosque of the Sultan, temple of Mariette Bey, Russian village by Russian carpenters, a joint production of 150 different manufacturers; annexed were stabling and coach-houses containing horses and carriages of Russia. Also, restaurants of all the chief countries, illustrating the methods of cooking, dieting, and the various dishes and liquors peculiar to each country. Also, some very remarkable and admirable collections of articles from Egypt, India, &c.; besides, a thousand of other ancient and novel productions, &c., of an ingenious and marvellous character, and illustrative of the various characteristics of the different nations of the world. In the centre of the main BUILDING is an oblong uncovered space in the form of a garden, decorated with beautiful flower-beds, fountains, statues, &c. From this centre a number of wide passages radiate to the circumference of the building, like the spokes of a wheel; and these are intersected by others

in circular form, thus giving to each main division, with its different apartments, a sort of angular shape. By following the circular passages in succession, were to be seen on either side the contributions of the different countries; while along the diverging lines, were the varied products of each country separately. The classification of articles comprises 10 leading divisions. The works of art lie in the ring nearest the centre, and the illustration of the common arts occupy the outer belt. Around the latter runs an erected passage, or promenade, in form of a bridge, from which an excellent view is obtained of the workmen and machinery under and on both sides of it, employed in different kinds of manufacture. The machines requiring the use of fire are outside of the building; but the proximity of the Seine affords ample scope for hydraulic process, &c. There are 15 entrances to the grounds of the building, and 16 doors to the building itself. The French and English departments are by far the largest. The design throughout is ingenious and economical, as it combines convenience, regularity and accommodation in as small a space as possible, the only deficiency being in a lack of a prospective or comprehensive view. The outer circle of apartments of the building are appropriated to saloons and refreshment rooms, chiefly French, but some of them assume the character of those of other nations. As the doctor and I approached the building we were startled by a strange variety of instrumental sounds issuing from an upper chamber of one of those apartments, and on inquiry found it to be an *African Restaurant* and *Or-*

*chestra*. Desirous of seeing the interior and its contents, I persuaded the doctor to accompany me therein. The room was filled with gentlemen indulging in the African beverages, &c. On a raised dais was a band of African minstrels, of both sexes. The musical instruments were peculiarly singular and uncouth. The bass leader was forcing a loud harshly clanking noise out of an instrument which resembled something between a telescope and drum. The others were blowing away vociferously, thumping terrifically, and sweating profusely. The music, or rather the discordant notes, were occasionally accompanied by the wierd-like, grinding voices of the performers, the whole of which was startling and horrifying, and resembling the noise of a nail factory rather than that of an orchestra. On entering, a waiter came forward, conducted us to a seat, and then gabbled out something in the *Black Language*. "*Monsieur, parlez-vous Français?*" said the doctor. "*Oui, Monsieur,*" replied the waiter, and then asked us what sort of *drink* we preferred. "A glass of *water,*" replied the doctor. "Don't you *want* anything else," said the waiter smilingly. "*Oui, Monsieur,*" exclaimed the doctor. "I *want* you to stop the noise of those confounded *Black-guards* who are grinding out such an infernal noise."

The waiter smilingly replied, "If I should do so, we would lose our custom: those fellows are our "*sign boards.*"——"Yes, and your *colours,* too, I suppose," added the Doctor. Wishing to gratify my curiosity by tasting the liquor of Africa, I told the waiter to bring us two glasses of his best African liquor; he did so,

for which I paid the sum of 50 cents. On tasting, I was completely disappointed in finding it to be nothing better than *lager-beer*, of a very inferior sort. The Doctor after sipping a little of this, spilled it under the table, and laughingly exclaimed, "I think the African has given us only the essence of his shadow, and made you pay rather dear for the whistle." We then hastily made our exit from the Africans, who were in reality nothing more than Frenchmen in *sable colours*. Proceeding a few steps further, our attention was attracted by a sweet melodious voice; whereupon the Doctor peeped through a door-way that led into the apartment whence the music issued, and beckoned me to follow. We entered:—On a platform was a number of beautiful girls, one of whom was performing her part in a melo-dramatic piece, in true Circassian style. The interior was filled with ladies and gentlemen, sipping the liquors of Circassia, attended by pretty damsels as waiters. No sooner had we entered than one of them provided us with a seat, for which kindness the Doctor exclaimed, "*merci, mademoiselle,*" whereupon she spoke in French, and asked him what liquor he preferred to drink. The Doctor looked at her again, and with a bow of politeness, again exclaimed, "*O, merci, mademoiselle!*" She again, very politely, made the request. The gracefulness of her manner—the gentle sweetness of her voice—the sparkling lustre of her eyes—and the smiling of her fascinating features—acted like magic upon the Doctor's feelings, and he immediately ordered two glasses of the best Circassian

wine. In a few moments she returned with them. The Doctor pulling out his purse, inquired the amount. "*Quatre franc,*" she politely said. "*Quatre franc ; c'est beaucoup trop cher !*" he exclaimed—peering at her through his silver-spectacles, with astonishment. But the gentle sweetness of her honied tongue, encircled by the smiles of fascinating charms, were irresistible, and the Doctor, therewith, forked over 67 cents for the two glasses, which contained nothing better than raspberry-vinegar. I saw from the Doctor's countenance that he felt chagrined ; whereupon, I stared forcibly at him, and began to whistle. The Doctor returned the look ; and recollecting what he had said in the African apartment, exclaimed, "*Confound the impostors ; I have been whistled too,*" and therewith he started to his feet, and we hastily withdrew, determined *not to pay again so dear for our French whistles*. On entering the Exhibition our attention was attracted by the clanking and whirring of machinery, intermingled with the buzz of the ever-moving multitude. The eye was even more strikingly impressed by the varied and complicated scene around ; it was but a small portion of the whole ; nevertheless, it was startling to the fancy, and interestingly impressive and astonishing to the mind. We mounted the circular-bridge promenade, and slowly wended our way around the building. Machinery and operatives, on either side, were busily employed in the manufacture of a variety of articles, surrounded by the varied and innumerable products of the Common Arts ; while multitudes of people, of every size,



sex, colour, creed, and country, were bustling to and fro. *There*, might be seen the sable sons of Africa; the tawny tribes of Asia,—the intelligent European, and the ingenious American; diversified by their own peculiar costumes, customs and characteristics; yet all mingling together, under one roof, in one common brotherhood, as one great universal family of the world. We spent the remainder of that day interestingly, profitably, and at 6 p.m.,—the hour of general egress—we moved out with the moving throng, and retired to our lodgings. That evening we attended the *Cirque de l'Impératrice*, where a number of equestrian and gymnastic exercises, of a startling and astonishing character, were performed. Next morning we entered the Exhibition; but shortly afterwards the Doctor and I lost each other among the crowd. I continued, however, to make the best possible use of my time, but saw no person with whom I had been formerly acquainted. At length, becoming wearied with exercise, I went in search of the Canadian Department, in the hope of meeting some of my Canadian countrymen there, so as to rest awhile and have a familiar chat with them. I travelled through among the divisions of the British Colonies; but nowhere could I discover that of Canada. I then asked of several parties where the Canadian Department was; but of such a place, or such a country, no person appeared to have ever heard, or to be in the least acquainted with. In fact, I began to think that Canada was either *misrepresented*, or designated by some other cognomen, as “THE NEW DOMINION,—“THE COLONIAL KINGDOM,”—“LAUREN-

TIA." — "NORLAND," "COLONIA," "POKAIHASKA-KASKANOQUE." — "CANADENSIS-FRANCOIS," &c., &c. But neither of these names could I see, nor yet any other characteristic of Canada. At length after having narrowly scrutinized every division in the vicinity of the British Colonies, I incidentally came to a small, singularly-looking, contracted apartment, having two inlets. I was wonderstruck with its peculiarly barbarous-like exterior, and felt curious to know to what uncivilized tribe of Indians or Northern Asiatics it belonged; on either sides of the portals stood two wooden pillars, about 12 feet in height, in the form of trees, and having the bark on, surmounted by garlands of leaves, &c. Between these portals were a sort of framework, around which were placed stuffed animals, belonging apparently to Arctic climates. Among them I observed some frightful-looking specimens of *white owls*, having heads like *lynxes* and eyes as large as tea-cups—also, other eccentric-looking fowls, besides bats, beetles, and butterflies,—and a few specimens of fire-flies, horse-gnats, mosquitoes, &c., preserved in glass bottles! There were also some Northern species of wolves, catamounts, deer, foxes, beavers, &c., interlined with flying squirrels, chipmonks, skunks and ground-hogs, &c., and crowned on top with a monstrous grizzly bear, and otherwise embellished with deer-horns, skeletons of animals, &c.,—the whole of which had the appearance of a Labradoric managerie. Having viewed the exterior front I ventured to go inside, at the same time, using considerable precaution, lest some of the chiefs might fiercely prohibit my in-

gress, as very probably it constituted one of their private wigwams. I, however, entered, but saw no person within. I glanced over the interior, one part of which was devoted to Indian implements and weapons, among which I noticed *bark-canoes, bead-work, tomahawks, scalping knives, bows, arrows and quivers, wampoons, tatooing utensils and paints, stone-pipes, hickory-swords, skin-progers, blue-beech-brooms, birch-bark-parchment, wooden-pens, snow-shoes, and moccasins*, also, a variety of other domestic and warlike implements. Along the one side were a number of small bottles, on shelves, containing samples of cereals and other grains, &c. On the other, a large collection of geological specimens, amounting in weight to several tons. There were also packages of homespun cloths, of varied colours, teuks, sashes, coarse moccasins, wooden clogs, &c., and other products of the Common Arts; while at the furthest end, were specimens of different trees, bark, boughs, leaves, moss, &c., forming a sort of alcove, having a small aperture. I had nearly approximated this part, when all on a sudden my attention was arrested by something stirring among the bushes, I started back staring, no doubt, voraciously fearful. The idea struck me that I had aroused the lion-savage from his den, and that he would instantly pounce upon me,—and thereupon, I was ready to rush out of the apartment, when a person within the alcove poked out his head and stared at me with a sort of dreamy, bewildered aspect. We both stood and stared keenly at each other for several seconds without either of us attempting to budge a

muscle, I saw from his physiognomy that he had not the appearance of an Indian, but in some respects resembled a Frenchman. Mustering up sufficient fortitude I very politely bowed, and addressed him with—" *Bon jour, monsieur.*" "Salut, monsieur," he replied; and forthwith came out of his lair—and when he had stretched himself up to his full figure, he presented a somewhat respectable aspect. " *Monsieur, parlez vous Anglais,*" said I—" *O, oui, monsieur,*" said he, "Well," said I, "I hope you will excuse me the liberty I have taken in intruding upon your private apartment." " *Oh,*" said he, "it is a part of the Exhibition, and you are perfectly welcome, sir, and at liberty to examine all its contents." "To what tribe of Indians does it belong, sir," said I. " *To what ;*" said he, somewhat astonished; then shaking his head, he exclaimed—" *Je ne vous comprend pas.*" Thinking that he might understand me better in French I said—" *A quelle tribue de sauvages appartient-il,*" " *O, Monsieur,*"—he exclaimed, almost petrified with my interrogation—" *Ceci est le grand département de la Nouvelle Dominion du Canada.*" " *Is it possible that this is the Canadian Department,*" I exclaimed, staring at him, with bewildered amazement. " *Certainly it is, sir,*" said he—" *Look up there, sir,*" added he, pointing to a sort of *sign-board* above the alcove. I looked up, and there saw the word CANADA in insignificant letters, surrounded by maple leaves, and surmounted by the figure of a " *Beaver*" chewing at a *maple-branch*. "Then," said I, turning to him, "I suppose you are a Canadian." "I am a French

Canadian," said he, "and have charge of this Department." On telling him that I belonged to Lower Canada also, he was perfectly delighted; and we entered into a lively conversation, which continued until the signal-bell announced the retiring hour. I then wended my way out of the Exhibition; but not without reflecting upon the miserably-insignificant representation of my adopted country—a country which now stands in the foremost ranks of civilization and Christian development, and characterized by industry, commerce, agriculture, mineral resources, &c.,—and yet how barbarously represented through the bungling mismanagement of stupid officials. Under the name of CANADA, the North West, Hudson Bay territory, and Labrador, were profusely represented;—but not the *real* CANADA. Why should the exterior front of the department assume the character of the 17th century instead of the 19th. That of the former should have been placed in the shadows of the back-ground. Under the present aspect, Canada was altogether *mis-represented*; and like an affrighted child seemed crouching behind the forest shadows of the savage age, and figuring in the World's Exhibition as an insignificant, secluded part, comparatively beneath the notice of the passer by. Wearied with the exercise and excitement of the week, I retired early to repose that evening. Instead of 7 days in the city they appeared as 7 weeks. What a vast variety of objects had been crowded into that small space of time; it seemed as a microscopic miniature of a mammoth panorama.

Sabbath again dawned upon the Parisian Metropolis. The glorious sun again kindled the pellucid vapors beneath the azure sky, to warm and invigorate the salutary exhalations of the genial air. Somnus had again doffed his nocturnal mantle ; and the inmates of the great city soon bustled into busied life, to run another circle on the dial-plate of time. The Doctor and I, wishing to spend our Sabbath better than the previous one, attended Divine Service twice, and devoted the time to hearing, not seeing ; which proved effectually in bracing up our consciences that day, and producing pleasant dreams during the night. Monday and Tuesday were spent by us within the Exhibition. During the four days, I had walked through almost every nook and avenue of the interior ; but nevertheless how few of the thousands of articles I had glanced at, could I either remember or describe, comparatively but few indeed. I had visited the departments of every nation ; I had seen specimens of almost every sort of article in the world, also the most ingenious and elaborate production and workmanship of the manufacturer and the mechanic ; the beautiful and most magnificent representations of the inspiritory genius of the artist, and the most superior and naturally executed developments of the sculptor's chisel ; but in attempting to give either a general or minute description of the whole, or even a part, would prematurely end in a presumptuous failure. Instead of four days, four months might be profitably spent therein, and that too, without exhausting the vast material. There were over 42,000 exhibitors, the



most of whom contributed largely. Therefore, the articles were numbered, not by hundreds, but by hundreds of thousands. To glance only at every article separately would use up every moment of a life-time to accomplish the task. However, I only spent four days amidst the amazing labyrinths of that prodigious storehouse of the World's Industry, and jostling through the buzzing throngs of no less than 40,000 people daily; but they were four of the greatest, grandest and most comprehensive days of my existence, and comprised, as it were, a little lifetime even within themselves; the eye, the fancy, yea, the very soul were strained to the utmost capacity; self, for the time being, was entirely forgotten; and the very soul felt as if the spirit had protected itself into the attractive, exciting and bewildering scene. In point of magnitude, variety and magnificence, the *Universal Exhibition* of 1867, has indeed far exceeded the limits of my most sanguine anticipation. It has stamped its signet upon the *world* as one of the noblest prodigies of united civilization, and one of the intellectually magnificent wonders of the 19th century. *Through the Power of Divine Mercy, may it be the means of more effectually developing the varied and universal resources of the arts and sciences, familiarising the world, and peacefully uniting all nations into one common brotherhood, under the Apostolic standards of the Christian Church.*

Before leaving Paris, I was desirous of visiting a few of the many interesting places in the vicinity, and agreeably therewith, on Wednesday morning at six,

the Doctor and I started off with renewed vigour ; and after a walk of three miles, entered the *Bois de Boulogne*. This celebrated resort is connected with the *Champs Elysées* by three beautiful avenues, rendered delightful on either side by lovely gardens, mansions, &c., and forms the favourite riding ground of the fashionable nobility of Paris. The *Bois* was formerly a dense forest, a sort of "game-preserve" for the Kings of France. It is now intersected with spacious avenues and walks, and contains artificial lakes, grottos and grand cascades, &c., which render the whole exceedingly beautiful and picturesque. Leaving the *Bois*, we proceeded to *St. Cloud*, distinguished for its ancient palace, a favourite resort of Napoleon I., and now frequently visited by the present Emperor. Another attractive object is the Park, which is admirably laid out and affords views of delightful scenery on all sides. It contains an artificial, but very beautiful cascade ; also, a number of fountains, one of which throws up a column of water to a height of 140 feet. In connection with this place is a private park stocked with several hundred deer. Our next place, was the village of *Sevres*, noted for its manufactures of porcelain, which we also visited ; the whole process of making, drying, &c., was really remarkably interesting ; we also had a view of the *Museum* in connection with the *Works* ; it contained a varied collection of the products of the Ceramic art, of every age in the world. There were to be seen specimens of the uncouthly simple clay-pots of our *First Parents*, and from those, down to the finest and most elaborate porcelains of the *Pre-*

*sent Time.* Having visited one or two other places, we returned to our lodgings. On the following morning at 6 A.M., we mounted an omnibus and proceeded to *Versailles*, 15 miles distant. This place is chiefly noted for its magnificent palace, founded by Louis XIV., which continued to be a royal residence until the beginning of the Great Revolution. It received a number of improvements during the reign of Louis Philippe, and by him was converted into the depository of a historical museum. It measures upwards of 1400 feet in length, and presents a magnificent and imposing appearance. The interior is chiefly occupied with historical collections, consisting of five departments. The subjects of the paintings range from the Crusades to the last Italian war. The most interesting pictures represent incidents and events in the career of Napoleon I. The portraits and busts are almost wholly confined to men of war. It occupied several hours to walk through the various apartments, merely glancing at their contents; we then entered the gardens connected therewith. They are very extensive and exceedingly beautiful; the fountains are on a grander scale than any I had ever seen, and are numerous and varied in design. There are also numerous other attractive objects, such as lakes, artificial cascades, circular colonnades, &c., the whole of which render it a most beautiful resort. In the evening, we returned to the city by rail. As I intended leaving Paris on the following morning, I was desirous of getting another gas-light view of the metropolis, and, therefore, accompanied by the Doctor and other two

Englishmen, I had a walk that evening through the *Champs Elysées*, and some of the principal boulevards. Before taking my departure, I will close the present chapter with a few additional characteristics connected with Paris.

The buildings of Paris are chiefly composed of white limestone : their architecture, particularly of those of modern construction, is graceful and uniform, and as a whole, they present a cleanly and well-finished appearance. The shops are magnificent bazaars. Even those who do not care to penetrate into their interiors will find an inexhaustible fund of entertainment in the shop-windows, which are embellished with a gracefulness of taste and skill, and present an unparalleled array of all sorts of beautiful and brilliant objects. Scattered throughout the city are vast numbers of public gardens and squares. Trees, also, have been planted, fountains erected, the whole of which are designed to impart a hygienic and salutary freshness to the air, rendering it essential to the health of the citizens. The water supply is derived from Artesian wells and other sources : no less than 37,000,000 gallons, at an average, are used daily, only one-third of which is used for domestic purposes. One of the Artesian wells is 1800 feet deep ; another is 2200, and occupied over five years in completing it, costing \$200,000. The drainage of Paris has been effected on an extensive scale, there being over 200 miles of sewers under the city. The main collector is said to be 16 feet high, 18 wide and over 3 miles in length. These works are said to surpass the subterranean wonders of ancient Rome.

The commissariat arrangements of such a large and luxurious city as Paris, are necessarily very extensive. The daily consumption of food is computed to be 250 horned-cattle, 300 calves, 300 pigs and 1200 sheep, besides a vast quantity of poultry and game, &c. The Parisians yearly consume cheese to the value of \$50,000, fish to the amount of \$2,500,000, oysters \$400,000. The consumption of milk, butter, fruit, vegetables, &c., is also enormous. Sugar is largely consumed, but the French manufacture all their own sugar, principally out of beets. Coffee is more generally used than tea; wine is the principal drink, but beer and porter are now becoming fashionable beverages. Horse flesh, and even that of the ass, constitutes a favourite dish among epicures: there are 19 butcher shops in the city for the sale of horse-flesh, as an article of human food; the price of prime cuts average 20 cents per lb. In general the food of the Parisians is more flimsy and less solid than that used in Britain. The French are generally fond of soups and dainty tit-bits, whereas the true Englishman loves to diet upon something of a more tangible and substantial nature, something that will satisfy his appetite rather than please his fancy. There are numerous manufactories in and around Paris, but many of them are confined to the making of fashionable and fancy articles. No fewer than 150,000 persons are employed in making the miscellaneous trinkets, ornaments, &c., known as *articles de Paris*. In the manufacturing of the various articles of apparel, there are no fewer than 30,000 master manufacturers, and 1,200,000 operatives. Tailoring

appears to be the most important business, there being some 28,000 master tailors, and 26,000 clothing establishments in the city. But, be it remembered, that *Paris is the City of Fashion*. The omnibus system is in the hands of a single company, which maintain 600 carriages and 7000 horses. Seventy-seven millions of passengers are annually conveyed from point to point by these alone. Each vehicle contains 14 inside and 12 outside places. They run regularly between certain points, and answer a similar purpose as our Canadian city cars; the charge ranges from 3 to 5 cents, within the limits of the city. The cabs or *fiacres* number about 20,000, and are distributed over 80 stand-places. They consist of two classes—the *fiacres* or *voitures*—the latter are of a higher grade, and move at a greater rate of speed.

The motion of the *fiacres* is uniform, the horses trot gently along, which gives a sort of graceful bobbing to the carriage. These vehicles resemble the four wheeled covered carriages now publicly used in Canadian cities; but are decidedly of a superior order. No person can obtain licence as a cab-man until he furnishes certificates of character, and passes an examination in the art of driving and in the geography of the streets. Such a regulatory law would be very necessary to have introduced into the *Councils* of our *Canadian City-Fathers*. It would be a sort of preventive to danger, and a check upon the imposition of cab-men, and produce a better system of *fare-dealing*. The cabmen wear a sort of livery consisting of blue-frock-coat and pants, scarlet vest and glazed hat.



They are noted for their civility and honesty ; and never attempt to accost any person upon the street in soliciting passengers. They are bound to give to any passenger who requires it, a card with their number and scale of fares. There is no furious driving to be seen, nor clashing collision of carriages to be heard. The vehicles follow each other in a train, keeping the right hand side of the street. In looking along one of the principal *boulevards*, hundreds of these carriages may be seen at once ; the sight is indeed beautiful at gas-light. One evening I counted 130 of them that passed a given point during the space of five minutes ; at this rate over 1500 pass per hour. The streets of Paris, in general, are good ; the *boulevards* are indeed magnificent, they are crusted over with a hard cement, and are constantly kept clean, so much so, that they resemble the floors of palaces more than streets ; the cleanings are sold as manure, and realize annually the amount of \$120,000, towards the city revenue. The river Seine intersects Paris. It has a graceful and effeminate appearance, and seems rather to adorn the city than to be useful. Its total length is 470 miles, and average velocity 20 inches per second. Twenty-seven bridges of a magnificent character connect the two banks, in the vicinity of Paris, and nearly all of them are decorated with statues, monuments, &c. The *Port de Jena*, for instance, is adorned with sculptured wreathes and eagles. At each extremity are two colossal groups, representing a Greek, a Roman, a Gaul, and an Arab, each curbing a fiery steed. On each bank of the Seine, extends a range of extensive

quays, altogether comprising 12 miles in length, and being planted almost throughout with trees, they form a very agreeable promenade. On the river are to be seen a number of long, covered boats, in which from 200 to 300 women are daily employed in washing clothes, each one paying a small sum for the privilege. There are other boats, which contain bath-rooms and swimming saloons. Besides these, there are nearly 200 bathing places in the city.

The money of France is perfectly simple and convenient. The *franc* is the unit, and it is divided into 100 *centimes*; 10 centimes are equal to about one penny sterling. A uniform decimal system of weights and measures as well as of coins, also prevails. It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when a universal uniformity in these and in everything that will benefit mankind will be established among the civilized nations of the world.

The administration of Paris is like clock-work. The Prefect is the head of the Municipal Council, and is appointed by the Government; and he has control over all the public affairs of the city. In order to discharge his comprehensive mission he has under his orders 300 officials, 4000 commissaries, inspectors, *sergeants de ville*, and two legions of the French *Gendarmes*. The *Gendarmes* resemble the Irish constabulary, wear a military uniform and are armed with swords and guns; they number about 5,000. The *Sappeurs Pompiers*, 1,000 strong, form a very efficient Fire Brigade. A vast number of scavengers are also employed in keeping the streets clean,

so clean, indeed, are the streets in general, and so smooth in surface, that they resemble marble-floors rather than thoroughfares of travel; water carts are constantly to be seen keeping them cool and free of dust. The *Sergeants de ville* are similar to our Canadian city police; they wear cocked hats and rapiers, and in general are very civil and obliging, especially to strangers desirous of information. But in accosting either them or any other Parisian, it must be done with fashionable politeness, otherwise, they will turn silently away. The customary bow, accompanied with *Monsieur, s'il-vous-plait, &c.*, is indispensably necessary: *Politeness costs nothing and buys much in Paris.* I was frequently amused at the thoroughgoing and abrupt manner of some of my English companions at the hotel, during the first day or two after our arrival in Paris; but a change for the better gradually superseded it, and before I left, they had doffed the rustic garb of the old English style, and assumed the Parisian costume of fashionable politeness. I laughed heartily on hearing one of them denounce a comrade in very unfavorable terms, because that he had not endeavoured to rub off the jagged corners of his home-made rudeness. In fact, it is impossible to remain long in Paris without imitating to a certain degree the manners and customs of the people, who themselves are naturally polite in manner, graceful in action, and agreeable in disposition, without either a conceited dignity or affectation; but in order to meet with good success, it is necessary to be acquainted

with the French language, as comparatively but little English is spoken in Paris, or elsewhere in France. Notwithstanding the graceful character I have given to the Parisians, there are many defects, also, that are deserving of being condemned. The best side of Paris is to be seen in the exterior, which exhibits a sort of artificial policy, resembling a painted and a highly-polished material, while, perhaps, there is rottenness underneath. Paris, with all its immoralities, does not present any external indecencies, so frequently to be seen in British cities; nor is the appearance of poverty and wretchedness scarcely ever to be seen floating upon the surface of society. No prostitute, if known, is allowed to parade the streets, nor in any manner to expose herself, or even her rendezvous. Whatever may be the unseen licentious immorality of the city, the exterior presents no voluptuous fascination; and in this respect, *Paris is a model to every city and nation in the world.* The infidelic principal, however, prevails to a fearful extent. Its object is to stem the current of Christianity, and substitute it with a *Socinian Liberalism.* Pleasure is the order of the day; indulgence is the luxury of *fashionable life*, and the SABBATH is the *Grand Holiday* of the *Parisian world*, in which every avenue of pleasure is thronged with the gay votaries of Mammon; all are gaily, gracefulness and pleasure; but the charm of domestic happiness is, I fear, unknown in that magnificent metropolis. Its citizens appears to live, eat, and enjoy themselves in the streets, in the gardens, and other fashionable resorts. HOME is a *word* which has no

place in their language, neither does it seem to have a place in their hearts, nor in their household, or their domiciles. *Paris is their only and universal home. The social happiness and domestic comforts of the fireside are only a misnomer of FICTION; all these are sacrificed upon the altar of FASHION, to the GODDESS of PLEASURE, and PARIS is the great centre and circumference of their souls, the goal of their affections, and the ELYSIUM of their TERRESTRIAL EXISTENCE.*

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## CHAPTER X.

ON Friday morning, at an early hour, I parted with the Doctor and my other English friends, turned my face homeward, and bade adieu to the magnificent metropolis of France. After a few hours' ride on the Paris and Havre Railway, I arrived at the city of *Rouen*, and there made a stay of three hours. This place is situated on the river *Seine*, and is one of the most remarkable and picturesque cities in the north of France; in historical associations, in its magnificent buildings, and in its venerable aspect throughout, it is interestingly attractive. Its population numbers 150,000. It was formerly the old English capital of Normandy. The city is richly characterized by its Gothic work. The cathedral is of immense proportions, and is profusely decorated with elaborate workmanship. The church of *St. Owen* is also large, and very attractive. The interior is elegantly embellished. The *Palais de Justice*, a magnificent building, is

noted as being the place where *Joan of Arc*, in 1431, was tried; and on the square adjoining, she was burnt as a witch. Besides these, the city contains many interesting buildings, spacious boulevards, &c., and is rich in valuable relics, and the works of sculpture and architecture. Leaving *Rouen*, I proceeded by the evening train to *Havre*, situated on the estuary of the *Seine*. It is one of the most flourishing maritime towns, and regarded as the Liverpool of France. There is nothing of architectural interest connected with it. Its streets are, however, capacious, its inhabitants gay and bustling, and business and pleasure appear to be their general characteristics. On the following morning I took steamer, crossed the British Channel to Southampton, and again found myself upon English soil. Desirous of being in London that night, it being Saturday—I took the first train, and proceeded onwards, and arrived at my destination at a late hour. My object in thus hastening to London, was to embrace the opportunity of again hearing Spurgeon and Dr. Cumming; but I was disappointed in this, as the former had gone on a tour to Germany—the latter to Scotland; however, I had the pleasure of hearing their substitutes and entering their sacred and distinguished edifices. Early on Monday morning I left the Metropolis and proceeded by the London and Liverpool Railway as far as Rugby—a town situated upon the Avon, and noted for the excellence of its Grammar School, where “Tom Brown” has been made to figure as the hero of a tale. By another line of railway I proceeded to Stratford upon the Avon,



noted as being the birth-place, and for some time, the residence of SHAKESPEARE. The town is pleasantly situated, and contains many mementoes of the great author. In the old English Cathedral, a venerable looking place, are busts of Shakespeare, his wife and daughter. In the Town Hall are also a portrait and statue of him. The house in which he was born is still extant. It was purchased by the government to be preserved as a memorial. There are a number of other interesting objects connected with Stratford, but space forbids a description. I may, however, mention, that the country through which I passed, was remarkably beautiful, but not romantic as in Scotland. The surface was comparatively level, consisting of extensive and finely cultivated fields and verdant lawns, decorated with trees, intersected by gentle streams, and studded with the stately mansions of the nobility, with, here and there, an industrious village, characterized by an antique appearance, rather than architectural and domestic display. Leaving Stratford I proceeded to Birmingham, passing through a beautiful line of country, and several noted towns and villages. This town is noted for its coal and iron mines, its extensive iron works, and the various railways and canals which communicate with all parts of the kingdom. All sorts of metal-ware, from a steam-engine down to a pin, are manufactured there. During the stay of a few hours in the town, I made a transient visit to two or three of the manufactories, and was wonderfully impressed with their magnitude, complicated machinery, &c., and the varied processes of operation. I

remained at Birmingham until the following day, and thence started for Liverpool, remaining, however, a couple of hours on the way, at the town of Warrington, situated on the river Mersey. It contains a number of formidable edifices, and is noted for its iron manufactories. In approaching the great manufacturing towns of England, the eye is wonderfully impressed by the numerous lofty columns of furnaces, that are everywhere around to be seen towering up like monuments, and belching out fire and smoke like volcanic monsters, enveloping the air with masses of carbonic vapour. England is indeed a delightful country. It is not only rich in commerce and agriculture; but it is formidably great in the industry of manufacture. Though comparatively small in geographical extent, England, as a nation, is wonderfully great. Wealth is the solidity of its metal basis; education is the architectural design; commerce and manufacture form the cement; the products of the labourer and mechanic are the constituent parts; while the luxurious lives of the nobility and aristocracy are only the sculptured embellishments that cluster around it, giving an attractive magnificence to the exterior, yet, independent of their intrinsic beauty, are wholly dependent for their support upon the massive and substantial edifice. I arrived at Liverpool in the evening, and procured lodging. On entering the hotel I was somewhat startled by a gentleman addressing me by name. I recognized him to be an acquaintance of mine, belonging to St. Andrews, Ottawa, P.O. I was perfectly delighted with the interview, and with him spent the evening very pleasantly. He had also

newly arrived, and purposed leaving for home by the first Canadian Steamer. A considerable portion of the next day was passed in strolling around the city with my friend. Liverpool, though not attractively beautiful, is indeed commercially great; it is the second city in importance in the Kingdom, and contains a population of nearly 500,000. It comprises many splendid edifices, among which, is St. George's Hall,—a massive and somewhat elegant building, in the Grecian style, 480 feet in length, and surrounded by Corinthian pillars of magnificent proportions. One of the most striking objects to be seen in connection with Liverpool is the immensity of its docks, lined with innumerable ships from every part of the world, and extending a distance of about seven miles; thus giving to the city a commercial and business-like aspect. But the most startling and impressive feature of the whole, is the immense number of prostitutes to be seen on the streets, especially at night. On walking down to the Post Office that evening with my friend, I was somewhat astonished to see so vast a number of young women—arm in arm, and otherwise, sauntering about, and intermingling with throngs of seamen. Turning to my friend, I said, "I think the young ladies of Liverpool have a great taste for promenading at gas-light." Looking at me abruptly, he exclaimed—"Ladies, did you say? Let me tell you, sir, that there is not a lady among them all. No lady walks these streets at night—*every woman you see, sir, is a prostitute.*" "Possible! possible!" exclaimed I, startled with the assertion. "I assure you, sir, it is so," said he, and

in order to convince me, he stepped forward to a policeman, and after a few preliminary remarks referred the matter to him; who very civilly corroborated the assertion. "Indeed, gentlemen! I am sorry to think that such is the case," continued he;—"and from good authority I have been informed that there are no less than *thirty thousand prostitutes in Liverpool.*" Returning to the hotel we seated ourselves upon the verandah in front; and for sometime, eyed the passing and intermingling throngs, among which were many of *those poor unfortunates*; some of whom were apparently beautiful—and their ages ranging from 25 down to *twelve years*. I was indeed sorry to see girls of such tender years headed and hurried onward to early ruin by others older and more experienced in sin. I felt grieved to see many a graceful looking woman lugged past—leaning on the arm of some foul-mouthed, half-intoxicated monster of iniquity. As the evening hours rolled away, and the fumes of repeated drinks stimulated their immoral nature, the glaring immodesty of them, upon the street, became disgusting in the extreme, so much so, that gentlemen were insulted and besieged by them,—and that too, daringly in the presence of watchmen.—Alas! how many parents that very night may have been lamenting over their fallen daughters;—yes, daughters, who might, otherwise, have graced the domicile of a loving husband, and become as ornaments to the best society. Paris, with all its immoralities, presents no sights as those of Liverpool; no prostitute is there allowed to parade the streets! nor any indecency whatever to be

exposed ; why then should not the laws of Britain, of which we boast so much, be not as stringent in this respect, as those of the less religious country of France, *Boast not of thy greatness, as a nation, oh England, whilst so foul a blot disfigures thy fair countenance ;* thy legislators may be noble and thy ecclesiastics distinguished ; thy Christian charity and benevolence may be wafted upon the winds of every climate ; but while thy laws are so ineffectual in the suppression of such glaring immorality, *thou cans't not be spiritually great in the sight of God ;* instead of sending missionaries and millions to convert the heathen, and make them even more savage and less happy than they were, better to appropriate the means towards the moralizing and enlightening of those who are under the light of the Gospel, and yet remain within the shadow of immoral darkness ; keeping in remembrance that it will be even more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrah in the *Day of Judgment*, than it will be for you.

On the following day, in company with my Canadian friend, I embarked on the S.S. Peruvian of the *Allan Line*. Among the number who were bustling on board, I noticed some of my old companions by the Moravian. Our mutual recognition effected a happy interview. At length, everything having been adjusted, the motive power was applied to the vessel ; and we departed on our voyage ; two steamers, laden with troops for the Abyssinian campaign, were also leaving at the same time. Night passed away pleasantly. Next morning we were skirting the Northern coast of

Ireland ; and on our course had a view of the *Giant's Causeway*. About noon we entered Loch Foyle ; and were met by the Londonderry "tender," from which were received the English Mails and 200 passengers. The direction of the steamer was then reversed, and ere long, she was coursing over the tidal surface of the ocean. My intention had been to disembark at Loch Foyle, and take a week's tour through other parts of Ireland ; especially to see the capital : but my acquaintances on board persuaded me to accompany them. Perchance I was fortunate in doing so, as very probably I might have been considered as great a Fenian as Herod's wife, who had a "head sent her" ; perhaps, captured as an American Hibernian, and made to suffer the hempen extremity of the law, by being suspended, like the *Habeas Corpus*, upon a Haman-gallows ; or, otherwise, shipped off to *Botany-Bay*, to study the royal science of the shamrock as a penalty for my *verdant* proclivities. Among the persons who came on board at Loch Foyle was a gentleman from Beauharnois—an acquaintance of mine ; also, a number of other Canadians. But the majority of the passengers were emigrants, chiefly young men and women, of a somewhat respectable exterior, in general, and exceedingly lively and humorous ; there being several musicians among them, they all resorted to the upper deck that evening, and commenced dancing, singing, &c., which they continued to a late hour. Before morning the atmosphere became convulsive ; and a stiff gale started up the billows of the deep, causing the vessel to rock terrifically, and arousing up

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many from their slumbers to recognize the stern realities of the ocean ; but more especially, to feel the disagreeable commotions of a squall within themselves— Two young men in the steerage wishing to be in the vicinity of good ventilation, had suspended themselves in hammocks under the ventilatory tube ; and while thus snugly embedded, a tremendous swell came rolling over the ship, and a portion of the water rushed down the tube with tremendous force, struck forcibly against the hammock, and prostrated all to the floor. Such an unexpected event startled the bewildered sleepers into wild uproar. Imagining themselves to be washed overboard, they roared vociferously, at the same time endeavouring to extricate themselves from their hammocks, yet clutching hold firmly to each other like drowning maniacs. Down came the steward, followed by three seamen, to ascertain the matter. Others, believing the vessel to have sprung a leak, jumped wildly from their couches, and rushed forward also ; but by the light of a lamp they soon discovered the poor fellows trembling in their drenched garments, more frightened than hurt, yet appearing like the ghostly images of death. A tumbler of peppered brandy to each, soon set them to rights again, and the farce was concluded by a flourish of uproarious exclamations and laughter. Before morning, sea-sickness had become so general that only a few were enabled to take breakfast. Like the magician's wand, it was performing wonders and playing its fantastic tricks. Instead of the harp, timbrel and dance, were to be heard the sepulchral groans and the guttural bag-pipes of qualm-

ish and convulsive stomachs ; while, from the amount of lava everywhere to be seen, a stranger might infer that a hundred volcañoes had burst open at once, and that Vesuvius was doing homage to Neptune. During the rest of the day the restless sea continued to threaten danger, still, the gallant ship wrestled with, and withstood the gigantic billows, but the malady remained unabated. The scenes of the steerage, although sufficient to excite sympathy, were in some cases of an amusing character. In a corner might be seen two or three individuals keeled up into fantastic shapes ; others, here and there, straining their internal machinery with spasmodic energy and effort, to get ease,—at the same time, looking as if affected with the *horrors of "evil spirits ;"* while from almost every pallet and hammock might be heard the convulsive struggles of human nature in endeavouring to regulate its internal disorder. A peep from the hatchway down into the Ladies-Hall was even more attractive and characteristic, a description of which, would, perhaps, be too effective to weak nerves. I will, however, furnish a couple of specimens and leave my readers to their own suggestions. In one corner of the Ladies-Hall, on a mattress, an old Scotchwoman lay stretched out, apparently suffering more from the apprehension of death than real sickness ; whilst her daughter, also ill, was striving to render her assistance. The old woman turning up the white of her large blue eyes, with a most piteous expression of countenance ejaculated—" Weel, weel, Jenny lass, has it come tae this at last, after I hae spent a' the best o' my days in

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Bonnie Scotland; that I'm gaun tae dee by myself, awa' frae a' my friens an acquaintances; and be whummel'd into the sea, an' nae get a decent burial after a'. *Oh, that I had stayed in Scotland; But Jenny lass, will ye no tak me back again, an bury me aside my auld man in my ain kirkyaird, oh whow me, but I'm deeing.*" "Oh, mither, mither! you maunna dee yet," ejaculated Jenny, the tears starting from her eyes.

"Weel, weel, send post haste for brither Tammas; will ye no, Jenny."

"Oh, mither, I canna gang for uncle Tam; he's no here, ye ken, mither."

"Weel, weel, send for doctor Tamson then, an' tell him tae bring some o' his best colic poothers along wi' him."

"Oh mither, ye ken Dr. Tamson's nae here, an' I canna lowp owre the sea tae Scotland for him; but is there naething else I can do for ye', mither."

"A-weel, a-weel, a-weel, my bairn; haste ye for Willie Baillie, the Kirk Minister, as fast as ye can; an' tell him tae be sure an fetch his muckle bible along wi' him—for as sure as daith I'm gaun tae dee;—*oh whow, mercy me, but it was a black wind that blawed me owre this gaet.* If this is Canada, I've got enough o' it already; but if Providence preserve me till I get hame again tae Scotland, I'll warrant ye, its naither gear, nor guids, nor friens in Canada, that will ever tempt me tae traivel again. Mercy, mercy me, Jenny, will ye no fetch the Minister; or Ill dee afore he comes."

“ Oh mither, ye ken the Minister’s nae here aither,” exclaim’d Jenny sobbingly, “ but, mither, is thare naething else that I can do for ye ? *Will I no mak ye a guid kit o porritch, it’ll saften yer stammeck.*” The word *porritch* at one time may have produced an agreeable sensation upon her feelings, but on this occasion it had rather a too powerful influence upon her sensibilities ; for no sooner had the word been uttered, than another revolution took place within the stomach of the poor old woman, and the pump-works were again set in motion. In another corner was an old Irishman, on his knees, stooping over his wife and two daughters, who were lying stretched out on the floor like bales of cotton.

“ Arrah, Paddy, but I’m a dying, shure,” exclaimed the old woman, “ faith, an’ I feel the gripes already as if it wur laiches crawlin’ hither and tither over my heart, an’ they’ll be afther sucking ivry haporth o’ blood out of my body, shure, och’ ahone ! ahone !”

“ Arrah, Bidy, dont ye be afther foolin yer soul,” exclaimed Paddy, “ faith, an’tis only a bit of a cowl ye’ve got ; or, may be, ’tis the sae thats too strong for ye.”

“ Arrah, man, wont ye have pity upon me poor sowl, an’ be after givin me a bit of a prayer afore I die, och, musha, mavoorneen, culeenah.”

“ Oh ! father, wont ye assist mother, or, faith, an she’ll die afore ye commence,” cried one of the daughters affectedly.

“ Troth, an I will, me darlin,” exclaimed Paddy, drawing out a bottle of whiskey. “ Arrah, woman, look

ye here ; tis a drap o the crathur I've brought ye : up wid ye, Bidy, an' taisht it, an' faith an' it will be afther driving the *sae divils* out of ye ; bedad, an' it will."

At this moment she uncovered her day-lights ; and eying the bottle, stretched forth her hand, exclaiming with apparent joy : " Arrah, Paddy, may the Lord bless ye, ivery inch of ye, shure ; and may ye never be widout a sup o' the craithur, to relaise me gripes, an' be afther giving my poor sowl a bit of a lift ; Be-gorrah, here's good to ivry one of ye, my children, an' may it be the will of Pravadence that I may live to see ivry one of ye snugly interred be me side in the owld grave-yard ; an' here's luck to ye, Paddy, an' may ye never die as long a bit of yer sowl remains wid-in ye." Scarcely had she put the bottle to her lips when a tremendous wave struck the vessel and sent it keeling to the other side, causing every portable article within to fly leeward in a jiffey. Away went Paddy, heels over head, to the other side of the hall, followed by Bidy and family, bottle, bed-clothes and all ; also, a number of others, among whom were the old Scotchwoman and Jenny, all went keeling upwards and over, into one confused mass. When order had been partly restored the voice of poor Bidy was heard exclaiming, " Bedad, Paddy ; but the bottle is broken, shure ; an ivry drap o' the whishey is sphilt ; but wont ye git me another sup o' the craithur afore I die ! Och ! Musha, me-sowl, ahone ; arrah, Paddy, be quick wid ye ; Och, Musha, ahone ! I'm dying, shure ! an' faith an' I feel me sowl attimpting agin to come owd o' me ; bedad an' tish coming ; arrah, Paddy, I'm

dying, *och, och, &c.*," and with that, it went splatter, dash; but I will now draw the veil of silence over the distressing scene, and leave my readers to guess in what shape and embodiment the soul of poor Biddy came out; I have the pleasure, however, in stating, that before two days she became perfectly resuscitated, and this she attributed to the timely assistance of Paddy's *spiritual* administration in pouring down a new *spirit* within her, to re-animate and preserve her soul. The following day was calm; and the weather continued so during the remainder of the voyage. Music and dancing were resumed; and the sufferings of sea-sickness appeared to be entirely forgotten. By a sort of congenial influence arising from a similarity of characteristics, the Canadians, including a few others, formed a society by themselves, and took no part in the noisy and wild revelry; but rather considered it out of place. They, however, occasionally relieved the tedium of the hours by conversation, and discussing important subjects. On the Sabbath previous to our leaving the vessel, the REV. DR. WILKES OF MONTREAL, also a passenger, preached in the cabin and also in the steerage. His discourses were really appropriate, and of an excellent character throughout; they were touching, heart-searching and spiritually affecting. Should I ever be induced to cross the Atlantic again, I would be most happy to have *Dr. Wilkes* on board as my spiritual adviser. On the Sabbath evening, a number of the ruder passengers clustered together upon the upper deck, and made themselves happy, by singing songs, many of which



were of a very vulgar and licentious nature. No officer of the vessel attempted to check the proceedings, which were continued to a late hour, even during the very time that the captain was on watch. He cannot be too severely condemned for having allowed such a disgraceful outrage upon the Sabbath, that day which the Lord has sanctified by his own holiness. It was, indeed, shocking to the feelings of every Christian worshipper on board, and an insult upon the decencies of morality.....

Before leaving the steamer, I consider it necessary to make a few remarks in connection with the regulation and diet on board. The *steamers* of this *line* accommodate only two classes of passengers—"cabin," and "steerage"—the difference in passage fare averages between \$50 and \$65. Every person who takes steerage must, before going on board, provide himself with bedding, diet and toilet articles, &c.; as all that is furnished him is cooked food, water, and a place to sleep in; whereas the *cabinites* are provided with every article of luxury, convenience, comfort and accommodation, which, under the present circumstances, are necessary to satisfy their appetite, taste or fancy. The food given to the steerage passengers is chiefly of the coarsest sort, and as coarsely served out, but apparently wholesome, and suitable enough to those who are blessed with iron nerves in their stomachs. There are persons, however, who after having witnessed, or, perhaps, felt the effects of sea-sickness, turn away with loathsome disgust from the presence of such food, espe-

cially when it is served out in the very apartment adjoining the berths; and where some of the most disgusting scenes of sea-sickness have taken place; some eating out of dishes they appropriated to several purposes, of the most disgusting character. And besides all this, surrounded, perhaps, with from 200 to 300 noisy, disorderly emigrants, who generally eat both before and after an attack of sea-sickness, as if they were determined to get the worth of their money. Few Canadians, if any, are enabled to endure their condition under such circumstances longer than one day, or perhaps, one meal; therefore, they must have recourse to other means. By slipping a few dollars into the steward's hand a person may procure something that he can eat; or, perhaps, some of the under stewards, or other mercenaries of the vessel, watch such opportunities, and present a bait by way of offering to furnish to the person what he may require, for a certain amount. By such means many are thus enabled to outlive the voyage. But all this must be done secretly, so much so that any person of an independent spirit *feels as if he were stealing the stolen pittance*, although he may have paid ten times its real value; therefore, in this way, a sort of dishonest speculation is carried on, and although it may be considered *fraud* in one sense, it is in another, *a necessary evil*. The donor considers it a great service, the receiver, a great favour, and although it is bestowed through dishonest selfishness of spirit, it may be considered as a blessing to supply the sick and hungry, the drooping mother, the aged and enfeebled woman,

and perhaps, many a suffering child, with a cup of tea and other refreshing cordials ; in this sense, it is much better to relieve poor suffering humanity, by bestowing upon it the gleanings and fragments of the cabin, instead of throwing them into the ocean, which is too frequently the case. It would be a much better system, and one from which the proprietors would derive greater benefit, and the steerage passengers, if they desired, could enjoy a greater amount of comfort, if our Canadian Steamer Companies would adopt that of the London Company, spoken of in a previous chapter. Why not have a special apartment, apart from the steerage, to those who may desire to be better accommodated with meals, and let the charge be proportionable with what is ordered. In justice to the Allan Line, I must say that the officers and seamen in charge of the vessel were, in general, very attentive to their respective duties as navigators, and notwithstanding the recollection of the casualties of this line of steamers, a person inclines to feel himself in safety within such a noble vessel as the *Peruvian* or the *Moravian*, under such careful and experienced officers. Although considerable inconvenience, and a lack of proper accommodation and comfort may be felt by some persons in the steerage ; nevertheless, this line of vessels is said to be preferable, even in this respect, to the New York or Boston Lines of Atlantic steamers.

Be this as it may, it is well known, however, that during the last few years, the *Messrs Allan*, not-

withstanding their immense losses, inconveniences and opposition, have worked faithfully and industriously in the promotion and maintenance of a Trans-Atlantic Steam communication ; and, therefore, cannot be too highly commended for what they have accomplished through their indefatigable energies and labour ; and the great benefit they have, in this manner, conferred upon Canada. By way of conclusion to the voyage, I may here state that nothing of a very eventful nature occurred during the passage. On the 12th day after our departure from Liverpool, we were all landed safely upon *terra firma*, at the port of Quebec, from which place each and all of us proceeded onwards to our respective destinations.

In conclusion, I consider it necessary to make a few additional remarks, by way of contrast between Canada and the British Isles. Unbiassed by any prejudice whatever, I will, therefore, give my candid opinions, deduced from my own experience and other sources of information. From my earlier years I had fostered an antipathy against Canada, arising in part, no doubt, from the unfortunate circumstances to which I had been occasionally subjected, during which time I had also cherished an ardent desire to procure a permanent residence in my native land. My mind had been early imbued with a love for the romantic legends and historical associations of OLD SCOTLAND. In fancy I had travelled its delightful vales and sequestered glens—the Elysian gardens of the goddess of poesy—I had revelled upon the gowany banks of its silvery

streams, made musical with the voice of song, I had basked amid the verdancy of its sunny braes, and clambered upon its heathery hills,—the Parnassian Temples of Apollo. I had visited its gothic temples, its ancient castles, and its battle-fields ; yes,—and I had conjured up the patriotic spirit of a BRUCE and WALLACE ;—the poetical inspiration of a BURNS and SCOTT, and others of the eminent sons of Scottish *Literature* and *Religion* ; but above all, *Scotland was the land of my forefathers, and the birth-place of my own existence.* No wonder then that my fancy delighted to revel among the charms of that hallowed ground,—to call up a thousand historical associations connected therewith, and to long with anticipation, to enjoy the fancied realities, in preference to the rugged characteristics of the *back-woods of Canada*, that rudely cultivated country, with its ungenial climate, and destitute of any associations of what I considered to be of a truly noble or congenial character. With such fostered feelings and prejudices as those did I leave Canada on my recent tour, with the anticipation also, of eventually making a permanent residence in my native country. But anticipations are but seldom faithfully realized ; nor were mine in this case ; for when I had come in actual contact with the tangible realities of the country, I felt in a sense, disappointed ; and found that I had only been revelling among the enchanted beauties of imagination. A gradual reversion of feeling took place ;—and although I had gone to Scotland, as a *Scotchman*, I returned to

Canada, a *confirmed Canadian*. I must, however, say that the scenery of the British Isles, particularly that of Scotland is infinitely beautiful, varied, and picturesque ; and in symmetry of form, and the architectural display of nature's varied designs, it is decidedly superior to that of Canada. But I saw but little of that sunny radiance, and that sweetness of Elysian loveliness, so frequently described in the pastoral poetry of those countries. The air, particularly that of the more northern parts, appeared to be continually impregnated with vapour so cold at times as to be exceedingly disagreeable, and so dense, even when the clouds had partially disappeared, as to render a dusky hue to the sun-light, and give to the surrounding scenery a comparatively bleak and melancholy appearance, notwithstanding the architectural beauty and embellishments. I saw none of those golden hues of our Canadian summer suns,—and but little of that genial, health-invigorating warmth of autumn ; nor the pellucid radiance of the azure skies peculiar to this country. Travel along the high-ways—exceedingly beautiful in themselves—and they appear to be made only for pursuifed dignitaries to ride on. A splendid carriage, mounted by monkey-fied mercenaries, and containing, perhaps, a nobleman, or other specimens of aristocracy—are the vehicles chiefly to be met with. From the comparatively few houses to be seen, with the exception of towns and villages, the country, in general, has a deserted look ; and presents a dulness and even a deadness of aspect. Not



so in Canada. *Here*, the roads, although generally imperfect, are extensive arteries of travel, made lively and life-like by the numerous farm houses on either side; *here*, the land is divided into innumerable parts, and personally occupied by the proprietors, who are themselves agriculturists, and form the majority of the population, while in Britain, the land is held by comparatively a few, who monopolize the soil, and, like Egyptian princes, indulge in all the luxury of aristocratic life,—living upon the toils of the poor unfortunate laborer, and like leeches, clustering around his heart, sucking the very life-blood of his existence. Farm servants in Britain are in general used by their lordly masters as if inferior to the cattle; and, apparently, considered as being very little superior to such, even in the scale of humanity. Day after day is with them a continued *round* of toil—and for which they are but very indifferently paid. They know but little of the world, and even of their own locality, from experience,—“*work*” “*work*,” is the emphatic *watch-word* of their superior officer or agent. In Scotland, and in parts of England, servants are engaged semi-yearly at “*hiring markets*,” and on these occasions hundreds of men and women flock thither, to await an opportunity of being hired, or in other words,—“*to be sold as white slaves to tyrannizing and autocratic slave-holders.*” Poor, unfortunate people that they are; I pity their condition; and so would every true Canadian who has a spark of sympathy and liberality within his bosom. *Talk not of negro-slavery with reproach, O ye Britons,*

while so many of thine own people are still in the "HOUSE OF BONDAGE." There are Pharaohs in the land who rule with a rod of iron over the Hebrews of the soil. Not only in this, but in every other phase of life, the tyranny of Britain's nobles over the working classes is deeply engraven on the soul of struggling humanity. But such things are not destined to perpetual existence. The seeds of dissatisfaction have been sown within the hearts of thousands, and are now becoming visible upon the surface. The discovery of this continent was a fortunate event in the *World's History*;—a favourable disposition of Providence, in opening up, as it were, an asylum for the surplus population of Europe;—an asylum of which *we, as Canadians or Americans*, may feel proud, as well as every British emigrant who becomes an inhabitant of our country. Although proud of the land of our forefathers, we should also feel proud of the land of *our adopted country, and our condition as a people*. Universally we have domestic comforts and conveniences, and national liberties and rights, which many of the inhabitants of European nations are denied. Unfettered by the trammels of ecclesiastical Hierarchies, we are at liberty to worship God in the manner we may think fit, and that too, independently of the tyranny of *state*, to compel us to support any church foreign to our own. We have also constitutional rights, as freeholders of the soil, which neither state, tyranny, nor *Hereditary titles* can deprive us of. We have innumerable resources, ample scope, and natural and

artificial facilities, for the development and improvement of our condition as a nation. Nor are these alone confined to the wealthy or monopolized by the nobility. The *field of enterprise* is open to every person, irrespective of creed or country. Independent of our own industry and labour, we are also indebted to our American brethren for our present position. They have shown us an unparalleled example in progress and development; and we have copied largely from them. They have given us a market for our surplus products; and besides, they have infused a spirit of enterprise within us, and introduced their mechanical ingenuity and implements into our midst. Though divided from each other by the natural *Line of demarcation*, and separately characterized by our respective Governments; let us, however, endeavour to draw more closely to each other, in friendship and congenial feelings; and cherish the principles of *Justice, Honesty* and *Charity*, not forgetting to keep in mind, *that an honest principle, a mutual, amicable, peace-loving spirit, are the most substantial fortifications of neighbouring nations.* They have constituted for themselves a powerful and extensive *Commonwealth*, and we are now forming the nucleus of a *Confederate Dominion*. A *Confederation*, I fear, if not re-adjusted and based upon more economical and universal principles, will prematurely fall to pieces like the *deified image* of the *Babylonish King*. Let us, however, endeavour, agreeably and unitedly, to exert our energies in the further promotion of our welfare; and if we are not subjected

to the fate of *Pharaoh's lean cows*, perchance we may yet rear a BABEL in our midst, and make unto ourselves a *Great Nation*.

What makes a country rich, a nation great ?  
 Good laws and liberty from Church and State,  
 Abundant harvest, and prolific soil,  
 Industrious people—all inclined to toil ;  
 Trade, commerce, education, peace and labour,  
 With every nation as a friendly neighbour ;  
 All these contribute to fill up their places,  
 But *Gold* supports the whole, and forms the basis.

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Nearly eleven years ago, when I issued my first publication, *The Woodland Warbler*, a favourable notice of that work appeared in the NEW ERA, of which *Thomas D'Arcy McGee* was editor and proprietor. Since that period I have had several interviews with him ; and on each occasion he spoke encouragingly of my literary pursuits, and even offered to assist me by his influence, if required,—a kindness on his part which, unfortunately, I never embraced. Now that he has passed away suddenly from our midst, I cannot let the present opportunity pass without giving expression to my feelings. Therefore, in obedience to the impulse of gratitude, and from a high appreciation of his great literary attainments, and out of a deep respect to him as a congenial spirit, I

have written the following verses as a tribute to his memory :—

*IN MEMORIAM.*

HON. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE,

DIED APRIL 7TH, 1868.

*The treacherous ruffian, like a savage foe,  
Stole unperceived, and dealt the fatal blow ;  
The Martyr fell, his life was sacrificed,  
And with his blood OUR UNION was baptized.*

Our friend has fallen—and our nation mourns,  
Its spirit droops with universal woe ;  
Whilst in its bosom indignation burns,  
And flames with vengeance 'gainst his murd'rous foe.

When a fond parent dies his household grieves,  
So do we mourn our friend's untimely doom ;  
Or, when the sun departs, the earth receives  
The mournful impress of a death-like gloom.

Closed are those eyes—forever closed on earth,—  
Those orbs that sparkled wit's electric light ;  
Mute is the voice which oft has thunder'd forth  
An eloquence of soul supremely bright.

His harp is muffled with the shrouds of death,  
That sacred harp of patriotic *song* ;  
Whose chords attuned his soul's ethereal breath,  
And like the echo, shall its tones prolong.

There is a void within our Senate Halls ;  
There is a shadow where his radiance shone ;  
His tones still linger round their Gothic walls,  
And echo back—*he's gone—forever gone !*

There is a shadow round his household hearth—  
A vacuum, too, made desolate by death ;  
Where kindred spirits mourn departed worth,  
Which, like the wreath, exhales a vital breath.

The hero falls—the human only dies,  
But genius breathes through his distinguished name,  
And countless millions yet unborn, shall rise  
To read his history at the lamp of *Fame*.

Its once embodied life his soul outlives,  
And sheds its radiance in a nobler sphere ;  
Though dead, his earthly genius still survives,  
And, sun-like, gilds its intellectual year.

Distinguished minds by death do never die,  
But in the glory of their souls still live ;  
They come and go, like comets in the sky,  
Yet seem as sun-orbs by the light they give.

Death stalks around in countless varied forms ;  
Its Autumn marks the universal year ;  
Its heart is sterner than Siberian storms,  
Its breath congeals each sympathetic tear.

All shades of life beneath its weapons fall ;  
The Earth is strewn with wrecks of human life ;  
Each solemn knell's a warning voice to all,  
That death shall close life's universal strife.

Mourn, *EMIN*, mourn thy world-distinguished son,  
Now sunk beyond thy verge, in Western clime,  
With minstrel harp resound his dying moan,  
And chant his requiem through the vaults of *Time*.

We mourn him also, for our love is great ;  
His useful virtues make our loss severe ;  
We'll miss his presence in our Halls of State,  
And also in our intellectual sphere.



No more his eloquence will thrill our heart,  
 And cheer our soul with intellectual light,  
 Yet genius will with lunar beams impart  
 A lustre to those scenes he once made bright.

"PEACE" was his motto—still he nobly fought  
 To harmonize the jar of public life ;  
 And from the bitter herbs of wrongs, he sought  
 A remedy to soothe politic strife.

With every Christian creed and kin he shared  
 That love of soul which points toward the skies ;  
 Even in his follies honour's course he steered,  
 And vices were but virtues in disguise.

Not titles, treasures, nor distinguish'd birth,  
 The sculptur'd marble or the letter'd stone,  
 Make men illustrious when they've gone from earth,  
 'Tis *Christian faith and virtuous works alone.*

For these Heaven rears her monuments of Fame,  
 And stars these virtues in celestial skies ;  
 A selfish glory is a baseless name,  
 But heaven-directed genius never dies.

*Nor can his die*—Heaven registers his worth,  
 And history will enshrine his earthly fame ;  
 The *Senate Towers* will crumble down to earth,  
 But Time can ne'er efface his deathless name.

By LURON's stream,\* where savage tribes have fought,  
 And many a chief exhaled his dying breath,  
 Our *Chieftain's* life by bloodier foes was sought,  
 Their vengeance quiv'ring on the lips of *death.*

He dreaded not the serpent's virus fangs,  
 Nor yet beheld the demon's wizard eye ;  
 His life was measured by a ruffian's hand,  
 Which gave no warning voice that death was nigh.

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\* *Luron*—original name of the Ottawa.

The busy scenes of day lay hushed—the city slept—  
And yon fair moon exhaled her radiant breath,  
When forth the treacherous villain cowardly crept,  
And dogg'd his victim to the gates of death.

On fiery wings the deadly missile flew,  
His soul was pierced, his life was sacrificed ;  
He fell a victim, but a martyr too,  
And with his blood our country was baptized.

The hellish deed was done—Earth groan'd with dread,  
And Heaven itself with horror stared aghast ;  
But angels hover'd o'er the honour'd dead,  
And wept to hear his spirit breathe its last.

That was a fatal night—its very name  
Is now engraven on the walls of *Time* ;—  
A deed so foul, that makes hell blush with shame,  
And brands a stigma on the book of crime.

Inglorious villain—mortal, murdering wretch,  
A Cain's curse is stamp'd upon thy brow ;  
The very earth and heavens condemn thee such,  
And hell itself detests thy friendship now.

Yea, from the *dead*, within thy demon cell,  
Ghosts will arise to haunt thy restless dreams—  
To scorch thy conscience with the brands of hell,  
And plunge thy spirit in Tartarean streams.

ANDREW L. SPEDON.

ST. JOHN CHRYSOSTOM,  
CHATEAUGUAY COUNTY, P. Q.,  
April, 1868.

RIS.

N.

